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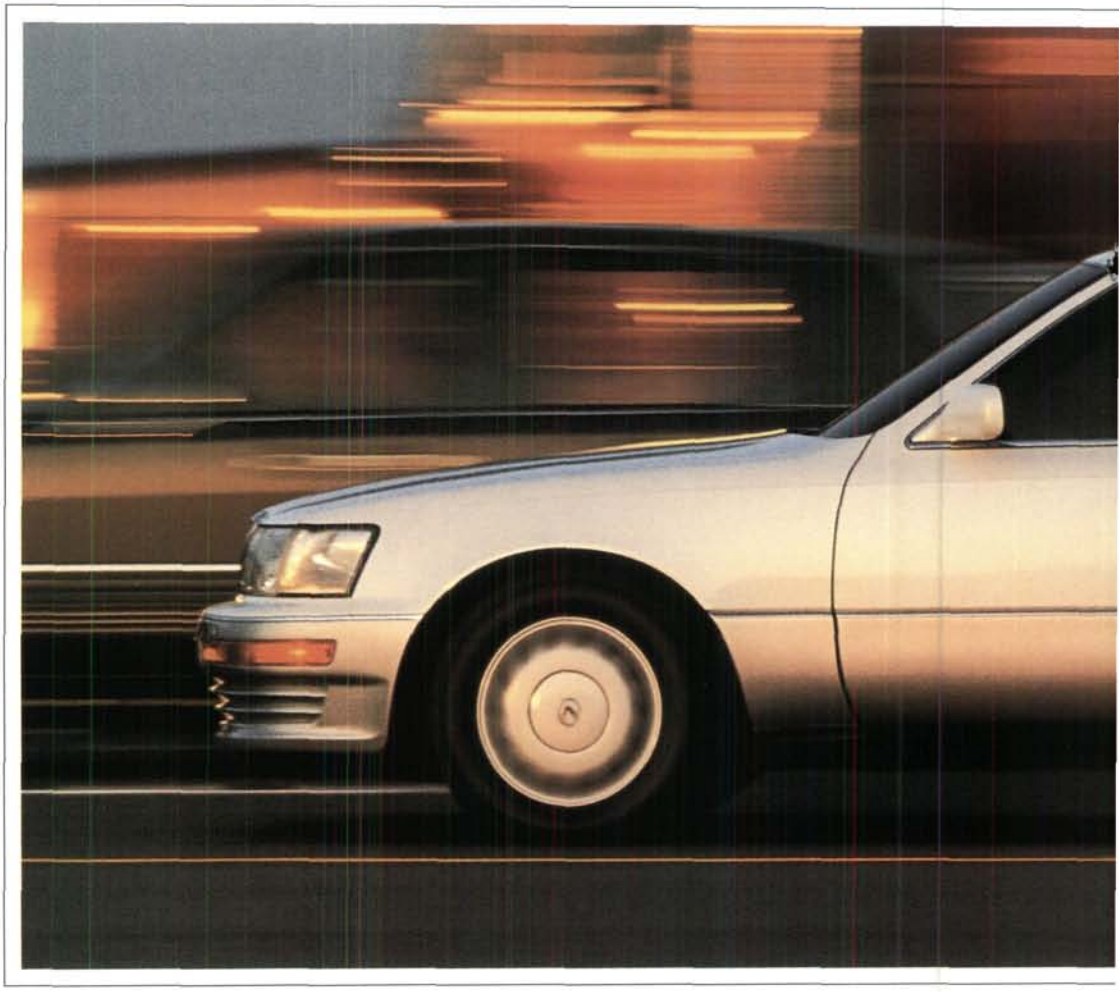

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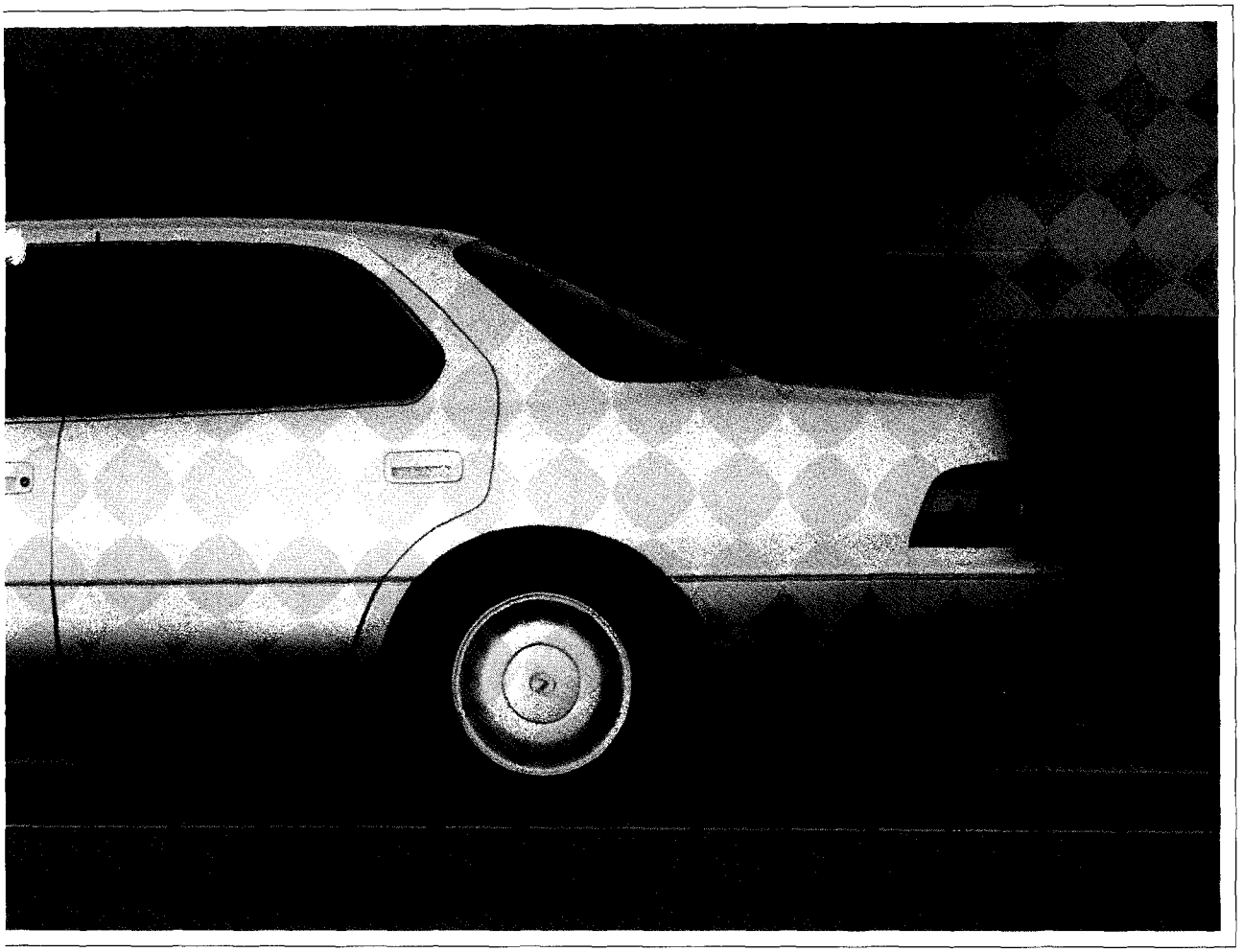

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

A QUICK trawl through a well-stocked video store reveals more tapes of opera and ballet performances than of evenings in the theatre. The reasons for this situation are manifold. Few TV or movie producers seem to want live theatrical versions competing with their costlier film incarnations, and some large repertory institutions feel that videos tend to reduce, not stimulate, the market for their touring shows. The most important reason for the dearth, however, is that very few theatre pieces, even landmark productions, get filmed. This is true even with Shakespeare. Availability is pretty much limited to actual movie versions, and these fall roughly into three groups: films starring Laurence Olivier (some of which—"Othello," "The Merchant of Venice"—are not widely disseminated); the occasional lavish treatment (by a Zeffirelli, a Kenneth Branagh, a Charlton Heston); or Bardolatrous epics ("Ran," "Yellow Sky"). Well-known movie adaptations (Brando's "Julius Caesar," Orson Welles' "Macbeth," and virtually all notable silent-screen versions) are often, however, among the most difficult to track down. And you can forget about slipping obscure titles such as "Timon of Athens" or "Pericles" into the VCR. Neither one exists on film, except as part of the comprehensive BBC series aired by PBS a decade ago—a project whose installments are for sale now only to institutions. A play doesn't have to be obscure, of course, to be scarce at the video shop. For instance, the only version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" rentable in this country is Max Reinhardt's 1935 film, which is fine as long as the braying sounds of the prepubescent Mickey Rooney don't make you hie to the nearest nunnery.

There are, luckily, frequent live productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to consider instead. The current local staging of the play comes from Brazil's Teatro do Ornitorrinco and will be presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park from July 30 to August 11. In 1988, the Festival itself gave us a reading of the work with Brazilian overtones and performed in English; the Ornitorrinco version will be given in Portuguese. The Brazilian slant does have a certain textual resonance: as the play opens, Theseus has just conquered the Amazons.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

HOME AND AWAY—A one-man show written and performed by Kevin Kling. Opens July 23 at 8, and runs through Aug. 3. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—The second of three plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. Performed by Brazil's Teatro do Ornitorrinco; in Portuguese. Adapted and directed by Cacá Rosset. Previews begin July 30. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

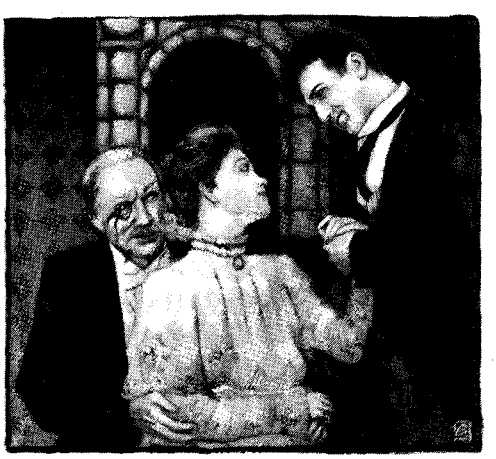
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

OPENED RECENTLY

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER & EBB—A musical revue, with Joel Blum, Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Terry Burrell, and Karen Ziemba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

BODY AND SOUL—David Boldt and Randall Denman have the leads in John Glines' gay romantic comedy. Mr. Glines also directed. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia can seldom have been funnier than as a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Nicolas Surovy, and, above all, Sue Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)



Simon Jones, Madeleine Potter, and Scott Wentworth in "Getting Married"

CHARGE IT, PLEASE—A comedy by Carlos Gorbea. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes July 28.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The final play of the season is **THE BALCONY SCENE**, by Wil Calhoun. With Jonathan Hogan, and Cynthia Nixon. The director was Michael Warren Powell. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes July 28.)

DAMON RUNYON'S TALES OF BROADWAY—A show conceived and performed by John Martello. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

GEORGY—Meghan Duffy stars in a revival of the 1970 musical by George Fischoff (score), Carole Bayer-Sager (lyrics), and Tom Mankiewicz (book). (Wings, 154 Christopher St. 627-2961. Closes Aug. 9.)

GETTING MARRIED—Simon Jones, Scott Wentworth, J. D. Cullum, and Walter Bobbie are the standouts in this spirited production of Shaw's farce about the legal and societal pitfalls of marriage. The play proves surprisingly apt and delightful (though the director, Stephen Porter, seems to have left a first-rate cast entirely to its own devices). New York Shaw doesn't get any better than this. (7/8/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Also with Wendell Pierce and Holly Felton. Mark Brokaw directed. Seen this spring at Second Stage, the show starts performances here on July 30. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

GYPSY—The Tyne Daly-led revival of the great Laurents-Styne-Sondheim musical has returned to Broadway for a limited engagement. It is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). (12/4/89) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 11.)

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Roxanne Hart, Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, and Deborah Rush; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

LOST IN YONKERS—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

LOVE LEMMINGS—A satirical comedy revue by Joe DiPietro. With Steve Ahern, John Daggett, Helen Greenberg, and Kathryn Rossetter. Directed by Melia Bensussen. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Closes Aug. 4.)

LUSTING AFTER PIPINO'S WIFE—A comedy by Sam Henry Kass. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 564-8038.)

MAMBO MOUTH—John Leguizamo portrays seven Hispanic characters in a one-man show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

MR. GOGOL AND MR. PREEN—Elaine May's play about the relationship between an aging New York writer and a vacuum-cleaner salesman is sweet, funny, and poignant. Instead of being about sex and show business, the jokes here are about philosophy, politics, and the problem of definitions. With Mike Nussbaum, Richard Council, and Zohra Lampert. (6/24/91) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes July 28.)

PAGEANT—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

PENN & TELLER ROT IN HELL—Seen recently on the Great White Way, the dynamic duo will now display their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. Performances begin July 30. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

PROM QUEENS UNCHAINED—A new musical by Larry Goodsight, Keith Herrmann, and Stephen Witkin. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

RED SCARE ON SUNSET—If you're in the market for a lot of laughs (and a strange catharsis), you couldn't do better than this latest comedy of manners by the actor/writer/farceur Charles Busch—about a Hollywood personality whose paranoid anti-Stalinist fantasies turn out to be true. With this satire on politics, theatre, and sexuality, Busch creates a showcase for his own subtle talents and those of the actress Julie Halston. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A RENDEZVOUS WITH GOD—Avi Hoffman stars in Miriam Hoffman's play, with music, about the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. Directed by Sue Lawless. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie

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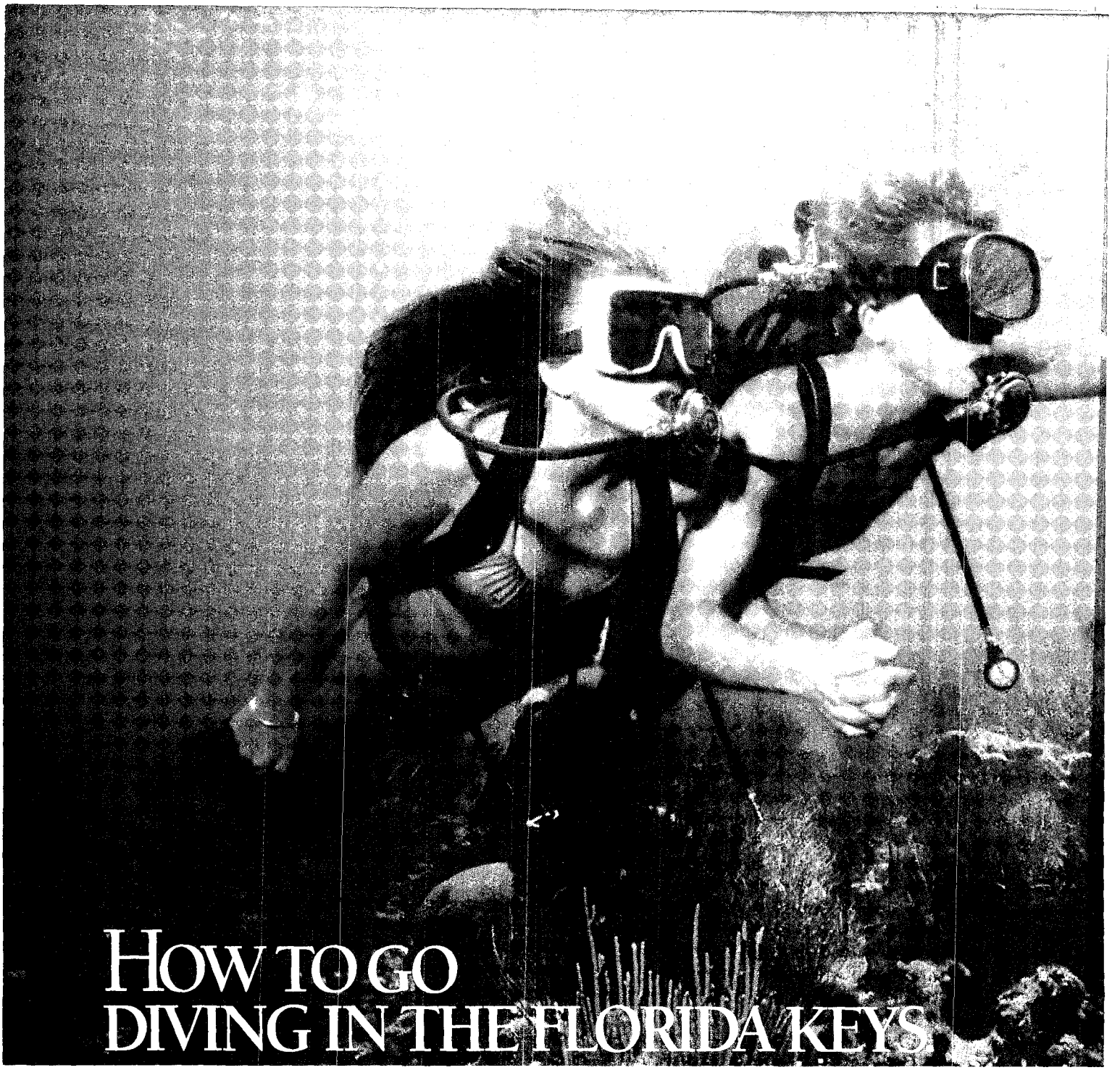

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BEAUTIFYING

"Garden Embellishments," a show of antique garden furnishings at Thos. K. Woodard (835 Madison Avenue, at 70th Street; through July 26), appeals to the Gertrude Jekyll in all of us—even if we don't have our own little Munstead Wood. Dating from the nineteenth century through the early twentieth, and made in England, France, and America, the pieces are by turns formal and whimsical, each demanding a certain type of garden setting. Among the more formal examples are a pair of magnificent cast-iron urns from the mid-nineteenth century, with acorn lids, snail-like handles, and crusty, earthy patinas, as if they had been excavated from ancient Greek ruins. Among the whimsical furnishings are a turn-of-the-century wire rose trellis in the shape of an umbrella, small wirework chairs (circa 1890) with a cobwebby design, and a pair of late-nineteenth-century giant sandstone owls so realistically carved they could be winking at you. The show is rounded out with other garden-related items: pleasingly rustic handmade clay pots (wisely unlabelled circa whatever), a rainbow array of hand-blown vases for forcing hyacinths to bloom indoors, sundials in a pick of patinas, and a group of watering cans. The cans include an English example in a classy red brick color with the brass insignia of Haws, the Rolls-Royce of watering cans—not for nothing are the British renowned as serious gardeners.

show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. Michael Rupert and Franc Luz lead the cast. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991 ½:** This newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. The cast consists of Herndon Lackey, Mary Denise Bentley, Susanne Blakeslee, and Jeff Lyons. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** A musical by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty, which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)... **THE SUM OF US:** David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed. With Matt Salinger and Richard Thomsen. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

DANCE

WE recently called on Lucinda Childs at her studio-loft on lower Broadway to see how she and her company were coming along on their revival of her 1979 work "Dance," which will be shown at Alice Tully Hall on July 30-31 as part of "Serious Fun!" As you might gather from the title, Ms. Childs is pretty succinct; in fact, she is positively minimalist. For "Dance," she teamed up with two other artists of the minimalist persuasion: the composer Philip Glass (whose ensemble was heard both live and on tape) and the idea man Sol LeWitt (whose films of the dancers provided the décor). Their intense collaboration took minimalism to the max, and proved to be something of a watershed for Ms. Childs, who up to that time had been strongly associated with an even more austere approach to choreography—one that dispensed with both music and scenic elements.

In the course of a chat at the back of her loft—far away from the company warming up in the front room—Ms. Childs explained that, owing to technical complexities, audiences would see only three of the original five sections of "Dance," and hear only a recording of the Glass ensemble; in 1979, the musicians waited around for four-fifths of the piece, listening to themselves on tape, before playing. ("An extravagant idea," Ms. Childs said.) She spoke about why she thinks revivals make sense ("So much energy went into it at the time; why not put it back together?") and why she finds Mr. Glass's music danceable ("Rhythmically it's very changeable, polyphonic, but the tempos are very consistent, so you can work with or against the structure, as you want"). She also told us that "Dance" had been made in the very loft where we were sitting. Looking around, we noticed that there wasn't much furniture—although what there was had impressive formal elegance—and that there wasn't a single image on the walls. What we grew to appreciate, though, was a special kind of luxury that only denizens of a megalopolis come to prize as such: expanses of clear, airy, light-filled interior space. It was one of the most glamorous monastic cells we had ever seen.

IN TOWN

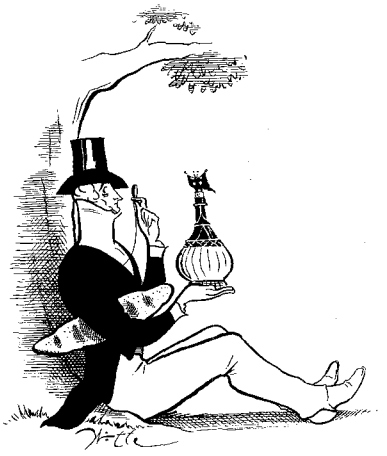
Jennifer Muller/The Works—In "Lovers," "Enigma," and "Righteous About Passing (on the Left)." Presented by the Fiorello Summer Dance Festival. (LaGuardia High School Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 64th St. July 25-26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

Doug Elkins—With his company in several contemporary works. The flamenco dancer Carlota Santana and her troupe are also on the bill. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 26 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. July 23 at 8:15: "Waltz Trilogy," "The Cage," "Four Gnossiennes," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ July 24 at 8:15 and July 25 at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ July 25 at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "La Valse," and "Ash."... ¶ July 26 at 8:15: "Waltz Trilogy," "The Cage," "Four Gnossiennes," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ July 27 at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Ash," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ July 27 at 8:15: "Jewels." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow—Garth Fagan Dance, July 23-27. The Rochester-based troupe will perform "Life Forms/Death Shapes," "Until, By, and If" (Parts I and II), and other works.... ¶ Parsons Dance Company, July 30-Aug. 3. The program consists of "Caught," "The Envelope," "Rise and Fall," and "Nascimento." (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)



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Mary-Chapin Carpenter, at the Bottom Line

NIGHT LIFE

NOT that the world needs another tribute album, but isn't it time that country singers stood together and pledged allegiance to Eudora Welty? For years, Nanci Griffith has been telling every interviewer who'll listen that the story "Why I Live at the P.O." folk-rocked her world. Last fall, Mary-Chapin Carpenter released an album titled "Shooting Straight in the Dark," the loveliest song on which, "Halley Came to Jackson," is about a father carrying his sleeping baby to a window and watching the comet go by—an image that Carpenter plucked from "One Writer's Beginnings."

Carpenter, who'll be performing at the Bottom Line on July 25, generally concerns herself with affairs of the heart, her staple being the bleak, acoustic somebody-done-somebody-wrong song. On "Shooting Straight in the Dark," however, she also works in mid-tempo crossover pop that calls to mind Rosanne Cash, and covers a 1958 rocker, called "Right Now," which Marshall Crenshaw also recorded a while back. And for a woman who was born in Princeton, N.J., raised in Washington, D.C., and educated at Brown University, Carpenter pulls off a pretty convincing Cajun toe-tapper with "Down at the Twist and Shout." (Carpenter's singing on that number, which features guest appearances by two members of Beausoleil, makes it clear that she owes a debt to Nanci Griffith as well as one to Eudora Welty.) Carpenter's live shows tend toward the intimate and thoughtful, but they do not lack for lively moments: in fact, the singer has been known to wander around the audience looking for laps to sit on or elderly men to dance with.

Also appearing at the Bottom Line this week are the singer Marti Jones and her husband, Don Dixon. The latter has produced albums by R.E.M. and the Smithereens, and both he and Jones lent their voices to "Shooting Straight."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A reincarnated blues bar: the first Abilene led a low-profile life in the East Twenties until 1987; this one opened last year. The club, which is spacious, cheerful, and as plain as a brown paper bag, won't win any prizes for atmosphere, but it has all the ingredients of a good blues bar: cheap grub, a modest cover charge, and a non-trendy crowd. Guitarist-singer **HUBERT SUMLIN**, a longtime Howlin' Wolf sideman, is appearing July 26-27.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The **WISEGUYS** are on hand for the next couple of weeks. The trio of swinging Texans have been polishing their show around town recently, and have caught the eye of many cabaret notables. They write many of their own songs, including such irreverent numbers as "Hurt Someone's Feelings Today"; and between-song patter plays a significant role. This engagement is the trio's Ballroom début. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. The **ADAM MAKOWICZ** trio performs July 24-25; **JOE CHAMBERS AND THE JAZZ CONNECTION** appear July 26-27; and the **GREG ABATE** quartet, which will be recording its performance, comes in on July 28. Pianist **JOHN HICKS**, who'll be leading a trio here as of July 31, has been remarkably productive in the last year or so. Aside from releasing his first solo album, Hicks lent a hand on new albums by Gary Bartz, David Murray, Roy Hargrove, and Peter Leitch. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. The **JIM HALL/RON CARTER** duo, sharing the bill with Joe Pass, can be heard here July 23-28. **KUNIHIRO KAMEDA** comes in on July 29. And the original **RAMSEY LEWIS** trio reunites here for a week-long stint beginning on July 30. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. **MARTI JONES** and **DON DIXON** appear on July 24. **MARY-CHAPIN CARPENTER** can be found here on July 25. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. Pianist **GEOFF KEEZER**, bassist **RAY DRUMMOND**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** work out through July 27, with trumpeter **BRIAN LYNCH** joining them from July 26. On July 28, beginning at eight-thirty, there's a birthday celebration for the great Detroit pianist **HANK JONES**, featuring such keyboard stars as **BILLY TAYLOR**, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, **KENNY BARRON**, and **MULGREW MILLER**. Saxophonist **GARY BARTZ**, pianist **LARRY WILLIS**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** begin a run on July 30. Music most nights from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times*. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some nice, wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Bell-bottoms and peace signs aren't the only nostalgia craze in town: at the Cat Club on Sunday nights, the nineteen-thirties are in vogue. On other nights of the week, the club attracts a scruffy leather-and-lace crowd, but Sundays belong to the Swing Dance Society, whose passion is the Lindy Hop, a dance named after Charles Lindbergh. The dancers are young and old, graceful and flat-footed; the drink of choice is the Swing Dance Punch; the staff looks alternately bemused and bewildered by the genteel crowd. **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS** hold sway on July 28. Music runs from about eight until midnight.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—Jazz clubs aren't always known for their romantic atmosphere, but Condon's earns higher marks than most. It's a low-ceilinged basement establishment, with lemon walls and abundant candlelight. They rearranged the furniture here a while back, so that now a greater number of people look at the stage rather than at a pole. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** leads a trio here July 23-28, and the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet begins an engagement on July 30. Music after nine.

Diva, 306 E. 81st St. (650-1928)—A newly hatched Upper East Side restaurant-and-piano-bar. It's a modest-sized, brick-walled room that offers Italian fare and, Tuesdays through Saturdays, the musings of pianist **CHARLES DE FOREST**. As a composer, De Forest works in the hallowed tradition of Cole Porter, and over the past couple of years his work has been championed pretty emphatically by Tony Bennett. Music from eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businesspeople and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find the guitar duo of **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **MUNDELL LOWE** July 23-27. Music from six-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **HAL SCHAEFER** (July 23-27, with a bassist from the 25th) and **LYNNE ARRIALE** (July 29-30).

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** appear July 24-27. Music from nine-forty-five.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **JAMES COTTON** comes in on July 27, and **THE BAND**—minus Robbie Robertson, predictably, but with a legendary sideman, the keyboardist **BILLY PRESTON**—appears here July 30-31. Music after nine. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. The veteran bluesman

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CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN, a singer and lacerating guitarist whose specialty is rocking blues, is in charge on July 31. Sets from nine-fifteen except on Sundays, when shows begin at eight.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—The current front-runner on the alternative-music scene. The members of **SOUL ASYLUM,** who appear here on July 24 (in an acoustic show), have come a long way since their days on the Minneapolis hardcore scene. Their recent work has solid melodies and sharp lyrics, and their brand of seventies-influenced guitar-band rock is defiantly, pleasingly unfashionable. **FIREHOSE** is here on July 27. The group, a reincarnation of the seminal San Pedro, California, band the Minutemen—they formed in 1986, shortly after the death of Minuteman guitarist D. Boon—have just released a new album, "Flyin' the Flannel," which finds them as jolting and quirky as ever. Stylistically, their songs are all over the place, and there's a pointed irreverence in the abrupt way they shift gears. Firehose can also be heard on the fine Atlantic soundtrack record "A Matter of Degrees"; the movie itself, which concerns college radio, is set to open in New York early next month.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: it's a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to cover with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists. The **DICKIES** perform on July 24, and the **LYRES** are in on July 27. The latter are a Boston quartet who enjoy near-godlike status in the sixties-garage-rock scene. Their sound is composed of crunching guitar riffs, unstoppable rhythmic grooves, pounding organ chords, and the hard-edged, unsentimental vocals of lead singer Jeff Conolly (a.k.a. Mono Man). When the band is in peak form (not always a sure bet), their music is a pure distillation of frenzy, lust, and rebellion. Shows at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—At this almost-British pub, pianist **TERRY WALDO** is currently leading an ensemble in old-time bordello music. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—A Western theme bar, attached to a Mexican restaurant. You get walls designed to simulate a log cabin; a buffalo head that blows smoke through its nostrils; a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar; peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. But wait, there's more: a TV that plays tapes of rodeos, New Mexico memorabilia, and live music nightly: country, blues, folk, rock, hillbilly. Shows from ten-thirty.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. Singer **JEFF HARNAR** who'll offer an evening of American drink and song on July 23, is known to sing one number with a quiet, gentle lilt, then drop his voice down low and belt out the next with a vibrato that could shake a diploma off a wall. His performances usually include just the right number of bad jokes and over-the-top theatrics, as well as some nice musical surprises. This show focusses on songs by Gershwin. On July 31, **ANNE FRANCINE** offers an evening of French songs. Dinner is served at seven, and the music at nine.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Brazilian vocalist **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** whose version of "The Girl from Ipanema" helped put bossa nova on the map, is appearing July 24-25. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Good live jazz can have a strange effect on people, causing them to jitter and shake and bob their heads like their necks were on springs, and audiences here usually have more tics than the cast of "Awakenings." The **DON PULLEN** trio is at work July 23-28. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room—which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture—salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. July 22 belongs to **LOS HERMANOS MORENO, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** and the **JOHNNY RAY** orchestra (the last being a salsa group founded by Johnny Zamont and Ray Sepulvida, and having no connection to the late balladeer Johnnie Ray). July 29 is claimed by **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band, and **MARIO BAUZA** and his Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Music from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Pianist **GERI ALLEN** heads up a trio through July 28; the **HORACE TAPSCOTT** trio starts up on July 30. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. July 22-27 is in the hands of pianist **JANE JARVIS** and clarinettist **KENNY DAVERN.** Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** kick off on July 29. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IT'S easier to trash Amazon Village than to trash Club Med's Paradise Island; the poolsides off Miami Beach's Collins Avenue, where the shell bags match the cabonga clodhoppers; the Enchanted Tiki Room at Disneyland, with its screeching mechanical toucans; or the set for Elvis's "Blue Hawaii." And since Amazon is a little of all four, transplanted onto a Hudson River pier lit as much by the Colgate clock as by moonglow, trashing is the initial urge of the asphalt-bound smart-asses who have been showing up on Tuesdays—more because Susanne Bartsch has given them comps than because they have any longing for a good limbo contest. If this club were in St. Bart's or Mustique, you could bet your last can of Coco Lopez that this almost-bare-chested bunch—huddling against the unexpected breeze with what little vestments they have draped from their shoulders—would be calling it charming and insouciant. But because it's off North Moore Street, where there is a distinct shortage of pearl divers, Amazon is already being dismissed as prime hit-on territory for the youthful citizens of Edgewater, New Jersey.

But the cracks about puka shells and pupu platters come with a little too much speed and nervous edge to be cackled over. Something about this Polynesian urban village is setting off glittered goosepimples, and it's neither the spray from the phony waterfall nor the occasional gull droppings. It figures that Susanne, in her infinite bewigged wisdom, would identify it immediately. "I hope they like it here," she says, taking a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree head count. "You know, Amazon is very different from the Copa. The dancing is off in the corner, which means there's all this room to talk. I think it's fabulous to hear everyone for a change. But you have to know how to be social. I hope that's not a problem." Where are those damn toucans when you need them?

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SERIOUS FUN!—Evenings of antics at Lincoln Center. July 23: Rachel Rosenthal, a performer from Los Angeles, in "Pangaean Dreams."... ¶ July 24-25: Reno, the one and only.... ¶ July 26-27: Laurie Anderson in her new evening-length work, "Voices from the Beyond."... ¶ July 30-31: "Dance," a revival of a 1979 multimedia work with choreography by Lucinda Childs, music by Philip Glass, and filmed settings by Sol LeWitt. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8. Through Aug. 3.)

DEB MARGOLIN—In a reprise of "970-DEBB," in which the performance artist dances around like Madonna. (Interart Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. July 24, July 26, and July 28, all at 8.)

ART

ON our birthday seven years ago, we were taken to see Stephen Sondheim's "Sunday in the Park with George," which we loved, though we had quibbles. During the brilliant first act, the Georges Seurat character worked on his best-known masterpiece—"Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte"—note by note and dot by dot. Fanciful as it was, the book stayed pretty true to what little is known about Seurat's life. In the iffier second act, the action took place in the near-present, in a Chicago museum (the "Grande Jatte," of course, resides at the Art Institute of Chicago) where Seurat's entirely fictitious great-grandson—a conceptual artist—was having an opening. This character made installations involving industrial-looking structures and light effects. They were convincing enough, as these things go—they looked a little like works by R. M. Fischer, only hokey—but pseudo-art in the theatre or in movies always looks like either a bad forgery or a philistine art joke.

While we looked at the extraordinary Seurat retrospective at the Grand Palais, in Paris, the "conceptual" light structures concocted for "Sunday in the Park" assumed a sort of retroactive intelligence. Seurat, the Neo-Impressionist, was nothing if not a conceptual artist *avant la lettre.* Throughout the exhibition, which will come to the Metropolitan Museum in September, we were struck by the ferocity of Seurat's mind and by his astonishing modernism. By contrast, Cézanne, despite his great importance to the Cubists, was very much a nineteenth-century artist—in many ways still closer to Delacroix than to Delaunay. But Seurat's compulsion to represent vision through crypto-scientific, analogous systems, so eccentric during his day, became a convention in the nineteen-sixties and seventies for artists such as Judd, Flavin, and LeWitt (Warhol, too) and for many writers as well. Painting by dots is not so far afield from painting and drawing by numbers, not so different from deciding to write a novel without using the letter "E." Seurat, who died in 1891, at the age of thirty-one, was the first great twentieth-century artist, and we can hardly wait until fall to see his show again.

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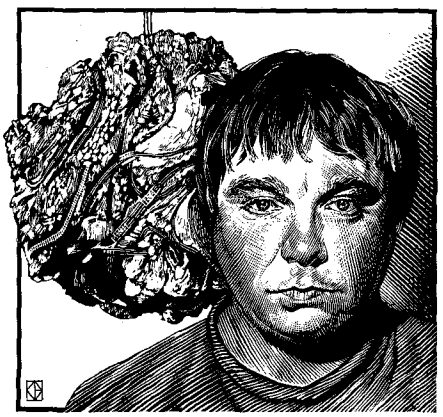
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and fifty sculptures, drawings, and decorative objects by Paul Manship (1885-1966). Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Walter Annenberg, who made a name for himself as the publisher of *TV Guide,* turned down a billion-dollar offer for his modern-art collection and chose instead the nobler path of philanthropy by bequeathing it to this museum several months ago. The gift of the collection, which had been perhaps the finest grouping of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings still in private hands, sets a standard of excellence for future patrons of the arts. The show begins with some exquisite small works by Fantin-Latour, followed by two rooms, devoted to Monet, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne, that would be the pride of any museum. These rooms include some of the collection's finest works, such as Monet's "Poppy Field, Argenteuil" (1875), Gauguin's "The Siesta" (1892-94), and Cézanne's "The House with the Cracked Walls" (1892-94), all of which were purchased by Annenberg in 1983 from his sister Enid Haupt. Farther on are some very good early-twentieth-century works, including Picasso's haunting "At the Lapin Agile" (1905), an important but somewhat overwrought Vuillard, a beautiful Matisse, and a very pretty Bonnard; these works, however, are not up to the same level as the great Impressionist ones. . . ¶ "The Sculpture of Indonesia." Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ If you need a break from the blockbusters, or the line for the restaurant is too long, you might wander through the Islamic galleries to "The Perfect Page," a small, glorious display of a few dozen illuminated manuscripts from the museum's extensive collection of Persian, Ottoman, and Indian works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. As one might expect, there are remarkably detailed volumes of the Koran, with their fanciful Arabic script, and there is also an amazing Ottoman calendar in the form of a scroll, which indicates not simply the date but also the aspects of the sun, the phases of the moon, and the times of prayer in the various seasons. Also included is an exquisite sultan's cipher, similar to the one included in the museum's recent Süleyman the Magnificent extravaganza; this piece must be history's first decorative whiplash shape, anticipating the very modern Art Nouveau lines that followed much later. Through Aug. 18. . . . NOTE: *The museum's roof garden,* planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Chris Burden, at the Brooklyn Museum

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Nudes," a show of fifty photographs by Lee Friedlander taken over the past twelve years. Starts July 25. . . . ¶ Ninety-five paintings, collages, and gouaches by Ad Reinhardt. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A small but pleasurably edifying show of drawings and models by the landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx. A Brazilian who works mainly in his own country, Burle Marx is an uncompromisingly modern gardener who sculpts and paints with nature in broad, mid-century rhythms and bold strokes. If his emphasis on rubber plants sometimes harks back to all those progressive corporate lobbies of the fifties, his most panoramic vistas still have the big, beautiful look of Tomorrow. Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ "Seven Master Printmakers: Innovations in the Eighties." A respectable yet somewhat anachronistic exhibition, loaded with nostalgia for the days when an artistic canon was firmly in place. It is the curator's contention that all the artists in the show, who rose to prominence in the sixties, continued to be innovators in the eighties. Of all the artists shown, Jasper Johns has remained the most engaged in the process of printmaking. Be they etchings, lithographs, or monotypes, Johns' works are exquisite records of gesture. The selection of his prints here forms a thoughtful counterpoint to the retrospective of his drawings mounted recently at the Whitney. As for David Hockney and Jim Dine, they have produced little of historical interest in the eighties, and nowhere is this more evident than in their prints. There is a lot of experimentation in Frank Stella's prints from the decade, but of a sort that perhaps only a technician could love. James Rosenquist entered some risky territory with his eighties prints, and the payoff was great, at times perhaps even greater than in his paintings. Roy Lichtenstein is an undeniable master of the medium, but the selection here is unsatisfying. Robert Rauschenberg is a master, too, and shown here are the kinds of collaged images he does best, but their technique is virtually indistinguishable from what he was doing twenty-five years ago. All this leads us to the question, What *were* the innovations of the eighties? Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ A video installation by Thierry Kuntzel is the latest work in the "Projects" series. Through Sept. 2. . . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of Erik Satie. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"John Baldessari," a retrospective consisting of more than eighty paintings, books, films, videotapes, and photographs made since the mid-sixties by the conceptual artist. . . . ¶ "American Life in American Art" presents nearly a hundred and seventy twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection. . . . ¶ Forty-five sculptures, drawings, and various objects made by Hunt Diederich (1884-1953). Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Chris Burden's installation "Medusa's Head" is a five-ton hanging sphere composed of stone and toy trains. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Quattrocento: Early Italian Panel Paintings." . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu River Basin in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fishhooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm, and bamboo. Through Sept. 16. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"The Story of a Painting: A Korean Buddhist Treasure from the Mary and Jackson Burke Foundation." This scholar's dream show takes a single work of art and casts about in several different historical directions at once. The painting under examination, known as the Burke Triad, depicts the Buddha and two attendant bodhisattvas, and is a rare example of Buddhist art made before the Japanese invasion in 1592. The show also provides a mini-history of the triad form, a view of Korean Buddhist monastic life, and a sampling of later Korean painting, much of which has a marvellous flattened, Netherlandish space. It's a tightly packed display, fascinating and at times confusing. On the whole it offers a somewhat loopy view, mostly due to the breadth of the subjects and the smallness of the exhibition. Nevertheless, there are several rich works to savor. Through July 28. . . . ¶ "The Here and the Hereafter: Images of Paradise in Islamic Art." Through Sept. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World," an exhibition of works in several mediums by nine contemporary artists from Cuba. Through Aug. 4. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Painting a Place in America: Jewish Artists in New York, 1900-45." Jewish painters and sculptors have certainly made contributions to the history of twentieth-century American art, but this is a weak idea for an exhibition, and no great historical insight is gained by the segregation. What the viewer is left with is primarily an impression of second-rate, labored art—the essentially boring heaviness of urban social realism, as typified by the Soyer brothers and provincial abstraction. But there are some delightful discoveries in the show, including a Cubistic 1915 portrait of Marsden Hartley, both witty and gripping, by Ben Benn, and a mythical, Old World circus scene by Benjamin Kopman, with shades of Chagall, Ensor, and Marc. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Mozart: Prodigy of Nature." A comprehensive exhibition of all things Mozart. The show includes more than fifty manuscripts, from four pieces composed at age five to a first draft of the Requiem; early letters home from Italy (December, 1769) and his last letter to his father (April, 1787); and his "Verzeichnüss aller meiner Werke" ("Catalogue of All My Works"), which he kept for the last seven years of his life. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century drawings, from the library's collection, by the Venetian masters Tiepolo, Guardi, and Canaletto. Through Aug. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Paint, Powder, and Leaf" showcases nearly a hundred decorated objects, from tin coffeepots and cannisters to wood chests and iron fire screens. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-four quilts with floral themes, all prize-winners from this spring's Great American Quilt Festival. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five narrative paintings by Harry Lieberman (1880-1983). Through Sept. 22. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Africa Explores: Twentieth-Century African Art" presents more than a hundred art works in various mediums. Through Aug. 18. (The exhibition has been organized by the Center for African Art. See Galleries—Uptown.). . . ¶ In a show called "Embodying Faith," five contemporary artists tackle the theme of the relationship between the physical and the spiritual in Christianity. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ The Catalan artist Perejaume has filled the window on Broadway with some old red velvet theatre seats, which visitors are invited to occupy, in a tired examination of viewer and viewed. Inside the museum, beside the window's entrance, is a large photograph of a grid of such seats in the desert. It is beautiful and odd, in ways the current installation isn't. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Eclipse of the Earth," an installation by Kazuo Katase. Through Aug. 18. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Taste of Andrew Carnegie." This small exhibition includes some of the Scottish-born steel industrialist's mediocre personal collection as well as selections from a fine print collection, including examples by Dürer and Goltzius, from the Carnegie Institute. The most enjoyable part of the show is the memorabilia, such as a menu from a dinner in Carnegie's honor that describes the "Bieffe" course as "Wut's Good's all Scotch, all that isn't ain't." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ A show of sixty drawings, photographs, and prints of New York structures built at the turn of the century by the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White. Through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of works by Romare Bearden (1912-88), which includes a hundred and forty-one oils, collages, and watercolors. Through Aug. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"AFRICA EXPLORES: TWENTIETH-CENTURY AFRICAN ART"—At the Center for African Art, which organized the exhibition (the show is also on view at the New Museum), the great African sculpture that modernist artists and European collectors valued and that shaped our idea of African art is relegated to the final room, where it serves as a startling epitaph for traditions that no longer exist. The exhibition is an attempt to reverse the commonly held belief that contemporary African art is in the doldrums. Although only some of the work is successful, the show is always provocative and often entertaining. The material is organized into five categories—"traditional," "new functional," "urban," "international," and "extinct"—that are used to distinguish, for example, paintings made as "signs" from those made as "art." Perhaps the most inventive works are the Pop coffins of Ghana's Kane Kwei. One, made to transport a taxi-fleet owner to his final resting place, is in the form of a Mercedes-Benz; another resembles an onion. There are lively comparisons here, such as that between Magdalene Odundo's elegant, very modernistic long-necked ceramic vessels and traditional ritualistic statues whose quirky figuration seems somehow related. Painting, a relatively new form for the continent, seems to have reached its most inventive level in Zaire, with the naïve pictographs of Albert Lubaki and the charming political narratives of the self-taught Chéri Samba (including his hilarious "Battle with the Mosquitos"). The catalogue is dense and rich, with everything from photographs of trucks, grave markers, and chiefs' houses to an essay on "Afro-kitsch." (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Open daily, except Mondays; open Sundays at noon. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ The New Museum, 583 Broadway. Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8. Through Aug. 18.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

"PORTRAITS ON PAPER"—This selection of forty works in several mediums is an interesting counterpoint to the portrait show that Chuck Close, who is represented here, recently assembled at the Museum of Modern Art. Unlike Close's show, in which the portraits were racked and stacked on every available surface, this one gives ample space to each work. A tilt of the head, a reticent eye, a pair of pouting lips—these are the revealing details, as seen in such works as a Samaras pastel, a Clemente watercolor, and an early Warhol photo-booth self-portrait. A Cindy Sherman self-portrait, taken in 1975, when the artist was a college junior, shows her as a little girl who might well have stepped out of a Walker Evans photograph. This is social realism kissed by a subtle sarcasm, and it prefigures the tone much of her generation went on to convey. Through Aug. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—DAN CHRISTENSEN, Drake, 50 W. 57th St., and Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (through Aug. 16); BERNARDA BRYSON SHAHN, Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 26).

GALLERIES—SoHo

GILBERTO ZORIO—This Arte Povera artist is half mystic, half trickster. In the main gallery is a kayak-shaped piece with long copper rods and a flask filled with a copper-sulfide composition. At regular intervals, a timer goes off and the piece starts shaking, and loud scraping, whistling sounds pierce the space with the urgency of a Richard Foreman production. Upstairs, there are several fine drawings and a beautifully attenuated Dionysian bong. Through July 27. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

"SEEING THROUGH 'PARADISE'"—A show of drawings and prints that movingly depicts life in the Terezin concentration camp, in Czechoslovakia, which was established by the Nazis as a model ghetto for propagandistic purposes. Half the exhibition consists of propaganda that artists at the camp were ordered to create—images of happy workers laying pipes and furthering industrial productivity, and of a rich cultural life, from music in the park to children's opera. The show's other half contains drawings made on the sly by these artists, who were not avant-garde innovators but graphic artists, cartoonists, and architectural draftsmen. The most heated part of the exhibition is a series of covert drawings by Fritta, a cartoonist from Bohemia. These include depictions of empty baby carriages that were set in a park as props of the "good life," stage-set storefronts, corpselike elderly people in stacked bunk beds, and a chaotic work titled "Moving of Sudeten Barracks." There are also charming caricatures of some of the camp's doctors and musicians by Petr Kien, and a series of watercolors by the twelve-year-old Helga Weissova Hoskova (who is the only artist in the show still living). Sometimes the hidden drawings were discovered and the artists punished; most of Terezin's prisoners later died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 2. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, and Wednesdays until 8.)

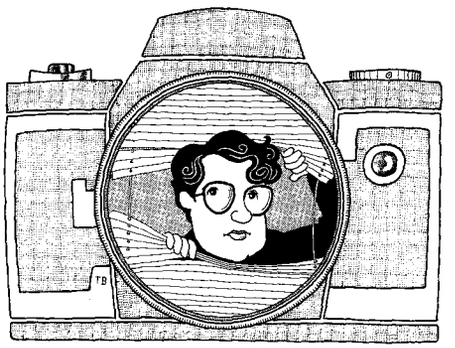
"POOLS"—Truly a summer group show, of works in all mediums. Artists include Hockney, Leibovitz, Clemente, Bartlett, Meyerowitz, and Rivers. Through July 31. (Helander and Levy, 415 West Broadway. Both closed Mondays, open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—AL GORNEY, 100 Greene St.: This exhibition takes a familiar theme—the loss of the original—and presents it afresh with various kinds of art. The London-based artist Michael Landy has literally brought the marketplace into the gallery and presented it as a relic: his two antique stall carts, spiffed up with a fresh paint job, are the show's most physically dominant works. Steve Wolfe's exquisitely detailed trompe-l'oeil books, which are made of painted wood and include a necessarily unreadable sculpture of Baudelaire's "Flowers of Evil," are good group-show fare, while Andreas Schön's realistic but also exceedingly abstract painting of a field is a teaser begging for a solo show. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . KLAGSBRUN, 51 Greene St.: Gretchen Faust's "wall tattoos," which consist of phrases punched into the wall with an ice pick, and Jonathan Genkin's flame-shaped sculptures sound more interesting than they look. More effective are Simon Leung's gently horrifying "Mother of Pearl" works, which he made by scraping skin from under his left eye and applying it to mirrors in grids of Scotch tape. A beautiful photograph of the artist's left eye completes the picture of exquisite, selfless self-abuse. Through July 26. . . . LUHRING AUGUSTINE, 130 Prince St.: A sense of disorder, ranging from childlike clutter to postindustrial chaos, links the works in this handsome show. Mike Kelley's teen-girl's dresser—featuring such hidden items as a diary, a pack of birth-control pills, and sex books—and Georg Herold's button painting and sculpture made of wire-framed underwear use parody to mask a sense of the tragic. Jon Kessler's trio of Juddian crates filled with models of drive-in screens enacts a drama of futuro-surveillance. Many of the artists represented here express an ambivalence toward art as it is traditionally viewed; one of these is Merlin Carpenter, whose canvas-mounted photo of David Bowie standing beside his painting of Iggy Pop is considered an integral part of the show even though it can be seen only upon request. Some of the ambivalence is expressed in the most aestheticized works, like Cady Noland's oddly metaphysical wire basket of jumper cables and heavy metal chain. The piece is set on the counter of the gallery's front desk, demarcating where you can go from where you can't. Through July 26. . . . SONNABEND, 420 West Broadway: Recent works by three very different artists from this gallery. Ashley Bickerton is trying very hard, but his new piece—an incense-burning shrine dealing with labor, immigration, and survival—doesn't work. Terry Winters' new paintings on paper of skeletal body parts seem deliberately less sensual than usual, and somewhat more interesting. Gilberto Zorio is represented by two eccentrically visionary sculptures of the sort he currently has on view at SteinGladstone. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—GARY BROTMEYER, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (closed Mondays, through July 31); CARI ROSMARIN, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Aug. 2).

OTHER GALLERIES

"THE SUBVERSIVE STITCH" / GARY SIMMONS—Since the sixties, the conjunction of art and fashion has indeed led to some subversive stitchery, but the title of this exhibition promises more than it delivers. The works having to do with race are the most provocative, particularly Gary Simmons' rack of children's Klan costumes, Faith Ringgold and Michele Wallace's feminist civil-rights quilt, Fred Wilson's mannequins dressed as museum guards, and Mel Chin's yellow-ribbon noose hanging from a huge tree limb. The importance of feminism in introducing stitchery as a legitimate and defiant high-art vehicle is generally sidestepped here, and the links between feminism and AIDS activism—represented by a book on the AIDS quilt and by some T-shirts—do not resonate as they should. / In a separate installation, Simmons appropriates kitschy white cultural icons and transforms them into ironic black symbols: a pair of bronzed high-tops, a hooded-Klansman lawn ornament, a series of classroom "whiteboards." These works are subversively sharp and endearing. Both shows through July 27. (Museum of Traditional Values, formerly Simon Watson, 241 Lafayette St.)



Nic Nicosia

PHOTOGRAPHY

IT is interesting how much art and photography these days is about love and/or the erotic. No doubt there are all sorts of reasons for this tendency, from resistance to attempted repression of the sort we saw recently with the work of Robert Mapplethorpe to a desire to create images that address the meaning of love and eros in contemporary life. Two of these visions can be seen in an exhibition that's on now at Pace-MacGill. Bettina Rheims' group of images titled "Modern Lovers" fills the first gallery, and a group of Nic Nicosia's photographs, titled "Love + Lust," occupies the other one. Rheims' portraits are of individuals, not couples—that tells us something. And his vision of love and lust is neither steamy nor passionate. Nicosia's new photographs aren't as slapstick funny as some of his earlier work, but his idea of romance is certainly wry. Our favorite image is of two teen-agers sitting in the dark of what we take to be a movie house. The fellow has his arm around his date, and his hand falls in the vicinity of her left breast. The young lady is looking down: it's not clear whether she's watching her popcorn or wondering where, exactly, the hand thinks it's going. Weegee took pictures of couples watching entertainment that are similar to, but also different from, Nicosia's image. Weegee's have much more heat. There's one, for example, that's full of groping; on the back of the print that we saw was the title "My Boyfriend Took Me to the Wrestling Match."

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ART–Cont'd

"SWIMMING"—A show of nine color photographs by Tina Barney—that neo-Jamesian chronicler of upper-crust family living on the Northeastern Coast—coupled with a copy of a short play by Tina Howe, the author of "Painting Churches" and other impressively genteel works for the theatre. Through July 26. (Borden, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE MET—A personal and engaging summer exhibition from the permanent collection. All five of the photographers represented work in very different ways: Andrew Bush captures someone driving in a car, isolated and deep in a private world, while René Sultra uses the metaphor of a brick wall to create a visualization of his father's death. Larry Sultan also delves into his family (and its dynamics), with his stills of old home movies and recent portraits of his parents. Philip-Lorca diCorcia's photos are strong in their suggestions of loneliness and alienation. And from Sally Mann there are gracefully complex photographs of kids hanging around. These five visions make for a show rich in both narrative implications and textures of feeling. Through Sept. 8. (Metropolitan Museum.)

SHORT LIST—**HENRY P. BOSSE** and **ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ**, Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (through July 31); **NIC NICOSIA** and **BETTINA RHEIMS**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 30); **NINA HOWELL STARR** and **MICHAEL VON GRAFFENRIED**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Aug. 23).

MUSIC

ANY thinking person whose musical life is mostly concerned with what we call the "classical" repertory will have paused at one time or another to reflect on the strangeness of a musical culture in which the dominant "events" are the anniversaries of composers long dead. This has been especially true since 1970, the big Beethoven year; 1983 was the Brahms year (the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth); 1985, the biggest of all, was the Bach-Handel-Scarlatti year. Next year is Rossini's bicentennial; count on an orchestra somewhere to go through all of his overtures by opening every subscription concert with one of them. Financial considerations caused a suspension of the chronological survey of the works of Schubert at the 92nd Street Y, but at last word that institution still planned to resume the program, which is scheduled for completion on the composer's two-hundredth birthday, in 1997. If people are still interested in this sort of thing, and if there are any opera singers left, 2013 will be our year to have every Verdi and Wagner opera performed at Lincoln Center.

One way to think about all this is to lament the decline of a long tradition and the relative poverty of our creative musicians today. (Yes, good work is being done, but even its advocates—voting with their ears—tend to spend more time on the past.) Another way is to reflect that culture sometimes pauses—occasionally for a depressingly long time—in a kind of latent or preservative phase, in which old things are appreciated, studied, and transmitted without immediate apparent result. Our musical discourse tends at the moment to be dominated not by composers, nor (as popular impression would have it) by star performers, but by analysts, critics, and musicologists. They can be derided as being thinkers-not-doers, but they could also be compared to the monks who preserved classic literature for so many years, thereby guaranteeing that it could be of use in the Renaissance.

When we look over the schedule of Roger Norrington's upcoming "Mozart Experience" weekend at Lincoln Center—a version of the one-composer "Experience" packages that brought him celebrity in London—we think of the monks. Mr. Norrington, his London Classical Players, some singers, some musicologists, and some dancers will talk about Mozart's last year and play music composed in it. This is our late-twentieth-century way of making an illuminated manuscript—a lively one, with copious marginalia and a provocative gloss—of something called "Mozart."

IN TOWN—OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**TURANDOT**, with Ealynn Voss, Edith Davis, Thomas Booth, and Wilbur Pauley; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (July 23 at 8.). . . **TOSCA**, with Martha Thigpen, Antonio Barasorda, and Harry Dworchak; Steven Sloane. (July 24 at 8 and July 27 at 2.). . . **LES PÊCHEURS DE PERLES**, with Joan Gibbons, Michael Rees Davis, Jeffrey Kneebone, and Kevin Short; Mark Gibson. (July 26 at 8.). . . **LA TRAVIATA**, the first performance of a new production, in which the heroine is cast as a consumptive, cosmopolitan call girl commuting between New York and Paris; with Sheryl Woods, Martin Thompson, and Gaetan Laperriere; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (July 27 at 8.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC**, with Sally Ann Howes, Elaine Bonazzi, Beverly Lambert, Maureen Moore, Joanna Glushak, George Lee Andrews, Kevin Anderson, and Michael Maguire; Paul Gemignani. (July 28 at 2 and July 31 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—Vincent La Selva directs concert performances. July 24 at 7:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor." . . ¶ July 31 at 7:30: "Carmen." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

NATIONAL CHORALE—Martin Josman directing solo and choral selections from nine of Leonard Bernstein's major stage works. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 23 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Empty Bottle," an operatic murder mystery by Martin Kalmanoff that recounts a tale of love and death in gangster-ridden Little Italy during the nineteen-thirties. Conducted by Elizabeth LaTorre and directed by Richard Leighton. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. July 26-27 at 7:30 and July 28 at 2:30.)

IN TOWN—CONCERTS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—In its annual series of free outdoor concerts. Zdenek Macal conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 38 (the "Prague") and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN**, July 22. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, the Bronx, July 23, followed by fireworks. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, July 24, followed by fireworks. . . . ¶ Raymond Leppard conducts Brahms' Third Symphony, Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," Copland's "Three Dances from 'Rodeo,'" and Vivaldi's Concerto for Two Trumpets (featuring two of the orchestra's members, Philip Smith and George F. Coble). **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN**, July 29. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, July 30, followed by fireworks. (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—July 22: A program of Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music," performed by fifty-five wind players (plus a timpanist) in its original orchestration. Also, two Mozart wind serenades for comparatively modest forces—one for eight players (K. 375), the other (the "Gran Partita," K. 361) for thirteen. . . . ¶ July 23-24: Armin Jordan conducts the Festival Orchestra in Schubert's "Overture in the Italian Style," D. 590, as well as three works by Mozart: the Symphony No. 34 in C Major; the Third Violin Concerto (featuring Joshua Bell); and the A-Major Piano Concerto, K. 488 (with Richard Goode). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders, Messrs. Bell and Goode perform Beethoven's C-Minor Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2. . . . ¶ July 25-26: Armin Jordan conducts the Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 24 and Mozart's Symphony No. 35 (the "Haffner"), as well as in two Mozart concertos: the First Violin Concerto (with Dmitry Sitkovetsky) and the spacious C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 503 (featuring Emanuel Ax). . . . ¶ July 29: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio plays trios by Mozart and Beethoven; augmented by violist Steven Tenenbom and double bassist Julius Levine, they perform Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. . . . **NOTE:** The trio offers chamber music by Handel and Haydn in a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders. . . . ¶ July 30-31: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Festival Orchestra in symphonies by Prokofiev (his First, the "Classical") and Mozart (his Thirty-sixth, the "Linz"), as well as two Mozart concert arias (with soprano Lauren Flanigan) and the C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 467 (featuring Alicia de Larrocha). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8.)

MOSTLY MOZART'S "MOZART EXPERIENCE"—Roger Norrington is the musical host for a weekend-long exploration at Lincoln Center of the works Mozart composed in 1791, his last year. July 27 at 2:30: Lectures by Neal Zaslaw, Cliff Eisen, and Kay Lawrence; performances by fortepianist Melvyn Tan and the London Classical Players Chamber Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall.). . . ¶ July 27 at 8: Roger Norrington conducts the London Classical Players in the Piano Concerto in B-Flat, K. 595 (with Mr. Tan), the Clarinet Concerto (featuring Colin Lawson), the aria "Per questa bella mano" (spotlighting bass Alastair Miles and double bassist Peter Buckoke), and numerous dances (performed, in costume, by members of the Early Dance Project). (Avery Fisher Hall.). . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: A lecture by Christoph Wolff, a musicians' roundtable, and performances by Mr. Tan, the London Classical Players Chamber Ensemble, and glass-harmonica specialist Dennis James. (Alice Tully Hall.). . . ¶ July 28 at 8: Roger Norrington conducts Mozart's late vocal music: excerpts from "La Clemenza di Tito" and "Die Zauberflöte," the "Ave Verum Corpus," the Masonic Cantata (K. 623), and the Requiem. With the London Classical Players; the Choir of New York's Corpus Christi Church (directed by Louise Basbas); and soprano Nancy Argenta, mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbins, tenor Mark Ainsley, and bass Alastair Miles. (Avery Fisher Hall.) (For information about tickets, which can be purchased for individual events as well as for the entire "Experience," call 875-5030.)

MIKAEL WAHLIN—The organist, from Göteborg, Sweden, performs a program that includes works by Bach, Krenek, and Jongen (his "Sonata Eroica"), in addition to works by

Frederick Swann

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Mario Bauza, at SummerStage

such Scandinavian composers as Hilding Rosenberg, Oskar Lindberg, and Einar Englund. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 23 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Presenting solo and chamber works by Haydn, Tchaikovsky (his A-Minor Piano Trio), Rachmaninoff, and Bernstein. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 25-26 at 7:30 and July 28 at 4.)

Nuclear Whales Saxophone Orchestra—"Orchestra" may be an immodest moniker for an ensemble with only six members, but at least in this case the members perform on the entire range of the saxophone family, from the diminutive soprano to a rare, turn-of-the-century contrabass that stands six feet eight inches high. The ensemble's repertoire ranges from Duke Ellington to Aaron Copland, and includes several works inspired by (or descriptive of) whales, such as "Humpback Boogie," in which the huge contrabass will surely prove to be the apposite sax. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 242-4770. July 27 at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Paul Gallo conducts the group in wind music by Mozart (his C-Minor Serenade, K. 388), Gounod (his "Petite Symphonie"), Beethoven, and Robert Baksa. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. July 28 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Student Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd. July 28 at 4. No tickets necessary for either performance. For directions or rain-date information, call 549-1899.)

Frederick Swann—The organist, who reigned over the instrument at Riverside Church for twenty-five years before relocating to California's Crystal Cathedral in 1982, celebrates his sixtieth birthday by returning to his former habitat for a program that includes music by Bach, Mozart, and Reubke. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 30 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 25 at 8:30: An evening of small-scale works by Schubert, including songs, impromptus, and the "Trout" Quintet, all played on period instruments. Featuring soprano Benita Valente, fortepianist Malcolm Bilson, violinist Daniel Stepner, violist David Miller, cellist Myron Lutzke, and double bassist Michael Willens. . . . ¶ July 26 at 9: Leonard Slatkin conducts the Boston Symphony in orchestral works by Poulenc, Copland, and Bernstein, as well as Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (with Alicia de Larrocha). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket-holders, pianist Paul Badura-Skoda and violinist Malcolm Lowe (the orchestra's concertmaster) will perform sonatas by Mozart (in B-Flat, K. 454) and Beethoven (the "Spring," Op. 24). . . . ¶ July 27 at 8:30: Simon Rattle leads the Boston Symphony in Mahler's Seventh Symphony. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: Leonard Slatkin conducts the Boston Symphony in Copland's "Symphonic Ode," Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, and Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat, K. 482 (featuring Mr. Badura-Skoda). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

Caramoor Music Festival—July 25 at 4:15: Members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble play a Mozart divertimento and a Beethoven serenade. . . . ¶ July 26 at 9: Pianist John O'Conor performs works by Mozart, Czerny, Beethoven (his "Appassionata" Sonata), and Schubert (his late C-Minor Sonata, D. 958). . . . ¶ July 27 at 8:30: André Previn continues the weekend's late-Classical / early-Romantic theme by conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Mozart's Serenade in G-Major ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"), Haydn's Symphony No. 102, and Beethoven's First Piano Concerto (featuring Lydia Artymiw). . . . ¶ July 28 at 5:30: Mr. Previn, assuming the role of pianist, joins members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in quintets by Mozart and Brahms, as well as Poulenc's Flute Sonata (featuring Elizabeth Mann). (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—July 26 at 8:30: Presenting music by Bach (including his Sixth "Brandenburg" Concerto), Mozart, and Martin Bresnick. . . . ¶ July 28 at 3: The Litchfield County Choral Union, directed by Jonathan Babbitt, performs two settings of the "Regina Coeli" by Mozart, as well as his "Great" C-Minor Mass, K. 427; with various soloists. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Yoav Talmi, the music director of the San Diego Symphony, conducts Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite, and Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez" (featuring classical guitarist Christopher Parkening). (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. July 27 at 8:30. For ticket and travel information, call 1-201 347-4700.)

Hampton SummerFest—July 27 at 8:30: An all-Mozart program in which pianist André Watts participates in chamber music (the Quintet for Piano and Winds, as well as the D-Major Sonata for Two Pianos, with Ilana Vered), and the Festival Orchestra, conducted by Robert Kapilow, plays a divertimento and a serenade ("Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," K. 525). (Jewish Center of the Hamptons, 44 Woods Lane, East Hampton. For information about tickets, call 1-516 324-9858.). . . ¶ July 28 at 8: The Empire Brass plays classic jazz by Gershwin, Ellington, Fats Waller, and others. (Southampton High School, 141 Narrow Lane, Southampton. For information about tickets, call 1-212 772-0450.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Whitney Houston—The second-most-popular female singer in the world leaves untouched all the buttons that the transgressing champ, Madonna, pushes with glee. Whitney Houston is a safe icon, a graceful, well-behaved soul thoroughbred who is more unattainable than provocative, and it made perfect show-business sense for her to become the Kate Smith of Operation Desert Storm with her rendition of the national anthem at the Super Bowl. Someday she may produce something wonderful—there may be a great gospel album inside her—but for now we're left with no surprises, the guaranteed Grammy nominations, a raft of imitators, and three albums of the ballads and pop-dance stuff that Whitney herself says she can run off in her sleep. The voice really is a wonder, and worth hearing in concert, but there's something disconcerting about being wrung out and lifted up by technique alone. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. July 23 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 26 at 8.)

Huey Lewis & the News—He's the rock star you could take home to meet your parents, and the perpetrator of the nearly unforgivable "Hip To Be Square." But anyone whose familiarity with Huey Lewis is based on the bouncy, jokey MTV hits, and the cloying regular-guy bemusement he relies on to sell his video self, is probably not aware that he leads a sensational R. & B. bar band, a West Coast counterpart to the Asbury Jukes. They won't be performing in a bar, and you'll still have to put up with the cute shtick, but these guys have paid their dues, and they're no joke. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 26 at 8.)

Queensrÿche—Meadowlands Arena. July 24 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. July 26 at 7:30.

Sisters of Mercy/Public Enemy—With Gang of Four, Young Black Teenagers, and Warrior Soul. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 24 at 8.)

Eros Ramazzotti—Radio City Music Hall. July 26 at 8.

Kay Starr and the Woody Herman Orchestra—World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City. July 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

Steel Pulse—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 31 at 7:30.

Jazz in July—Final performances of the series. July 23: Manhattan Rhythm Kings, Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks, Ken Peplowski, Tina Fabrique, and Dick Hyman. . . . ¶ July 24: Dave McKenna, Derek Smith, Oliver Jones, Bob Seeley, and Mr. Hyman. . . . ¶ July 25: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band, Banu Gibson, and the 92nd Street Stompers (Doc Cheatham, Marty Grosz, Milt Hinton, and Mr. Hyman). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Evenings at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—July 23: Stevie Nicks. . . . ¶ July 24: The Judds, with Alan Jackson. . . . ¶ July 25: Howie Mandel and Dennis Miller. . . . ¶ July 27: The Temptations, the Four Tops, and the Stylistics. . . . ¶ July 28: "Bugs Bunny on Broadway." . . . ¶ July 30: The Steve Miller Band. (1-516 221-1000. Evenings at 8.)

Central Park SummerStage—July 27 at 3: Bernie Worrell, with J. J. Jumpers. . . . ¶ July 28 at 3: Mario Bauza and his orchestra, with Manny Oquendo and Libre. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Away until Aug. 2, when they face the Chicago Cubs.

Yankees—Vs. the Seattle Mariners, July 23-24 at 7:30 and July 25 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the California Angels, July 26 at 7:30, July 27 at 2, and July 28 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Oakland A's, July 29-30 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Twins, July 31 at 7:30 and Aug. 1 at 1. (The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499, and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, starting July 24. The Test is on July 27. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. The Haskell Invitational is on July 27. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8, Tuesdays at 1, and Sundays at 6. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Floating Movies—"Before Bart and Beyond," a collection of cartoons that will be projected on a screen floating in the Hudson River. Watch from dry land (Riverside Park, at 98th St.) on July 24 and July 31, starting at 8:45. No tickets necessary.

Twilight Dancing—The last swinging evenings around the fountain in Lincoln Center. July 24: The Duke's Men. . . . ¶ July 25: Bruce Daigrepont. . . . ¶ July 26: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band. . . . ¶ July 27: The Frank Wess Orchestra. (Evenings at 8:15. Tickets available on the nights of the events.)

A Reading—Ken Kesey reads from his own prose. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd Street. July 25 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Walks—July 28 at 1: A hike, with pit stops for eating, through colorful Coney Island. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring; for information and reservations, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ July 28 at 1: A walk, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, around the Murray Hill neighborhood. For information and reservations, call 534-1672, Ext. 206.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Slacker" (directed by Richard Linklater).
Theatre 2: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 25: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French), with Tsilla Chelton. From July 26: "The Dark Backward" (Adam Rifkin), with Judd Nelson, Bill Paxton, Wayne Newton, and Lara Flynn Boyle.
Theatre 5: "An Angel at My Table" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 25: "Regarding Henry" (†). From July 26: "Trust" (Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelley and Martin Donovan.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 22: Theatre closed.
July 23-24: "The Pirate" (1948, Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly; and "An American in Paris" (1951, Minnelli), with Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, Georges Guétary, and Nina Foch.
July 25: "Cover Girl" (†); and "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941, Sidney Lanfield), with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard.
July 26-28: "Top Hat" (1935, Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "The Gay Divorcée" (†).
July 29: Theatre closed.
July 30-31: "Babes in Arms" (†); and "Babes on Broadway" (1941, Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 4: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 5: "Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.
Theatre 6: "Boyz N the Hood."
Theatre 7: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Eating" (Henry Jaglom).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Miracle" (†).
Theatre 2: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ju Dou" (Zhang Yimou, in Mandarin).
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Dark Obsession" (Nicholas Broomfield), with Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe. From July 24: "Don Juan, My Love" (Antonio Mercero, in Spanish).
Theatre 5: "The Rocketeer" (†).
Theatre 6: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 7: "Impromptu" (James Lapine), with Judy Davis, Hugh Grant, Mandy Patinkin, Bernadette Peters, and Julian Sands.

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Shadow of the Raven" (Hrafn Gunnlaugsson, in Icelandic).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 2: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"101 Dalmatians" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Dying Young" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.
Theatre 4: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Regarding Henry" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Impromptu" (James Lapine), with Judy Davis, Hugh Grant, Mandy Patinkin, Bernadette Peters, and Julian Sands.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Rocketeer" (†).
Theatre 2: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Backdraft" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton). From July 24: "The Doctor" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt, Christine Lahti, Mandy Patinkin, and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Thelma & Louise" (†). From July 24: "Boyz N the Hood."
Theatre 3: Through July 23: "Don Juan, My Love" (Antonio Mercero, in Spanish). From July 24: "Thelma & Louise" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†). From July 26: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Miracle" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Regarding Henry" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "The Famine Within" (directed by Katherine Gilday), a documentary. From July 31: "Weininger's Last Night" (1989, Paulus Manker; in German).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "White Dog" (1982, Samuel Fuller), with Paul Winfield, Kristy McNichol, Burl Ives, Fuller, and Paul Bartel.

Bleecker Movie House, 144 Bleecker St. (807-9205)
Theatre 1: "Archangel" (Guy Maddin).
Theatre 2: "Poison" (Todd Haynes).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter. From July 26: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Truly, Madly, Deeply" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Comfort of Strangers" (Paul Schrader), with Natasha Richardson, Rupert Everett, Christopher Walken, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 3: Through July 25: "Drowning by Numbers" (Peter Greenaway). From July 26: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
Theatre 4: "Soapdish" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 3: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 5: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 6: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 7: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.
Theatre 8: "Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter.
Theatre 9: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Backdraft" (†).
Theatre 2: "Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.
Theatre 3: "The Rocketeer" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Regarding Henry" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Truth or Dare" (Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter. From July 26: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.
Theatre 3: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 4: "Regarding Henry" (†).

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Theatre 5: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 6: "Dying Young" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"City Slickers" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Soapdish" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Prisoners of the Sun" (Stephen Wallace), with Bryan Brown, George Takei, Terry O'Quinn, and Toshi Shioya.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French), with Tsilla Chelton. From July 26: "Trust" (Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelley and Martin Donovan.
Theatre 2: "La Femme Nikita" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Through July 25: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
From July 26: "My Mother's Castle" (Robert, in French), with Ciamaca.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dying Young" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Soapdish" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's Fine" (Giuseppe Tornatore, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Paper Wedding" (Michel Brault, in French), with Geneviève Bujold.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Regarding Henry" (†).
Theatre 4: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 5: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Point Break" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Dying Young" (†). From July 26: "Mobsters" (Michael Karbelnikoff), with Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey, Richard Grieco, and Costas Mandylor.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 3: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 25: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†). From July 26: "Point Break" (directed by Kathryn Bigelow), with Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves, Gary Busey, Lori Petty, John McGinley, and James Le Gros.
Theatre 5: Through July 25: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†). From July 26: "Point Break."
Theatre 6: Through July 25: "Point Break." From July 26: "Another You" (Maurice Phillips), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through July 25: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.
From July 26: "V. I. Warshawski" (Jeff Kanew), with Kathleen Turner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" (†). From July 26: "Life Stinks" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "The Rocketeer" (†). From July 26: "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey" (Peter Hewitt), with Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter, William Sadler, Joss Ackland, and George Carlin.
Theatre 3: Through July 25: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "Backdraft" (†). From July 26: (Matinées only) "101 Dalmatians" (†); and (evenings only) "The Rocketeer" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Boyz N the Hood" (John Singleton).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dutch" (Peter Faiman), with Ed O'Neill, Ethan Randall, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Problem Child II" (Brian Levant), with John Ritter; and (evenings only) "Jungle Fever" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
July 22: "Father of the Bride" (1950, directed by Vincente Minnelli), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor; and "Father's Little Dividend" (1951, Minnelli), with Tracy, Taylor, and Bennett.
July 23-24: "Die Hard" (1988, John McTiernan), with Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, Alan Rickman, Alexander Godunov, Reginald Veljohnson, and Paul Gleason; and "Die Hard 2" (1990, Renny Harlin), with Willis, Bedelia, William Sadler, John Amos, and Dennis Franz.
July 25-27: "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days" (1979, Richard Lester), with Tom Berenger and William Katt; and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†).
July 28-29: "Three Smart Girls" (†); and "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (1939, Henry Koster), with Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Charles Winninger, and Robert Cummings.
July 30-31: "Rocky" (†); and "Rocky III" (1982, Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, Carl Weathers, Burgess Meredith, and Mr. T.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
July 22: "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961, Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn, and Beatrice Kay; and "The Crimson Kimono" (1959, Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta.
July 23: "I Shot Jesse James" (1949, Samuel Fuller), with Preston Foster and Barbara Britton; and "The Baron of Arizona" (1950, Fuller), with Vincent Price and Ellen Drew.
July 24: "Shockproof" (1949, Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight; "Scandal Sheet" (1952, Phil Karlson), with Broderick Crawford and Donna Reed; and "Power of the Press" (1943, Lew Landers), with Lee Tracy and Gloria Dickson.
July 25: "Hell and High Water" (1954, Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi, and Cameron Mitchell; and "House of Bamboo" (1955, Fuller), with Robert Ryan, Robert Stack, Shirley Yamaguchi, and Cameron Mitchell.
July 26-27: "Forty Guns" (1958, Samuel Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and "Run of the Arrow" (†).
July 28-29: "China Gate" (1957, Samuel Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Lee Van Cleef, and Marcel Dalio; and "Verboten" (1960, Fuller), with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman.
July 30: "The Big Red One" (1980, Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; "Merrill's Marauders" (1962, Fuller), with Jeff Chandler and Ty Hardin; and "Falkeneau, Vision of the Impossible" (1988, Emil Weiss), a documentary.
From July 31: "The American Friend" (†); and "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" (1972, Samuel Fuller), with Glenn Corbett and Christa Lang.

Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 22: Theatre closed.
July 23-24: "Demon Pond" (1982, Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bondo; and "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
July 25: "Oliver Twist" (†); and "Hobson's Choice" (1953, David Lean), with Charles Laughton, John Mills, and Brenda de Banzie.
July 26-27: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.
July 28: "Solaris" (1976, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
July 29: Theatre closed.
July 30-31: "Sunrise" (†); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel; a short silent film), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel; and "Pandora's Box" (1928, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Fritz Kortner, Francis Lederer, and Alice Roberts.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 22: "The Ritual" (1969, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "After the Rehearsal" (1984, Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Thulin.
July 23: "Cavalcade" (1933, Frank Lloyd), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook; and "In Which We Serve" (1942, Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough.
July 24: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958, Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood, and Jack Carson; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.
July 25: "The Front Page" (1931, Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Mickey One" (1965, Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.
July 26-27: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Robert Walker, Farley Granger, and Ruth Roman.
July 28: "The Reckless Moment" (1949, Max Ophuls), with James Mason and Joan Bennett; and "Caught" (1948, Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan.
July 29: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
July 30: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "The Old Dark House" (1932, James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Raymond Massey, Melvyn Douglas, and Charles Laughton.
July 31: "The Fortune" (1975, Mike Nichols), with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971, Nichols), with Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, Ann-Margret, Rita Moreno, Cynthia O'Neal, and Carol Kane.

Kathleen Turner as "V. I. Warshawski"

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

22 at 2:30 and July 23 at 6: "Time of the Gypsies" (1989, directed by Emir Kusturica; in Romany). . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Berlin Express" (1948, Jacques Tourneur), with Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "Stand By Me" (1986, Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, and Corey Feldman. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30 and July 28 at 5: "How the West Was Won" (1962, John Ford, Henry Hathaway, and George Marshall), with James Stewart, John Wayne, and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6 and July 28 at 1: "Turksib" (1929, Viktor Turin) and "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929, Dziga Vertov), both Soviet documentaries. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30 and July 27 at 5: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1968, Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Charles Bronson. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6 and July 27 at 2: "The Last Command" (1938, Josef von Sternberg; silent), with Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and William Powell. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30 and July 30 at 6: "Zero Hour" (1977, Edgar Reitz; in German), with Kai Taschner and Anette Jünger. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6 and July 30 at 2:30: "The American Friend" (†).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (477-2714)—July 24 at 7 and 9, July 25 at 9, July 26-27 at 10, and July 28 at 9: "Dead Ringer" (1981, Allan Nicholls), with Meat Loaf. . . . ¶ July 25 at 8: A program of six short films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ July 26-27 at 7:30 and July 28 at 6:30: A program of seven new films and videos. . . . ¶ July 31 at 7: "Hapax Legomena" (1971-72, Hollis Frampton).

Museum of Television and Radio, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." July 23-27: "Julie and Carol at Carnegie *Hall" (1988, WNET), with Julie* Andrews and Carol Burnett; and "Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny" (1991, PBS). . . . From July 30: "Vladimir Horowitz at Carnegie Hall" (1968, CBS) and "In Celebration of the Piano" (1988, PBS). Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." July 23-27: "Rutland Weekend Television" (1975, BBC). . . . From July 30: An episode of "The Complete and Utter History of Britain" (1969, London Weekend Television), with Michael Palin and Terry Jones. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—July 26 at 6: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in Italian). . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "Vertigo" (1958, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Leo McCarey: The King of Comedy," a program of films written or directed by McCarey. July 23 at 2: "Six of a Kind" (1934), with W. C. Fields, George Burns, and Gracie Allen. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2: "Belle of the Nineties" (1934), with Mae West. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2: "The Milky Way" (1936), with Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ July 27 and July 30 at 2: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ July 27 at 4 and July 31 at 2: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2: "Love Affair" (1939), with Charles Boyer and Dunne. . . . ¶ July 28 at 4: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Grant and Dunne.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 24 at 8: "La Bohème" (1926, King Vidor; silent), with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927, Paul Leni; silent), with Laura La Plante. Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 24 at 12:30 and 6: "Le Grand Jeu" (1934, Jacques Feyder; in French), with Françoise Rosay, Marie Bell, Pierre Richard-Willm, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ July 24 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Four Flights to Love" (1940, Abel Gance; in French), with Fernand Gravey, Micheline Presle, Elvire Popesco, and Robert Le Vigan. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6: "Les Misérables" (1933, Raymond Bernard; in French), with Florelle, Harry Baur, Charles Vanel, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . ¶ July 31 at 12:30 and 6: "Boys' School" (1938, Christian-Jaque; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Michel Simon, Robert Le Vigan, and Marcel Mouloudji. . . . ¶ July 31 at 3:15 and 8:45: "It Happened at the Inn" (1943, Jacques Becker; in French), with Blanchette Brunoy, Fernand Ledoux, Line Noro, and Robert Le Vigan.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 24 at 6:30: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ July 24 at 8:45: "Fox and His Friends" (1975, Fassbinder; in German), with Fassbinder. . . . ¶ July 25 at 7:30: "Fable of the Beautiful Pigeon Fancier" (1989, Ruy Guerra; in Portuguese), with Claudia Ohana and Ney Latorraca. . . . ¶ July 25 at 9: "The Summer of Miss Forbes" (1989, Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; in Spanish), with Hanna Schygulla. . . . ¶ July 26 at 7:30: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1973, Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Ruy Guerra. . . . ¶ July 26 at 9:15: "Nosferatu, the Vampyr" (1979, Herzog; in German), with Kinski. . . . ¶ July 27 at 7: "The Travelling Players" (1975, Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek), with Mary Chonopoulou. . . . ¶ July 28 at 4: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (1985, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "Law of Desire" (1986, Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura and Bibi Andersson. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6:30: "Throne of Blood" (1957, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: "Kagemusha" (1980, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—July 31 at 4 and 6:30: "Shiro and Marilyn" (1988, Junichi Suzuki; in Japanese), with Narumi Yasuda and Masaya Kato. Mr. Suzuki will be present.

At the Biograph Cinema, Robert Cummings and Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The American Friend (1977)—The German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. Script by Wenders; cinematography by Robby Müller. In English, German, and French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 29-30. . . . ¶ Film Forum 2; starting July 31.)

An Angel at My Table—Based on the autobiography of the New Zealand novelist and poet Janet Frame. The film covers the first forty years or so of the writer's life—she was born in 1924—and takes close to three hours to tell the story. When it's all over, you feel that you know far too little about Janet Frame and far too much about the film's director, Jane Campion. The movie (which was made as a three-part miniseries for Australian television) is a succession of odd, mannered tableaux, more or less in the style of Campion's 1990 art-house hit, "Sweetie." The compositions emphasize the peculiarities of Janet's appearance, especially in her childhood and awkward adolescence: she has a stiff, frizzy mop of bright-orange hair, and her teeth are badly decayed. The Janet Frame we see in this film doesn't seem to have an inner life, and without that she has no life at all. Even the most dramatic events in her life are treated so flatly and elliptically that we're unable to respond; time after time, we find that we can't orient ourselves in crucial scenes, because the director hasn't bothered to establish the characters or the setting. Writers' lives are weird enough without being subjected to this sort of willful disruption of their emotional continuity. Campion's perverse exercise in biographical filmmaking deserves a new title: "My Incomprehensible Career." Janet is played by three actresses: as a child, by Alexia Keogh; as a young teenager, by Karen Fergusson; and, as an adult, by Kerry Fox. Screenplay by Laura Jones.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney as the children of vaudevillians, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is likably naïve, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," "Good Morning," and "You Are My Lucky Star." With June Preisser, Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, and Margaret Hamilton. This was Arthur Freed's début as a producer; the script is by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.—P.K. (Public Theatre; July 30-31.)

Backdraft—This urban disaster/action movie makes the audience laugh just once: when a stalwart fireman (Scott Glenn), still on the scene of his latest conquered blaze, takes a drag on a cigarette. It's one of the few grand-old-movie gestures that click in what amounts to a compendium of men-at-work clichés. The plot centers on estranged brothers Kurt Russell (a soon-to-be-legendary firefighter) and William Baldwin (an anxious apprentice), who work out their differences in the midst of mysterious arsons and towering infernos. Gregory Widen's script is like a *Mad* parody played straight, full of "Scenes We Wouldn't Like to See." The effects are boggling, but the director, Ron Howard, employs them like a cross between a night-club hypnotist and a hardware salesman—his characters murmur about fire's mesmerizing and bestial qualities, then he hits the audience with flames and hoses. Russell is appealingly brash until a bogus subplot forces him to suggest borderline psychosis. Jennifer Jason Leigh and Rebecca De Mornay also show up, but only Robert De Niro, as an arson investigator, and Donald Sutherland, as a pyromaniac, rise above the material.—M.S. (Plaza, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through July 25, eveninge only.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charm-

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ing people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this enormously popular, overblown, frolicsome Western from William Goldman's script. With Katharine Ross; cinematography by Conrad Hall. The song "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" is by Burt Bacharach and Hal David.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 25-27.)

City Slickers—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, a grin as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderfoot gags (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group-therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Curly, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part of the herd. Also with Helen Slater.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, flashy, Technicolor musical has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test" and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed; Virginia Van Upp wrote the script; Stanley Donen, Kelly, Seymour Felix, and Jack Cole staged the dances; Nan Wynn dubbed Hayworth's singing.—P.K. (Public Theatre; July 25.)

Dying Young—Julia Roberts' vehicles are so closely linked that they resemble a series. Even the "movie tie-in" editions of the original novels "Sleeping with the Enemy" and "Dying Young" sport similar red-white-and-black cover art; it's as if they were installments in a Julia Roberts line of contemporary gothic romances. In her lastest outing, America's favorite working girl is the nursemate-turned-lover of a leukemia-stricken upper-class twit (Campbell Scott), a cousin of the psychotic U.C.T. in "Enemy" and the mercenary one in "Pretty Woman." The director, Joel Schumacher, and the writer, Richard Friedenberg, simplify and prettify the material. Unlike her counterpart in Marti Leimbach's book, Roberts never two-times her edgy, arrogant lover with a more easygoing man (Vincent D'Onofrio). The onslaught-of-illness stuff is rendered not with emotion but with makeup and lighting. The actors are reduced to models in a film that tries to sell compassion by the shot. With Colleen Dewhurst, Ellen Burstyn, and David Selby.—M.S. (Bay Cinema, Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through July 25, evenings only.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His

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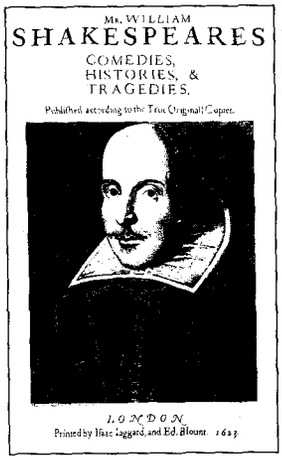

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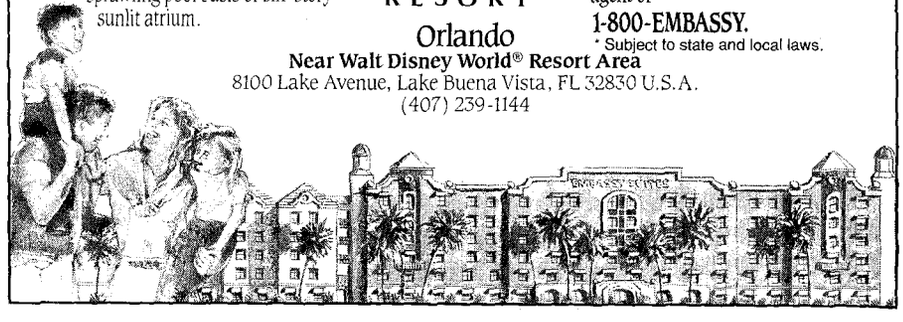

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness; as translator and mascot, he accompanies the German soldiers on their march through Russia. He's an awfully adaptable kid: attractive, personable, good at languages, and deft at lying. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. She shows us the thoroughness of Nazi terror in the pained expression of a teen-age boy who doesn't dare allow himself to be seduced. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Besson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce (about mistaken identities), but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, E. E. Clive, Lillian Miles, Paul Porcasi, and Betty Grable—a cuddly pixie in satin pajamas dancing "Let's K-nock K-neez." Directed by Mark Sandrich; adapted from the stage musical "The Gay Divorce."—P.K. (Public Theatre; July 26-28.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—One of the few Disney animated features that please adults as much as children, this action comedy has loads of waggish charm. The plot is out of a horror film. As Cruella De Vil prepares ninety-nine young Dalmatians for the kill so she can make dogskin coats, you can't help thinking, "The Silence of the Pups." By telling the story from the perspective of Pongo and Perdita, parents of fifteen dognap victims, the Disney team turns it into a light-fantastic parody: a dog's- (or child's-) eye view of storybook Britain. Humans are "pets," and a country-wide canine corps takes over when agencies like Scotland Yard fail. Cruella has been justly celebrated for her Tallulah-from-Hell flair (Betty Lou Gerson contributes an arsenal of Bankhead-like snarls). But Pongo is every bit her match. He's a gallant, resourceful animal with surprising pockets of slyness and gaiety, and the crisp, virile voice of Rod Taylor. Headed by a blustery sheepdog colonel, a Kipling-esque trio of barnyard soldiers aids Pongo and Perdita. The small army of pups form a lovable composite character and a constantly changing sight gag. Trekking through a blizzard-blasted landscape, they're a cross between a canine caterpillar chain and a coal-flecked snowdrift. Bill Peet wrote the smart script, from Dodie Smith's book; Wolfgang Reitherman, Clyde Geronimi, and Hamilton S. Luske directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Gramercy, Sutton, and 86th Street East Twin. . . . ¶ Embassy. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through July 25, matinées only.)

Jungle Fever—The central event in Spike Lee's new movie is the love affair of Flipper (Wesley Snipes), a married African-American architect from Harlem, and Angie (Annabella Sciorra), an Italian-American office temp from Bensonhurst. Once Lee has set up the interracial relationship, he seems to lose interest in it; Flipper and Angie hold the stage only long enough to ignite the fears and hatreds of their communities, and when the fuse is lit their job is done. The movie's approach to its characters is stubbornly, and perversely, external; we never have the sense that we're getting inside anyone's skin (white or black). Everything in this picture is pitched at the level of public utterance. Lee's dialogue has the rhetorical tone of daytime-television talk shows; even in the most intense, emotionally charged domestic scenes, there's an alienating self-consciousness in the way the characters express themselves—they always look as if they had an ear cocked for audience response. This rhetorical barrage gives the picture a peculiar, halting rhythm: individual scenes have force and momentum, but the movie as a whole seems stalled, inert, uncertain where it's headed. And Lee's attitude toward interracial sex is shockingly puritanical; it's as if he were afraid that any hint of eroticism would constitute an endorsement of Flipper and Angie's affair. The scenes that deal with Flipper's crackhead brother, Gator (Samuel L. Jackson), have more energy than anything else in the picture; this subplot is tangential to the central theme, but it has some shape and dramatic coherence, and it actually builds to a climax. The interracial affair just dawdles to an underdramatized parting, and we feel nothing; emotionally, the movie has separated the lovers from each other, and from us, long before. Also with Lonette McKee, John Turturro, Anthony Quinn, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and Frank Vincent. The inventive cinematography is by Ernest Dickerson. Some fine new songs by Stevie Wonder grace the soundtrack.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ National Twin. Evenings only.)

The Miracle—A beautiful new film by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Company of Wolves"). The setting is the coastal town of Bray, which is a short train ride from Dublin. Two teen-agers, Jimmy (Niall Byrne) and Rose (Lorraine Pilkington), spend most of their days wandering along the seaside promenade and making up stories about the people they run into: taking off from the human material that presents itself to them, the kids trade verbal riffs with the gleeful competitiveness of jamming musicians. One day, they spot a mysterious-looking blond woman (Beverly D'Angelo), and Jimmy becomes obsessed with her. He pursues her, in Bray and in Dublin, with an ardor that's partly sexual and partly something else—a feeling so muddled and inchoate that he can't put a name to it. Jordan turns this simple story into a clear, complete vision of experience: everything we see (and hear) flows into everything else, with an unpredictable rightness. His camera moves with a kind of meditative grace, framing and reframing the characters as if to capture the most delicate momentary changes in their relationships. The imagery draws on some pretty outré sources, and the climax—the miracle of the title—is a daring, flamboyant gesture. But Jordan manages to unite everything—the florid imagery, the dark emotional undertones, the flaky comedy, the astonishing physical beauty of the Irish seacoast—into a single, unbroken mood, a smooth arc connecting the past and the present, the familiar and the unforeseen. Also with Donal McCann. The cinematography, by Philippe Rousselot, is extraordinary.—T.R. (7/15/91) (Village East Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear—With Leslie Nielsen, directed by David Zucker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through July 25.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—In the person of Alec Guinness, Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, has a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel right after he did "Great Expectations" (that was Guinness's first film; this is his second), but it ran into some troubles over here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Jewish, and pressure groups objected to such a low Jewish character; with seven minutes of offending closeups and profiles plucked, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. In a later period, the film would probably have been protested by gay activists as well, because Fagin comes across as a malignant old homosexual. The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and the movie in its fidelity is sometimes cruel to the audience, especially in the terrifying scenes when Bill Sikes (Robert Newton) murders Nancy (Kay Walsh) because she tried to help Oliver, while his dog scratches at the door, and in the sequence when Sikes has Oliver in his clutches. With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger, and Diana Dors, Kathleen Harrison, Henry Stephenson, Mary Clare, Ivor Barnard, and Peter Bull. Screenplay by Lean and Stanley Haynes; production design by John Bryan; music by Arnold Bax; cinematography by Guy Green.—P.K. (Newman Theatre; July 25.)

Regarding Henry—Harrison Ford, hot-shot lawyer, takes bullets in the head and shoulder from a corner-market thief. He loses his memory and physical control, regains the ability to talk and walk, and discovers that his long-spurned wife (Annette Bening) and thirteen-year-old daughter (Mikki Allen) are all that's important to him. The writer, Jeffrey Abrams, combines feeble finger-pointing satire of the success-obsessed upper class with life lessons that are hard to swallow. They won't go down past the artificially induced lumps in the throat. The director, Mike Nichols, in his second attempt to wring tears and laughs from *haute bourgeois* marital dramedy, falls flatter than ever—he goes from "Heartburn" to filmmaking arrhythmia. With the exception of an eager beagle named Buddy, this is the worst-performed, limpest, least credible Nichols movie yet. While it purports to attack yuppie values, the hero fulfills the latest yuppie fantasy: chucking everything and starting from square one. A nice trick for those who can afford it.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves—A dull, dutiful trek through the legend of the bandit of Sherwood Forest, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. Watching this picture is about as much fun as paying taxes, and far less stirring emotionally. We never feel that anyone involved in making this multimillion-dollar, two-hour-and-twenty-one-minute spectacle had any real affection for the story. The screenplay, by Pen Densham and John Watson, is a mishmash of halfhearted dramatizations of episodes from the legend and equally halfhearted nods to contemporary attitudes. If the movie had an exuberant spirit—as the 1938 "Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn, had, in near-manic overabundance—we'd be more inclined to overlook the script's incoherence. But there's not much joy in evidence here. The direction, by Kevin Reynolds, is stolid and impersonal, and Kevin Costner seems miscast as Robin: he's not a forceful enough actor for this role. The merry men are an unmemorable lot; even Little John (Nick Brimble) and Friar Tuck (Michael McShane) don't make strong impressions, because they haven't been given anything interesting to do. (In this version, Little John *loses* his famous battle with Robin in the stream.) The audience seems to perk up only when Alan Rickman, as the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham, is on the screen. He gives a florid, theatrical performance—there's real glee in his malice. Also with Morgan Freeman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Christian Slater, Michael Wincott, and Brian Blessed (who's so vivid in his brief scenes as Robin's father that we wish the movie were about him instead).—T.R. (7/1/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Baronet, Coronet, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Rocketeer—Visually, this period adventure—about a daredevil pilot who finds a rocket pack that enables him to fly like Superman—is a creamy piece of kitsch. Its affectionate depiction of 1938 L.A. includes a goofy canine-shaped diner called the Bulldog Café and a glamorous Deco night spot. Jim Bissell's production design and Hiro Narita's cinematography bathe the sets and scenery in poster-art colors. But the lead

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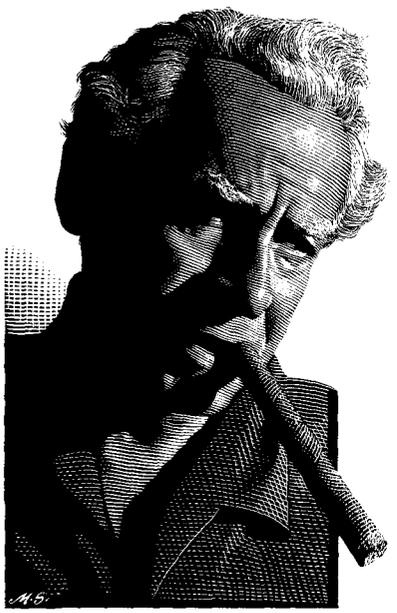

Sam Fuller

"Run of the Arrow" (playing July 26-27 at Film Forum 2), a 1956 culture-clash Western starring Rod Steiger as a Confederate infantryman who ends up going West and joining the Sioux, will provide those who've endured "Dances with Wolves" with a diverting game of compare-and-contrast. This movie's writer-producer-director, Sam Fuller, is the opposite of Kevin Costner, the producer-director-star of "Wolves." Fuller's running time is eighty-six minutes, not Costner's three hours, and his budget probably would have bought the mineral water on Costner's set. Also, authentic casting wasn't one of Fuller's goals—his Sioux include Jay C. Flippen as a former Union Army scout and Charles Bronson as a chief named Blue Buffalo.

Both "Wolves" and "Arrow" start with Civil War vignettes and center on a hero who shuns the chaos back East and renews his soul on the frontier, until white American empire-building intrudes. But Steiger isn't a pastoral, laid-back figure like Costner. He brings all his brooding Method energy to the role, even adopting an abrasive brogue in order to play a Southern Irishman. The Native American characters in Fuller's movie aren't as gentle as Costner's, either: Fuller's Sioux allow enemies a choice between execution and a race of last resort. In the "run of the arrow," they strip the shoes off their antagonists and give them a head start equal to the distance of an arrow shot. After that, it's a chase to the death; anyone who interferes is skinned alive. When Steiger can't abide seeing a man flayed, the Sioux realize that he could never be a whole-hearted convert. Brian Keith gives a graceful performance as a good U.S. Army officer. Otherwise, Fuller just about defines here's-mud-in-your-eye filmmaking.

characters and the story are too blandly, wholesomely retro. Bill Campbell is the all-American rocket man who ends up taking on the Nazis; Jennifer Connelly is his girlfriend, a Hollywood extra—a far cry from the nude model who was the female lead in Dave Stevens' original comic-book feature. It's not hard for a droll group of character actors to steal the Rocketeer's thunder. The standouts are Alan Arkin as the hero's wise, not-so-old engineer, Timothy Dalton as a Flynn-like swashbuckler (where was he when "Robin Hood" was cast?), and Terry O'Quinn as a sane Howard Hughes. Under Joe Johnston's clean, uninspired direction, the only set pieces that really take off are the Rocketeer's wild flights. They're more like the edgy joyrides in "The Right Stuff" than the computerized zigging and zagging we usually get from Industrial Light & Magic, the source of the special effects.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's a bullnecked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. Directed by John G. Avildsen. With Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. Cinematography by James Crabe; music by Bill Conti.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 30-31.)

Soapdish—The punchy, wisecracking love child of "Tootsie" and "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown." In the mad, mad, mad, mad world of daytime television, on- and offscreen soap operas collide, creating a series of explosions building to one big bang. With Sally Field as the American Sweetheart who turns into the Queen of Misery, Whoopi Goldberg as her best friend and head writer, Cathy Moriarty as her rival, Robert Downey, Jr., as her producer, and (best of all) Kevin Kline as her onetime lover and resurrected co-star, it's the kind of brash entertainment Hollywood isn't supposed to be able to make anymore—a whirling show-biz farce sped up for the era of instant infotainment. The characters have emotional-seepage problems: their competitive drives and backstage frustrations keep leaking into their jobs. Kline, in his most skillful and risible screen performance yet, has an additional dilemma—he can't locate any unrehearsed feelings. The movie's director, Michael Hoffman, brings out the jester in everyone; the editor, Garth Craven, cuts for maximum snap. And the screenwriters, Andrew Bergman and Robert Harling, wring fun out of fustian and keep the shallow characters on the run. Daytime TV is thought to be too easy to lampoon. But through a combination of lowdown parody and soapsmanship, Hoffman and company satirize the seemingly unsatirizable. With Elisabeth Shue, Teri Hatcher, and, in a pair of sharp, brief comic turns, Carrie Fisher and Garry Marshall.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, Loews Festival, and Loews Paramount.)

Sunrise (1927)—A near-masterpiece, made in Hollywood by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who was given contractual assurance that there would be no interference by the studio (Fox). The script, freely adapted from Hermann Sudermann's "A Trip to Tilsit," was prepared in Berlin by Carl Mayer, and Murnau planned the whole film there, on the basis that the story was universal. The opening title reads, "This story of a Man and his Wife is of nowhere and everywhere, you might hear it anywhere and at any time." The man (George O'Brien) and his wife (Janet Gaynor) are rural Americans; their happiness is disrupted by a city temptress (Margaret Livingston) who seduces the man and persuades him to drown his wife. The story is told in a flowing, lyrical German manner that is extraordinarily sensual, yet perhaps too self-conscious, too fablelike for American audiences. (Huge stylized sets were built.) The film failed commercially, and on his next two Fox projects Murnau didn't have the same freedom. There are some masterly sequences: the seduction under a full moon, the wife's flight (she boards a trolley). Cinematography by Karl Strüss and Charles Rosher; art direction by Rochus Gliese, with Edgar Ulmer as one of his assistants. Silent.—P.K. (Newman Theatre; July 30-31.)

Terminator 2: Judgment Day—With Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Robert Patrick; directed by James Cameron. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Thelma & Louise—The heroines, played by Geena Davis (Thelma) and Susan Sarandon (Louise), are a couple of Arkansas women who set out for a weekend in the mountains and wind up speeding through the Southwest, on the run from the law. (Louise has murdered a man who tried to rape Thelma in a roadhouse parking lot.) The movie, written by Callie Khouri and directed by Ridley Scott, is designed to keep pushing the women farther and farther out there—past the point of no return, into the vanishing point of a vast Western landscape, and, finally, over the edge of the world. It's a pretty shameless outlaw fantasy; the feminist justification that the script provides for the heroines' behavior doesn't make their actions any less preposterous. But you can recognize the crudeness of the movie's narrative devices and still have an awfully good time. There's an exhilarating ease and intuitiveness in the way Davis and Sarandon work together, and the camera lingers on them as if it couldn't get enough of them. Scott's direction gives the story a pleasantly dreamy quality: when Thelma and Louise are on the road, the movie has the look of a mirage, a jewelled shimmer that keeps us half hypnotized. He turns Davis and Sarandon into outlaw princesses, and they're so vivid and likable that they carry us past the plot's most obvious contrivances; a little disbelief seems a small price to pay for being allowed to remain in their company.—T.R. (6/3/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through July 23. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue; starting July 24.)

Three Smart Girls (1937)—Deanna Durbin's début picture, in which the happy, toothsome fourteen-year-old soprano conquered audiences and rescued Universal Pictures. And you can see why. This is the definitive "family picture": three shiny-eyed sisters (Deanna and Barbara Read and Nan Grey) swing into action when they see the tears of their divorced mother (Nella Walker), who has learned that their father (Charles Winninger) is about to marry a gold-digging blonde. There are solid pros in the surrounding cast—Binnie Barnes as the blonde, Alice Brady as her scheming mother, Ray Milland, Mischa Auer, Ernest Cossart, Lucile Watson, and Hobart Cavanaugh—and they do a lot of grinning. The picture is idiotically turned on to wholesome happiness, but it isn't boring. That master of sentimental engineering, Joe Pasternak, produced; Henry Koster directed. The script is by Adele Comandini, with some assistance from Austin Parker.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 28-29.)

Truly, Madly, Deeply—A lovely, original comedy about a young woman, named Nina (Juliet Stevenson), who is obsessed with the memory of her dead lover. The writer and director, Anthony Minghella, establishes an unusual, delicately varied mood, and the film moves gracefully from a realistic mode into a fantastic one. One night, Nina's lover, Jamie (Alan Rickman), reappears in her flat, and his presence seems perfectly natural to us: he has emerged from a setting that is already charged with the heroine's feelings for him. Once he's back, she has to confront, in the most concrete way, what it would really mean to live the rest of her life with a dead guy as her significant other: the movie is less a ghost story than a weird kind of domestic comedy. Minghella draws us into a fresh and startlingly humane vision of modern urban life; the details of the heroine's way of living always seem to point beyond themselves, and there's an emotional unity to everything we see. Minghella writes dialogue that sounds casual but somehow takes us straight to the heart of his work's larger concerns, and he directs the actors beautifully. Rickman is unexpectedly romantic here, and very funny besides. And Stevenson gives a radiant performance: she doesn't have a false moment, or a boring one, in the whole picture. Cinematography by Remi Adefarasin.—T.R. (5/6/91) (Quad Cinema.)

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FALL

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

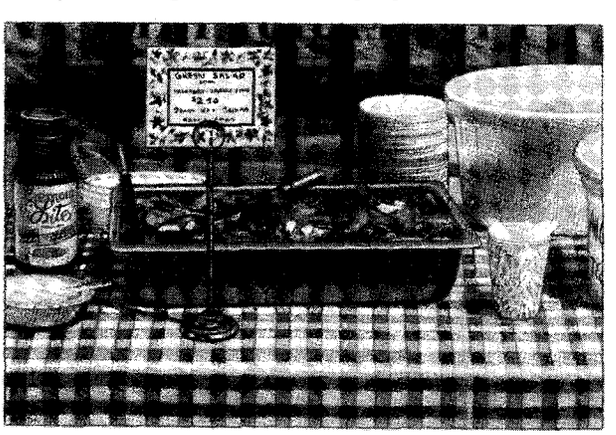
Notes and Comment

IT is an axiom of governance that power, once acquired, is seldom freely relinquished. Though the Cold War no longer casts its shadow over us, our government has shown little eagerness to surrender the powers it claimed under cover of that shadow. In the name of "national security," enormous parts of the federal budget (perhaps thirty billion dollars for the intelligence agencies alone) are still hidden from public scrutiny; some seven million documents are still being "classified" every year; and many of the most important elements of American foreign policy continue to be conducted beyond the scope of public debate. Secrecy has become a great wellspring of government power, and a forceful weapon in the hands of the executive branch in its struggles with Congress. The recent guilty plea of Alan Fiers, a senior official of the Central Intelligence Agency, to charges of lying to Congress about his knowledge of the diversion to the Nicaraguan Contras of profits from secret weapons sales to Iran—a plea that confirms not only the agency's deep involvement in the Iran-Contra affair but its role in the coverup that followed—discloses what is only the latest instance in a long history of official abuse of the principles of national security.

When Congress created the C.I.A., in 1947, it conferred upon the agency the power to collect intelligence and also to "perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." "Affecting the national security" was intended as an "important limiting phrase," according to Clark Clifford, one of the authors of the law. Over the years, however, that phrase, instead of serving to sift out all activities except those deemed critical to the nation's survival, came to encompass matters that were simply too controversial or too inconvenient to disclose. Secrecy gradually turned into a convenience, and "national security" came to serve the executive branch as an immense loophole, justifying everything from tapping reporters' telephones to covertly attacking countries with which the United States was officially at peace. Eventually, this manipulation of the notion of national security helped promote a profoundly anti-democratic notion of truth: truth became something dangerous to the country—something to be stamped "Top Secret" and handled only by a small number of privileged officials who enjoy the highest security clearances.

The record of our major covert actions abroad can be charitably described as mixed. In their effects at home, however, those actions, and the expanded executive powers that came along with them, have been an unqualified disaster. As the Watergate hearings showed, the purported need to protect national security during the Vietnam War was used to justify burglaries and wiretaps against our own citizens. But there was a subtler and even more sinister form of corruption going on. As the postwar consensus on foreign policy frayed and finally burst apart during the Vietnam War, covert actions increasingly became a tool in the hands of the executive branch to avoid policy disputes with Congress and to conceal unpopular decisions: they allowed the President to conduct his own foreign policy, out of sight of Congress and of the public. Covert actions, which were originally understood to be operations that secretly lent support to America's official foreign policy—a policy formulated and developed in public debate—became a means of escaping the constraints of the Constitution.

During the Iran-Iraq War, for example, the keystone of American policy was said to be Operation Staunch, in which the United States exerted its influence around the world to halt the flow of weapons to Iran. But, as we have since learned, the United States was in fact supplying weapons to Iran, and it now seems likely that it was supplying them indirectly to Iraq as well. At the same time, behind the public policy of "not dealing with terrorists," our government was negotiating with the Iranians over American hostages in Lebanon. These acts were illegally kept secret from the congressional intelligence committees not because their disclosure might have threatened America's national security but because if Congress had learned of them it would almost certainly have stopped them—by passing laws, cutting appro-



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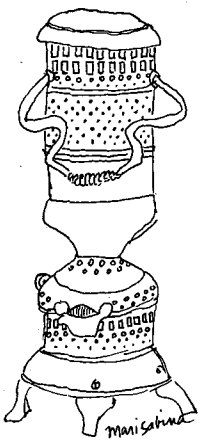
priations, or, as a last resort, "leaking" to the public what the Reagan Administration was doing. In the end, the Administration's policies were secret because if they had been made public they would have been highly controversial and immensely unpopular—because, in short, they were politically unsustainable. In the Iran-Contra case, as in so many others, the real purpose of our doing something covertly was not so much to conceal it from the rest of the world as to hide it from the American people. The "secret bombing" of Cambodia, to take another example, was no secret to the Cambodians. Of the parties concerned, only the Americans—substantial numbers of whom would have objected to the expansion of the war—were left in the dark.



During the mid-seventies, hearings by the Church and Pike committees exposed many of the C.I.A.'s most colorful covert actions, and new procedures were set up to make the intelligence agencies "accountable"—to committees in Congress, if not to the public—but the "national-security" loophole remained. The Reagan Administration, determined to carry out a politically unpopular policy in Nicaragua, simply avoided the scrutiny of the congressional intelligence committees by shifting control of the Contras to officials within the White House. After Congress expressly forbade the government to fund the Contras, various White House and State Department officials solicited money secretly from foreign governments and private supporters, thus circumventing Congress's exercise of its most basic power, that of the purse. This funding allowed the "covert war" in Nicaragua to continue, and the Administration's role in financing the war was an open secret in Washington: "secrecy" didn't conceal the Administration's involvement but merely prevented public debate that might have succeeded in putting an end to it. Mr. Fiers' guilty plea now reveals not only that the C.I.A. was deeply involved, contrary to what he and other agency officials swore before congressional committees investigating Iran-Contra, but also that its lawbreaking continued well after the Iran-Contra affair was brought to light, and may be continuing still.

By now, of course, this is an old story; in fact, that may be the most dangerous corruption of all. Our easy familiarity with four decades of government coverups and C.I.A. misdeeds and secret wars has begun to rob us of our power to be outraged. Congress itself, the party most immediately abused by Iran-Contra, conducted its investigation into the affair in a manner that seemed designed to prevent unexpected disclosures from getting out of hand. The investigating committees strictly limited public hearings; set themselves an unreasonably early deadline for concluding the investigations, which allowed the Administration to stall in releasing documents; and focussed their attention obsessively on the narrow question of what the President knew, rather than what his Administration had done. Recently, the Speaker of the House, Thomas Foley, carried congressional reluctance a step farther when he explained his hesitancy about mounting an investigation of new disclosures about a possible "October Surprise" (a deal that members of the 1980 Reagan campaign are alleged to have made with Iranian officials to delay the release of the American hostages in Teheran) by noting that there was "no evidence of misconduct on the part of the President"—as if nothing less than proof of illegal acts by President Bush himself would constitute sufficient abuse of the electoral system to warrant an inquiry.

Meanwhile, the national-security establishment's distrust of and disdain for Congress are alive and well. When members of the Senate Intelligence Committee dared, in the light of Mr. Fiers' disclosures, to postpone hearings on the nomination of Robert Gates, the President's choice to head the C.I.A., Mr. Bush—who in 1976 was himself brought in as C.I.A. director, and given the job of healing the agency after the Church and Pike committees' findings—excoriated them for running "like a covey of quail." As for Mr. Gates, who was Mr. Fiers' superior at the C.I.A. during the Iran-Contra affair, he has summarized the attitude of William Casey, the C.I.A.'s director during Iran-Contra, and Clair George, then its covert-action chief, as follows: "Their attitude toward the Hill was screw 'em. And that attitude communicated itself throughout the operations directorate—don't tell Congress anything unless you're driven to the wall." Unfortunately, Congress has been increasingly reluctant when confronted by claims of "national security" to drive anyone to the wall. Members of Congress seem to see little political reward in taking on the national-security establishment, and to be concerned mostly with not being viewed as "politically opportunistic" or, worse, "partisan."

"The cold war changed us," Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote a year ago in the *New York Review of Books*. "We used to be pretty much what we started out to be: a republic which expected normally to be at peace. . . . We became a national security state, geared for war at all times." And though the breaching of the Berlin Wall may have marked the end of the Cold War, the principles of openness and accountability which were once fundamental to our government remain casualties of that war. We remain a nation in which the truth is thought to pose a threat. But there is no reason that this should be so: no reason that "national security" should provide the license it does, no reason that the C.I.A. should remain constituted as it now is—no reason at all that it and the other organs of our national-security state should not be demobilized and prepared for peace. It is not naïve for Americans to demand that the "new world order" lately hailed by President Bush include among its benefits a domestic *glasnost*—a reinvigorated commitment by the country and its leaders to the end of secrecy, and to the primacy of truth.

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Total

A STARGAZING friend writes:

Dawn on the day of the solar eclipse found our little band—two men, two women, and a five-year-old boy—near the thirteenth green of a golf course on the northwest coast of the island of Hawaii, on a grassy promontory we had selected for its sweeping view of the Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea volcanoes, to the east, and a few hundred square miles of slate-green

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Pacific Ocean, to the west. As the sky grew light, however, we could see nothing of the sun, whose total eclipse was due in half an hour. Banks of dolphin-gray rain clouds obscured the eastern sky, dampening the spirits of eclipse seekers from sea level to the domes of the Mauna Kea Observatory, on the summit of the fourteen-thousand-foot volcano. We sipped coffee, fiddled with our small portable telescope, and prayed for clarity.

The sun is four hundred times as big as the moon, but also about four hundred times as far away. This coincidence is what makes totality possible. Because the disk of the moon can obscure that of the sun as if it were one silver dollar placed on another, we residents of Earth are afforded a glimpse of the outer environs of our home star—of prominences, which are ruddy clouds of gas tangled in magnetic-field lines, and of the corona, the sun's outer atmosphere, stretching far into space. The eclipse transforms the terrestrial landscape, too, and something about the promise of all these strange sights was sufficiently enticing so that several tens of thousands of enthusiasts, including us, had made the trip to Hawaii to take them in. We had heard that the risk of being "clouded out," as they say, was greater in Hawaii than in Baja California, and also that totality would not last as long here, but we had been drawn by the presence of the observatory—this would be the first time that the moon's shadow had ever passed over a major astronomical observatory—and by an additional coincidence: as it happened, the shadow cast by the moon on the Earth would be just about the same width as the island of Hawaii, which, consequently, could be thought of as a third silver dollar in the stack. This island alone would be plunged into darkness, with the others in the Hawaiian chain remaining illuminated.

Eclipse watchers had been assembling on the island all week, buying eclipse T-shirts, contemplating eclipse haircuts (a Moe Howard bowl with the fringe dyed white to represent the corona, the center black for the obscuring moon), attending an "eclipse tease" fashion show, and ordering eclipse refreshments. Guests at the resort hotels could sample eclipse drinks, including the Sunspot, the Path of Totality, the Solar Flare (rum, blackberry brandy, sweet-and-sour mix, schnapps, and grenadine), and the Total Eclipse (vodka and an Oreo cookie). This would be the first total eclipse visible in Hawaii since August 7, 1850, when, according to the log of the Bonite, a French vessel in port at the time, "the men were sad; many of them became fools."

Many were to be sad this time, too, for the clouds prevented most people in Hawaii from seeing anything of the eclipse. But we got lucky, and a few minutes before totality the crescent sun appeared through a hole in the clouds, occasioning whoops of joy from eclipse watchers, whose platoons, ornamented by so many telescope and camera tripods that they resembled giant centipedes, were scattered across the undulating terrain for miles around.

As the sun's gleaming white crescent shrank, a half-dozen Hawaiian greenskeepers took a respite from their early-morning chores and strolled over to have a look through our telescope—it was equipped with a solar filter, which we were prepared to remove instantly when totality began—and to gaze into the sky through strips of Mylar they had brought along for the occasion. Everybody, it seemed, had a Mylar filter and knew that you can be blinded by watching the partial phases of a solar eclipse without one, but there was little evidence of the sort of paranoia that had caused schoolchildren in Montana in 1979 to be kept in their classrooms, watching on television what they could have witnessed from the playground if they had been allowed outdoors.

Waiting for totality is rather like waiting to be executed, except that all the emotions are reversed: you want it to hurry up and happen, and fear that it may not. We chatted with the greenskeepers, called out the time—seven-twenty, seven-twenty-five—and remarked on how much darker and chillier it was getting. The cold and the dark seemed to come in sudden increments; a couple of times, two or three of us gasped aloud at the same instant, when the change seemed suddenly to lurch into a new profundity. In the last moments of light, a small, confused bird flew home to roost in the nest from which it had departed less than an hour before.

Then the sun vanished. A great, awed groan went up from the throngs arrayed across the slopes, and we set aside our Mylar viewers and found we were on another planet. That is what I want to explain about totality—that it turns this world into another place, an alien landscape. What eclipse seekers seek, I think, is a semblance of interplanetary travel. The sea breeze had ceased; no birds flew; all was silent save for whispered exclamations of amazement. Our surroundings—the rolling green hills of the golf course, the black lava fields

"I like you, Jim, not because you're black but because you have excellent qualifications."

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punctuated with verdant grasses, the vast sweep of the Pacific—were cast into an unearthly twilight gloom. What light there was came from all directions, but always at a distance, its source the wider, uneclipsed world that could be seen hovering on the horizon at every point on the compass—a remote, fairy-tale land glowing the color of an old silver plate. Presiding over our benighted locale was this *thing* in the eastern sky: a jet disk wreathed in a halo of pearlescent corona, and ornamented along one edge by a few brilliant points of light—the "diamond-ring effect," produced by sunlight shining down through the last few canyons of the moon in the seconds just before totality.

When the beads of light disappeared, I removed the filter from the telescope, peered into the eyepiece, and saw the chromosphere—an ocean of fire along the outer layer of the sun created by an intense red light called hydrogen alpha. On the sun's rim stood an enormous prominence, an arch of hydrogen-alpha plasma that I estimated to be a hundred thousand miles high.

The four minutes of totality were quickly over, and at the end I lingered at the telescope, watching a sheet of the purest white light anyone has ever seen ascend through the ragged mountain ranges of the moon. Then I turned away, to save what is left of the vision in my right eye. (I'd already burned a hole in the retina, while watching the solar eclipse of 1970 from North Carolina). Cheers greeted the sunlight that once again cast shadows across the grass; the greenskeepers went back to work; and we packed up our telescope and made our way back to our hotel through groves of trees that cast confetti shadows of little crescent suns.

In a state of eclipse euphoria, I neglected to turn off the telescope's battery-powered clock drive, the mechanism that compensates for the rotation of the earth in order to keep celestial objects in the field of view. A few nights later, when I took the telescope out to observe a twilight conjunction of Mercury and Jupiter as they set over the Pacific, it was pointed at the floor, still faithfully tracking the submerged sun.

Balled Up

THE three hedgehogs we visited the other day at Parrots of the World—a Rockville Centre pet shop that specializes in exotic animals—may be the last ones we'll see for a while. Hedgehogs have been imported as pets from Africa and Europe for about the past ten years. Recently, though, the United States Department of Agriculture discovered that hedgehogs in some of the African shipments were infested with cattle-threatening ticks. For the U.S.D.A., making people promise to keep their hedgehogs away from cattle wasn't enough; it banned all future African shipments. This means that pet stores will have to make do with the hedgehogs they can get elsewhere, and that opportunities for buying them are dwindling fast—or sort of fast.

Of all the animals that resemble other things, hedgehogs resemble the *most* other things. Asleep, they look like spiny sea urchins. Awake, they look like windup toys and like illustrations from European fairy tales. They are about eight inches long, and have miniature dogs' noses (washing nose prints off the glass sides of their tanks is a daily chore), small, uncomprehending eyes, ears that someone must have made out of gray felt, useless half-inch tails, and tiny clawed feet. They toddle. When they're alarmed, they make a sound exactly like coffee percolating. According to Marc Morrone, the owner of Parrots of the World, they sometimes live "up to thirteen years."

"Is that a porcupine?" a girl asked Mr. Morrone as he was showing us the store's three hedgehogs, in their glass tanks.

"No, a hedgehog," he answered.

"Is that a porcupine?" she persisted.

"No, a hedgehog."

"It *looks* like a porcupine," the girl said suspiciously. Both hedgehogs and porcupines have spines, but they are not related. Porcupines are primarily herbivores, and hedgehogs are insectivores. Hedgehogs will also eat live worms, if their owners can stand to provide worms and to watch the hedgehogs eat them: it takes a hedgehog a long, noisy time to eat a worm. (At Parrots of the World, the hedgehogs are fed monkey chow.)

We asked Mr. Morrone what hedgehogs are like as pets.

"They merely exist," he said. "They have nothing to worry about, because nothing can eat them. So they don't have to

"I talked Vladi into skipping the transition to democracy in his country and just shooting straight over here with me."

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have much in the way of brains."

Well, do they have any interests?

"Oh, they're responsive once they know you're going to feed them," Mr. Morrone assured us. The hedgehogs at Parrots of the World cost a hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Mr. Morrone sometimes worries that people will buy them for kicks and be disappointed.

"I'll show you something fun," a saleswoman named Barbara Landsperg said, and she tossed a few crickets into each tank. This appeared to confound the hedgehogs. They made random, futile dashes from side to side, twitching their noses and banging into the glass. I just *know* a cricket is in here somewhere, they seemed to be thinking. The crickets bounced around like popcorn. From time to time, one of the hedgehogs caught a cricket, but all three were just as likely to grab mouthfuls of pine shavings instead. They gave up the chase and went to sleep long before the crickets were gone. Left in peace, the remaining crickets subsided and began strolling jauntily around the pine shavings.

One difference between a hedgehog and a handful of tacks is that a handful of tacks doesn't roll into a ball and twitch convulsively when you pick it up. People were watching us, though, so we had to pretend that picking up a hedgehog didn't hurt. We held the balled-up hedgehog in our hands and watched its little fox-rat face peek out at us. The hedgehog unrolled slightly. Its squat legs paddled the air. When we cradled it against our stomach, it relaxed. It stopped twitching. Its spines seemed to soften in our hands. Then it leaned over and bit us very hard on the thumb. "They'll do that eventually," Barbara Landsperg told us as we hastily dropped the hedgehog back in its tank.

The hedgehog looked as upset as an animal without any expression can look. It percolated for several seconds and whipped its head back and forth distractedly. After a while, it nibbled at some monkey chow and went to sleep. In a corner of the tank, one of the leftover crickets jumped into the air, but the hedgehog just licked its lips without opening its eyes.

We wandered away. Parrots of the World has a large iguana in its window and a shark by the front door. Anyone walking into the store for the first time might get the idea that it contains *all* the parrots of the world—or, at least, all the parrots that like to scream at full volume every second they're awake. There's also a fruit bat, which looks like a chihuahua sewn to an umbrella. The bat, which is not for sale, hangs upside down from a dish drainer fastened to the top of its cage and emits an occasional harsh beep at passersby. Next to the fruit bat were two squirrel monkeys. One kept fluffing up its tail, as though it were getting ready for the prom; the other grabbed the top of our ballpoint pen and stuffed the end of its tail inside. A couple of baby ferrets were wrestling next to the monkeys, and a hawk (just visiting for the day) was tied, Tantalus-like, near a cage of rabbits and guinea pigs.

"Just when citywide reading scores were edging up!"

• •

We browsed through the ferret cosmetics. There were bottles of Ferret Glow, Ferret Shampoo and Deodorizer with Aloe Vera, Ferret Sweet ("Keeps Your Ferret Sweet Smelling Naturally"), and Ferret Kleen ("Combats All Malodors Associated with Ferrets"). There were also a number of reptile supplies, including reptile-appetite stimulant, Shed Aid, and Rid-Rot.

We actually ended up buying the hedgehog that bit us. He was at least animated enough to bite. He's still so unsociable, however, that we've put up a progress chart on the refrigerator to keep us from getting discouraged. It lists things like "Pinecone looked out of his house when he heard his name."

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TWENTIETH CENTURY

Another bunch of fallen gods returning from the Eighth
Avenue gym.
The glow of their skin arouses suspicion, could be mere
vanity and affluence.
They are perhaps creatures from another planet, where
nocturnes are never written?

But they are human under the rind—they read and work—
and you
could look a lot more like them if you were prepared to put
the time in,
had the stamina to withstand a crushing daily routine, and
didn't hate

the very idea of "exercise." To what end? To what altar
of sacrifice dedicated? By all means let us return to our
drinks and naps
and telephone conversations, lest we end up looking like
prime beef—

edible no doubt but hardly food for thought, beyond the
most
rudimentary notions and narrations: "Overcome by the
heat
the handsome electrician hastily undressed, unaware that
soon . . ."

*

In apartments without curtains, overlooked from many
angles,
masturbation is just another of anxiety's inexhaustible
wellsprings,
but somehow night no longer answers my desires as once it
did,

therefore let all eyelids be raised and a blind sun stand at
the zenith.
The voyeur is not the victim of what he sees, and this is no
one's confession:
I will continue to walk to the left and write with a nose
dipped in paint, if I so wish—

not that I plan to do anything that would get me arrested,
but most poems, translated to a sunlit street, would be acts
of gross indecency.
Yes, this is what I've been hiding all these years! It is *your*
orphan,
take it in as if it had appeared by moonlight on the steps of
a convent.

*

Some hope! And do not expect anyone to be grateful
for your miraculous aperçu, though some who have
followed
the slow progress of your fame may pick it up
like a laundry ticket that has slipped from your pocket

with all the momentousness of Bluebeard's seventh key.
The secret will never be revealed, since there are
no secrets. It is much too late for that. Blood
on the paving stones, blood in the throats of the flowers.

The cleaning fluid is running out. The century is coming
to an end,
and to make it look in any way presentable or fit to live in
would be a new labor for Hercules, and yet we *have* lived
in it,
and there were days we behaved rationally, with nearly
stoic calm,

handing out life jackets as the last comforting concept
capsized,
and sometimes our clothes, our thoughts looked elegant
and that seemed enough:
we had added some feeble lustre to the mostly
incriminating record.

*

A decadent historicism appeared in buildings, appalling
to purists,
and executives of telephone companies walked daily
beneath Romanesque vaults and the gilded wings of
statues.

Then on a clouded day no one could fix in retrospect
the body became a religion, sex a kind of makeshift
sacrament,
and with nothing but this dim polestar to guide us

we must now confront the idea of continual mourning
and the necessity of pain as a friend's handsome face
is reduced to something resembling a bruised skull.

It is a time of marvels: in midsummer a wind out of
nowhere
strips the trees bare; every few minutes another Marsyas
is flayed,
and the same small uncomprehending dog laps at his
blood.

Twentieth century, we still have much to learn from you
concerning the refinements of cruelty and its
multiplication,
banal as shopping malls on the outskirts of a town,
flourishing as the center dies and is boarded up.

Twentieth century, you are leaving us
with resurrections of dead gods who remain dead,
twitching in their galvanized graveclothes, and this is
unkind,
since we have stayed faithful to you as if you were a good
mother.

We ignored your cocaine habit and your masochism—
you appearing in the Irish bar saying, when we mentioned
your face swollen like a purple cabbage, "Oh, I had a bad
fall."

What kind of staircase could do that?
Tell us whose fist it was. Twentieth century, don't lie to us.
We love you and you are leaving forever.

—JOHN ASH

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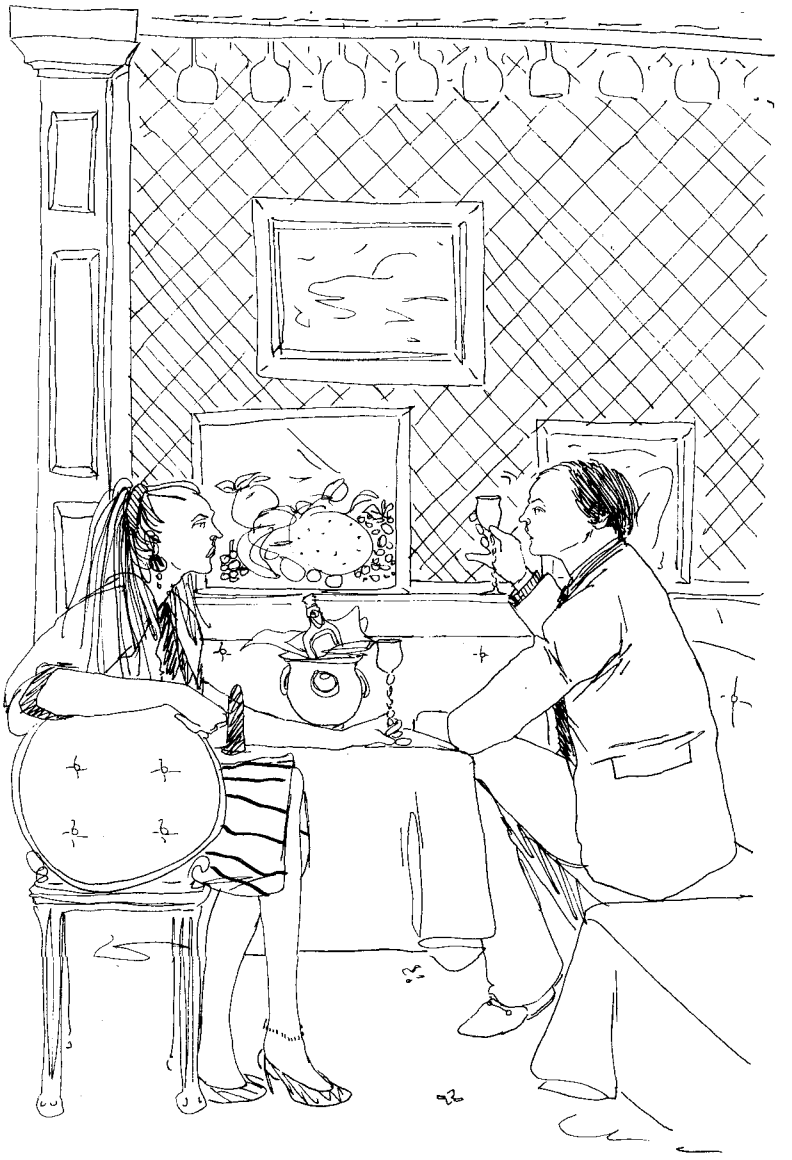
STUDIO B

STUDIO B was the snakebite studio at WLT, the tomb of the radio mummy, and bad things happened to people who went in there. It was a big triangular room on the third floor of the Hotel Ogden, where WLT broadcast from, on South Twelfth Street in downtown Minneapolis. Dad Benson said it felt like a vacuum chamber. Once, he gasped for breath during "Friendly Neighbor," and two huge flies dove into his throat and almost choked him. The Reverend Irving James Knox claimed he couldn't hear himself talk in there when he did "Hope for Tomorrow." He was used to sanctuaries where his words rolled off the walls like ocean surf; in Studio B, the waves hit a big sponge. Reed Seymour once got the hiccups so bad that his partial plate came off and he had to gum the news, and then, a week later, three of the Shepherd Boys gospel quartet slipped in and quietly de-pantsed him during a long account of a tragic house fire. He kept reading but yipped twice when they pulled off his shorts. Every day after that, the Shepherds sneaked in during the "Noontime News": they lit the script on fire, so he had to read *fast*, or they pelted him with spitballs or poured mucilage in his shoes. The thought of what the Shepherds might do next troubled Reed so much that he finally locked the studio door. Then, after the newscast was safely delivered, *the door wouldn't unlock*, and they kept him in there, frantic, whanging on the walls, until the pee ran down his legs. That was the sort of thing that happened in Studio B.

Once, Leo LaValley went into B to record a couple of dozen Minnesota Dairy Council commercials and later ducked out to see a man about a dog, and when he returned, the remaining scripts were for Murray's Meats in Minneapolis. Oh, well, he thought, and recorded them, including a line that the copywriter swore wasn't his: "Yes, folks, nobody beats Murray's meat"—a line that almost got Leo fired. "How could you read that and not see what it says?" asked his boss, Ray Soderbjerg. Leo hadn't spotted it because he was busy trying not to laugh at an announcer named Phil Sax, who was standing in the door with his finger poking out of his fly, waggling. Another typical Studio B story.

The curse of Studio B began in 1936, during a January blizzard, when a young disk jockey named Price Waterman had to read school closings and road reports for two hours and ran out of water. His mouth got dry and his big bass voice became a whisper and he couldn't get his breath. He talked without breathing for as long as possible and then blacked out, and when he came to his voice was gone. He gargled and rinsed, he tried hot packs and cold, he rubbed his throat with goose grease, he dosed himself with hot gin and Moxie, with chili peppers, with elm-bark tea, but his voice never came back. He could only hum or make a soft, strangling sound like a pigeon. So he had to get a job. Through an uncle, he found employment as a sorter in a potato warehouse in Minot, culling wounded spuds from a conveyor chute, and was killed a few weeks later, crushed in a potato slide, when a truck gate opened and he was unable to cry out and warn the driver.



"Oh, yes, absolutely! Your work is much more important than my work."

It was felt by his old colleagues that the ghost of Price stood behind the drapes of Studio B, restless, shifting from foot to foot, clearing its ghostly throat, waiting for sign-off. Newscasts troubled him, and so did drama shows, but he seemed calmer when musicians were around. On Saturday nights, the "WLT Barn Dance" broadcast from the Star of the North Ballroom, one floor below, on a stage festooned with pine-log posts and a big-red-barn backdrop, and the "Barn Dance" announcer, George Akers (Old Iron Pants), liked to slip up to B with a couple of the Buckle Busters and enjoy a bump of bourbon and a few hands of Between the Sheets during the gospel portion of the program. He and the boys would play for ten minutes, jump up, leaving the cards on the table, and

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run down for a station break ("Thank you so much, Shepherd Boys! More 'Barn Dance' coming up—this is WLT, your Friendly Neighbor Station, seven-seventy ay-em, studios at the Hotel Ogden, Minneapolis"), and then return to the game upstairs.

Once, George returned to find his handful of aces gone—disappeared—and in its place a variety of less meaningful cards. "Boys," he said, "the days of radio are numbered. Old Price is trying to tell us."

The boys laughed. Radio? In decline? This was 1937. When you were in radio you owned the world. Men moved aside for you, beautiful women smiled up at you, doors opened and as you slipped through you heard people whisper your name.

"We're on the way out," said George. "We're going to go the way of the Ubangis. We're going to walk in the moccasins of the Sioux Indians. It's the last roundup, boys. We're sitting pretty now, but it'll soon be over."

The boys gathered up the cards and redealt. Old Iron Pants got a nine, a two, a jack, a six, and a three, in various suits. "No, the handwriting is on the wall, boys," he said. "Fate has us in its cross hairs. The iceberg is dead ahead. It won't be long now. The little bastard has our name in his hand."

"What's gonna take the place of radio, you figure?" asked Doc, the banjo player.

Old Iron Pants laid down his cards. "They will invent something," he said. "It'll have the same effect as bourbon, but it won't give you hangovers, so it'll be used even by the kiddos. It'll earn gazillions. And, boys, they are not going to deal us in on that hand."

IN the salad days of the Ogden, before WLT moved in, B was the Lounge des Artistes, a ritzy bar where, in 1910, the insurance playboy Howell Helmsdorf drank gin fizzes with his mistress, Donna Donaldson. One night her husband strode in, a derringer in his trembling hand, and shot Howell in the ear and hauled the woman home. She went on to found the Poets' League of Minneapolis and the Well Baby Clinic and the Finding Society, and Howell went down to Texas with his ear shot off and was never seen again, except perhaps by people in Texas. The Lounge featured luxurious frescoes of naked goddesses twined in wreaths of bombazine, which were later covered over with green wallpaper. But one day a nervous announcer peeled off a swipe of paper and revealed a woman's face, and other announcers in their spare time undressed her of wallpaper down to her waist and then down to her golden thighs. They named her Donna La Donna, and gave her blazing red hair and pert nipples. She was on the west wall, behind the announcer's chair. Turn around and there she was, eyes averted, smiling faintly, leaning forward, about to dip down into life's beautiful essence.

But there was no beautiful essence in B. Seldom used, the room began to fill up with junk. Boxes of old "Friendly Neighbor" scripts and boxes of "Love's Old Sweet Song" scripts (marked "LOSS"), and hats and banjos and brass plaques, an empty trumpet case, stacks of newscasts, Leo's file of gags, old banners and placards and posters, unclaimed prizes were dumped there, and lost coats were heaped on the piano. Underneath it was the gravel box Shirley had walked on toward the deserted farmhouse where the murderer lay in wait on "Arthur Fox, Detective," and the framed doors he had opened slowly, and the padded box he fired the pistol into, and the box of broken glass Arthur had thrown him through. The cleaning ladies refused to monkey with Studio B. Coffee cups collected and grew rubbery grayish mold next to ashtrays full of historic butts, and the tide rose and the floor space shrank to half its original size, and the studio became a cave where musicians retired for a snort and a nap.

On October 14, 1938, Vince Upton did his "Story Hour with Grandpa Sam" in B, when C was closed for repairs after somebody punched out part of the wall, and read a story about Cowboy Chuck riding his horse, Bob, up the Pecos River to rescue Skipper and Sally, except the script had got switched and suddenly Chuck and Sally were skinny-dipping in the Pecos River and Chuck's love muscle throbbed and the young cowgirl's taut nipples protruded like accusing fingers, and by the time Patrice, the studio organist, came to Vince's rescue and played an interlude, a lot of flesh had got on the air.

"Our quarry, ladies and gentlemen—the great American consumer. Fetch!"

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Ray Soderbjerg, the president of WLT, offered a fifty-dollar reward for information leading to the author of that Cowboy Chuck script. He first suspected his older brother, Roy, but Roy had been in Moorhead, on the farm, all week, and, besides, the script used sophisticated terms like "quim" and "rooty" and "pearl dive" and "the man in the boat" and "flushing the quail" and "table grade" and "plush run" and "bazoongies" and "zazzle"—words that Ray didn't think Roy had ever heard.

Roy was long and gangly, with thin sandy hair and big wing-flap ears and a google in his throat, and he walked with a noticeable *boing-boing* gait, and his breath was enough to stun a monkey. He was no pearl diver. Ray was the diver. He was a looker, handsome in a beefy way, with a nice head of hair and dark Charles Boyer eyes and the nimble feet of a man who could find his way around a dance floor. Ray knew a number of friendly girls around town and in St. Paul and Duluth and one in Brainerd, for when he went fishing, and another in Bemidji, for deer-hunting season, a Chippewa lady named Bear Thighs.

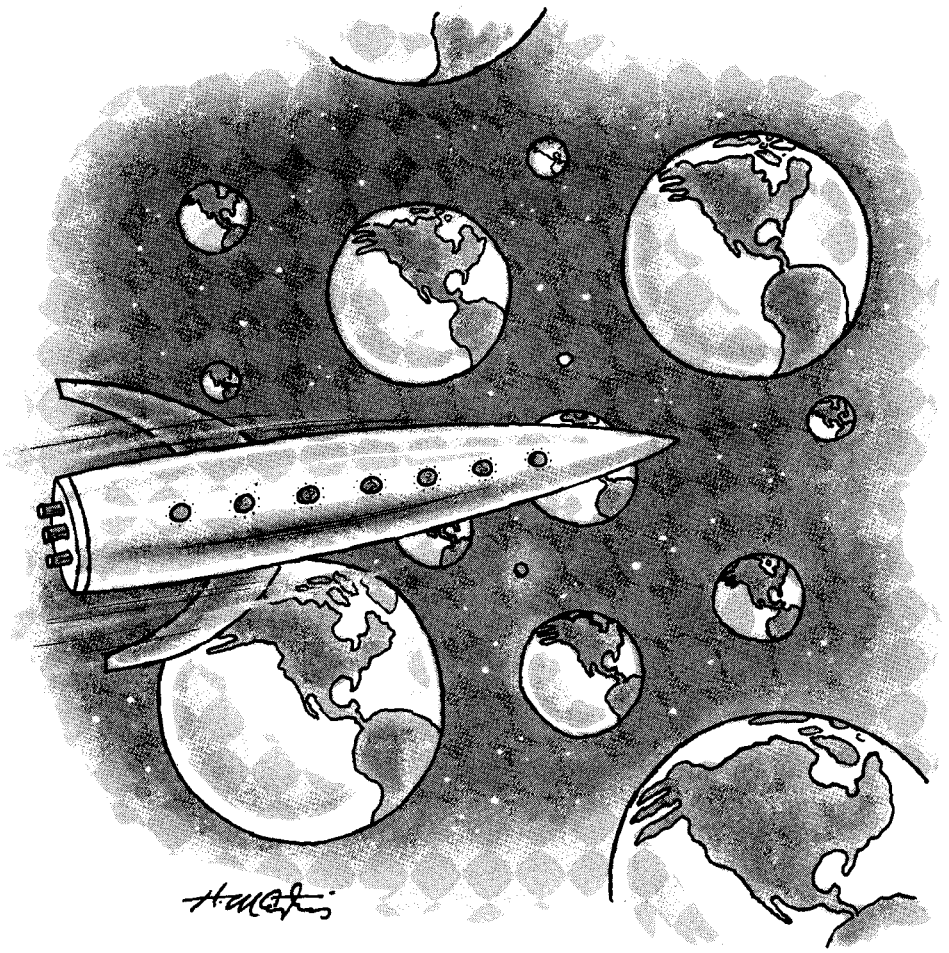
"I have wasted half my life in the company of boring and stupid and ofttimes treacherous men, but I have yet to regret a single moment I spent alone with a beautiful woman," Ray said. "And I've yet to meet a woman who isn't beautiful."

He couldn't help himself, Ray said. If there was a stylish woman nearby, he had to stand by her. And then he smelled something, and that wasn't his fault, was it? A lovely woman gave off a glow. He felt young and lively next to her, found himself telling stories and jokes, and if she didn't tell him absolutely no, to get away, he stayed stuck to her, and eventually, sometimes, he got lucky.

Cowboy Chuck stuck in Ray's craw for months. "Anyone who wants to could walk in and put us on the rocks in a minute," he told Roy. "Walk up to that microphone and say 'Shit, piss, peckerwood' and we can kiss it all goodbye." He leaned forward to whisper this, and leaned back. Roy's breath reeked of cigarettes and oranges.

So Roy paid Leo ten dollars to tell a raw one on the air, to see what Ray's reaction would be. Roy sat by Ray's big oak desk with the souvenir coconuts and the model of the Queen Mary and the portrait of Ray's wife, Vesta, in a frame that opened to reveal a naked French girl lounging in a wing chair, and he cranked up the volume as Leo on the "Noontime Jubilee" said, "So Knute told Inga he loved her so much he wanted to buy her a fancy new bed. He said, 'I want one with that big cloth thing up over it.' She said, 'A canopy!' He said, 'No, that's *under* the bed, and we're going to *keep* it down there.' "

Just as Roy hoped, Ray hit the roof. He jumped to his feet and yelled, "*That's* it!" He fired Leo. He drew up a code including a list of subjects to be avoided (sexual matters, bodily excretions, things that could be considered sacrilegious) and tips on music ("No 'hot' playing. No Jungle Rhythms. No showboating. Play the notes. No Crooning or Moaning"). The Principles concluded: "Just follow these instructions. Don't ask why or by God I'll show you why, and this applies to everyone. Put a little starch into the performance, don't whisper. Most importantly, don't get big ideas about yourself. Just because you're 'On the Air' doesn't make you somebody. You're not. No exceptions to this policy will be accepted. Management." And then he hired Leo back.



"Well, this mission answers at least one big question: Are there other planets like ours in the universe?"

• •

"NO Sex on the Premises" was one of Ray's rules, spelled out to every man he hired, even the Reverend Irving James Knox, way back when. Ray said, "Keep your hands off the females. I don't care how you feel, or what suddenly comes over you, or how her hand brushed your lap and her left breast jumped out at you, I don't want to hear it. No matter how sad and lonely your life is: Don't touch women around here. Keep your hands off them."

Reverend Knox decided he could join the staff on those terms, and four years later he was nabbed in Freddie's Café slipping his hand into the blouse

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of a girl from the typing pool who was dizzy from three vodka sours. "I've been working too hard," the minister explained. "My nerves are shot. I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown." Ray told him to go south and have it. "No sex on the premises, that's the rule," he said.

Reverend Knox wept. He told Ray that he was troubled by unnatural sexual urges, and that he had tried to seduce the girl as a way of proving that he was a normal man. Ray wavered. He detested clergymen, but the station needed one, and Knox had the sort of chummy tone that people liked in a spiritual leader. In person he was a pill, but on the air he shone as a beacon of manly Christianity, a light on life's dark paths, and Ray was loath to hire a new one and break him in. He gave Knox a dreadful, withering lecture, which left the man pale and trembling and his hanky damp with tears. "I don't need a loose pecker around this place, believe me, and if I catch you trying to grab one of my girls again I'll call up the bishop and have him trim your nuts for you. I'll throw you in the street and call the newspapers." He let the man stay on the job—a mistake. And yet the horror of replacing Knox: when you thought about all the clergymen you'd have to interview for the job—days and days of aimless uplifting conversation with flabby men in dowdy clothes, men with big, watery eyes and trembling lips and a look of perpetual faint hope on their faces, plus the inevitable Bible-beaters and the whoopers and jumpers. And who would you find in the end? At worst, some brilliant demagogue like Pastor Paul Anderson, the Lutheran Lothario on LOT ("A Man Named Paul"), who would draw an immense audience of peabrains and then you could never get rid of him. And at best you'd find another sad sack like Knox.

Ray despised preachers. He hated them almost as much as he hated gospel singers. Gospel singers dyed their hair and wore white shoes and pink socks and glittery green suits that shone like seaweed in the moonlight, and checkered vests and brilliant ties with rural landscape scenes, and diamond stickpins and diamond studs. Gospel singers were nothing but pearl divers, and they did it right on the premises. Holy Joes with fancy clothes and brilliantined hair, like the Shepherds: four brothers—Elmer, Al, Rudy, and Wendell. A big crowd-pleaser on the "Barn Dance" since 1937, but to Ray they were an open invitation to the grass-eater element, the Bible-pounders and Holy Rollers, the folks who run around church and howl like dogs and speak in tongues and faint in a heap and lie there and twitch like spastics.

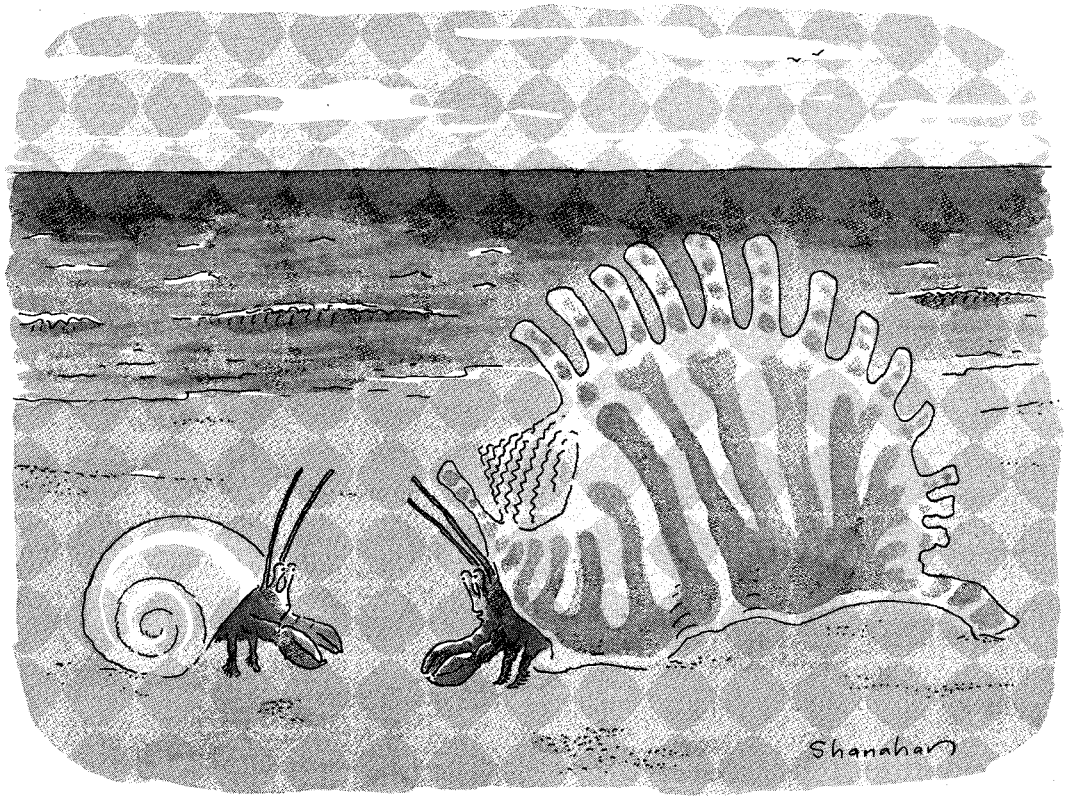
"I am not going to *tolerate* any faith healing around here," he told Roy. "None! Nobody is going to write in to WLT for the holy hankies or the light-up crucifixes or the tiny New Testaments. Nobody is going to take a WLT microphone and speak in tongues into it. Never."

But the Shepherds were powerful. They were young and dark-haired, and when they got into the Spirit they moaned and whooped in a way that Minnesotans do not generally do in public. Even on "The Rise and Shine Show," Monday through Friday at 7 A.M., they raised goose bumps.

Ray told them, "Boys, if there's ever even so much as one little smidgen of tongues, or one mention of snakes or hankies, I'll kick your butts out of here so fast your heads'll spin. You hear me?" They heard. But even with no tongues, there was plenty to put up with. The loud clothes, the clouds of cologne, the pinky rings, Rudy's violet Pontiac ensconced in the parking lot like an ugly welt, the trail of empty vodka bottles, and the women, a constant parade of frowzy women. So Ray sent them on a four-week tour.

That was how WLT killed off the lame and the halt: they put you on the road, in an old school bus, rattling from one end of the five-state area to the other, playing fifteen-dollar dates at high-school assemblies and insane asylums, and sleeping in your clothes on couches and eating slabs of grease and enduring the shame and the squalor until one day your mind snapped and they found you in your underwear crawling down a corn row in Kandiyohi County with an empty in your hand, whereupon they shovelled you back to Minneapolis and put you in a Home for the Wretched and that was it, you were done. And that was how they got rid of the Shepherds.

Ray called them in and



"It lets me be me."

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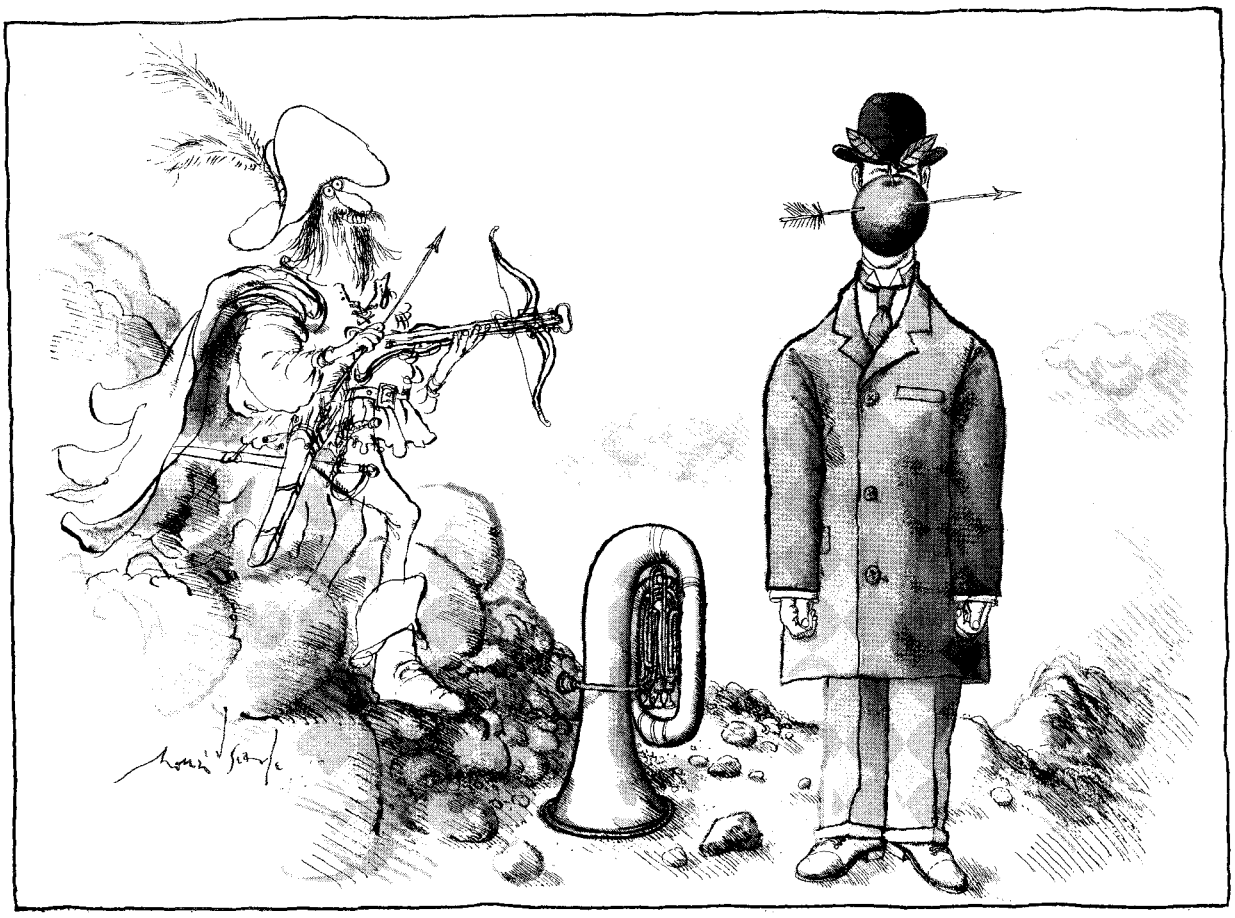

CROSSED PATHS

William Tell Meets Magritte

• •

said, "Sunrise Waffles isn't happy—the audience seems a mite low for that time slot—so I think we need to get you out where the public can see you."

"Please don't do that," pleaded Elmer. His brown eyes glistened, his hairy hand trembled as he gripped Ray's desk.

"Folks need to see you, meet you, get acquainted with the boys. That's how we build up a following."

"Please. I'm begging you. Don't send us on tour."

"I know it's hard work, but you see if it doesn't make a difference."

So the WLT Artists Bureau worked up a sixteen-page itinerary, and when the Shepherd Boys looked at it they saw it was their death sentence. Four weeks on the road, four shows a day, sometimes five, some of them a hundred or more miles apart. Four weeks with a hundred different pianos, all of them out of tune and with missing keys, some so badly beat up it sounded as if somebody were banging on bedsprings. The Good Friends and Neighbors of Radioland sitting, looking up at you standing onstage exhausted, wrinkled, stiff, crusted, dirty, a little drunk, pissed off at the drummer, and though you felt awful you had to *sing music*—a wounded bird made to dance—and you had to endure this humiliation in public, grinning and playing in front of an *audience.* If you could use such a fancy word to describe this gang of lost souls with potato faces who filled the seats and stared stageward. The poor m.c. stood up front in his cheap suit and cried out, "Oh, it's good to see you wonderful people," but from the stage they looked like dying walleyes, mouths agape, eyes glazed, gasping. And those were the better audiences. Worse was the 8 A.M. junior-high assembly, where hideous gap-toothed children jeered and booed the feeble jokes of the poor dying artists onstage, or the old folks' home, where row upon row of the senile and deranged sat rocking back and forth, chins on their chests, licking their lips, pools of urine at their feet, or the Kiwanis and Jaycee luncheons, with the tables of big boomers and boosters hunkering over the meat loaf; or the ladies' luncheons, or the church socials, or the county fairs. It all melted into one massive wall of flesh, dreadful, immovable. After months of grace and ease, playing in a quiet room at the radio station, it was hideous to think of going out to face the people—pale, damp, rancid, quivering. Dead fish.

"Oh, God, save us from this," the Shepherds cried, but they went out on the road, and almost made it through four weeks of pianos—did the next-to-last show, in Paynesville, and only a breakfast show in nearby Willmar remained—a cinch—but then Elmer made the mistake of calling the WLT office. "We're coming home," he whispered, his big hand shaking like a leaf, and the girl said, "We've added two shows. Osseo and Braham. Both on your way home." Elmer wept.

"It'll only take a few hours," she said.

He asked to speak to Ray, but Ray wasn't in. The Shepherds tried to go

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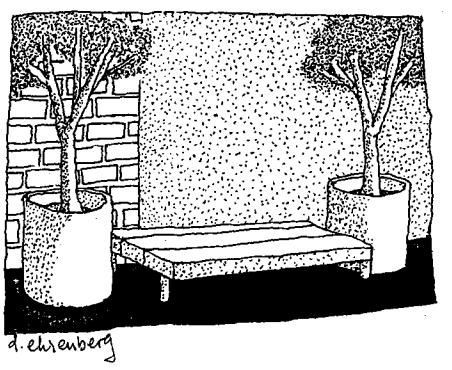
to Osseo, and got as far as their beds at the Paynesville Hotel, lay in them, lost track of time. The pianist pounded on the door to rouse them, but it was the wrong door. They stayed in bed for a day, hallucinating that they were riding in the box of a coal truck, and returned to Minneapolis and went to work at the post office, in parcel post. When they heard music on the radio, it made them flinch. After four weeks of touring, the Shepherds preferred silence.

THAT was the end of the Shepherds, and "The Rise and Shine Show" was taken over by Wingo Beals and His Blue Movers, except on their second day they spent the night in Larson's Bar and the Copenhagen Club and had a skinful, whiskey and beer and brandy and peppermint schnapps, and got snockered, burned to the ground, and wound up on the control-room floor at 6:55 A.M., too drunk to know who they were or why, and a musician friend of theirs, who had chauffeured them to WLT in his truck, picked up a guitar and did the show alone under the name Mr. Pokey. He sang songs called "Baby, I Got a Wiener for Your Bun" and "Ramrod Daddy" and "You Got Me Dancing in My Pants." Then he paused for the commercial and said, "Now here's LaWella Wells with a word from the Sunrise Waffle kitchen," and LaWella Wells, stunned, came in to talk about how good Sunrise pancakes are if you spread jelly on them and roll them up tight ("You can use two if you like it thicker, but make sure to put enough jelly in, so a little bit oozes out the end when the cakes are rolled"). Mr. Pokey thought those roll-ups sounded just right. Then he closed the show with "Baby, You're My Radio":

Baby, you're my radio,
I love the way you broadcast all your charms.
Your lovely little knobs
That do their special jobs—
I'd love to hold your speakers in my arms.
Your dial makes me smile,
You're the star of every show.
And I guess you know that when a
Man extends his big antenna,
Baby, you're my radio.

It was quite a morning. The phones rang and rang, and the switchboard ladies kept saying, "Thank you for calling," until they were hoarse. "Believe me, we appreciate hearing your views on our programming. Thank you, Ma'am. Thank you very much. Thank you."

But Ray was undaunted. Vesta was away at the League of Women Voters convention, and he had a reservation on the Pioneer Limited, a cozy compartment for himself and an actress from "The Hills of Home" named Erie Monroe. She was twenty-seven and a real charmer. Ray was feeling no pain. He told Leo, "No, this episode today— I tell you, all the worst things that happen in radio aren't as bad as you think. The only unforgivable sin is to not show up. Punctuality. The first law of radio: BE THERE. Don't miss the train. Remember that. Not that many people were ever fired for not being brilliant, but the list of brilliant guys who wound up as shoe salesmen because they came late for the show is as long as your leg. We had a fellow once named Burns L. Strout, who overslept one snowy morning, and as a result 'The Early Birds' wasn't there at 5 A.M., not the theme song, 'Bugle Call Rag,' or the cheery voice saying, 'Morning, early birds! And a beeeeeyoootiful morning it is, too!' The voice that was supposed to say this was in the sack, dead to the world, having been out until 3 A.M. climbing into a whiskey bottle. He woke up with a hangover that felt like his head had melted and came high-tailing it into the studio at 5:07 with terror in his watery blue eyes and hurled himself toward the chair like a sinking ship, a sheaf of weather forecasts and livestock reports in hand, and he looked at his engineer, Itch—his real name was Mitch, but he was always a little late turning on the microphone, so we called him Itch—and Burns hit the chair, landing on his hemorrhoids, and his brains sloshed. He moaned and swore and said, 'Why in the flaming hell can't I hear the music, you son of a bitch?' The reason, of course, was that the microphone was on. Itch had put him on the air the moment his butt hit leather.



"Well, as you can imagine, out in Radioland all the Friends and Neighbors woke up in a flash. Dithering around the kitchen, and suddenly this deep horrible voice nearby says, 'Son of a bitch.' Then they heard this awful breathing, and a bout of throat-clearing like a swamp being drained, big gobs of phlegm rattling, and then he retched, a big dry heave, and you can imagine out in the Friends' and Neighbors' kitchens, where the good folks are fixing breakfast, the sound of a man retching on the radio—it's memorable. Well, Itch leaped out of the chair and waved at Burns that *your microphone is on*, and Burns, who was operating in dim shadows, looked up and said two words never heard on WLT before. The Friends and Neighbors looked up from their coffee. I had just arrived in the control room. Burns saw me, and he didn't say a word, and neither did I. He got up and went out the door and became a shoe salesman. That was five years ago. He's still down at Thom McAn, smelling the feet, and we're here in radio, Leo, which is preferable."

"Did you get a lot of complaints that time?" asked Leo.

"If we'd apologized for it, we'd have got an avalanche, but without an apology people couldn't be sure they had really heard what they thought they heard. It was 5 A.M. People don't exactly *hear* the radio at that hour. It's more like a *thing* that is warm and hums and reminds you of your mother."

"Did this happen to take place in Studio B?" asked Leo.

"Of course," said Ray. "Just remember: BE THERE. And never curse around a microphone. Never. And I've got a train to catch, God bless her."

—GARRISON KEILLOR

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch*]

WINCHESTER (AP)—A scientist told 182 Shenandoah University graduates to avoid complacency.

"Hitch your wagon to a star. Keep your seat and there you are," Charlotte C. Campbell said. "I can only hope your star is as exciting and rewarding to you as mine was to me."

Ms. Campbell has studied fungi for more than 40 years.

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PROFILES

A TOUCH FOR THE NOW

THE Menil Collection, which opened to the public in 1987, is the most reticent large museum in America. No sign, no banner or chiselled inscription identifies this plain gray shedlike building on a quiet residential street in Houston as a temple of art. Inside, the eclectic gathering of paintings, sculptures, and decorative objects, which range from a small incised drawing on bone from the Magdalenian culture of Europe (circa 14,000 B.C.) to some very large and assertive examples of recent American painting, is presented with a serene absence of what Thomas Hoving, the Metropolitan Museum's former director, once referred to as "flair and outcry." The galleries are spacious, the floor plan is coherent, the lighting conditions are close to ideal without being noticeable. There is no entrance fee, no cafeteria, and no boutique selling postcards and replicas of the art on display. The over-all effect, however, is not austere. I can think of no other museum where the sheer pleasure of looking at works of art is so subtly and consistently enhanced by the setting.

The administrative offices are across the street, in a modest wood-frame bungalow that is painted the same dove-gray color as the museum. Upon occasion (although such occasions are never certain or predictable), you might find Walter Hopps in one of the back-room offices here, talking endlessly on the telephone. Walter Hopps is the founding director of the Menil Collection. Although he resigned from the director's job two years ago, it appears that he relinquished only the administrative responsibilities of the post; he still plans and installs exhibitions in the museum, oversees and, when possible, adds to the collection, and works in close harmony with Dominique de Menil, the strong-willed woman who, together with her late husband, John de Menil, formed the Menil Collection, and who retains, at the age of eighty-three, the central authority over its disposition. "He is a remarkable man," Mrs. de Menil said recently of her younger collaborator. (Hopps is fifty-nine.) "But he is too much a creator and a perfectionist to be at the same time a museum director. The restructuring has been better for him and better for the museum."

Walter Hopps

Hopps has been in and out of a few other museum director's jobs in his time, often on short notice. He took over as director of the Pasadena Art Museum in 1963, less than a year after he was hired as a curator there; four years later, he was asked to resign. He was named director of the Corcoran Gallery in 1970 and fired in 1972. Joshua Taylor, who hired Hopps as a senior curator at the National Collection of Fine Arts when the Corcoran gave him the boot, sometimes talked about firing him. A number of people seem to have heard Taylor say, on different occasions, "If I could find the son of a bitch, I'd fire him." But he never did. Instead, he arranged things so that his curator would be paid only for the time he actually spent in the museum building, a bureaucratic maneuver that reduced Hopps's income but did nothing to change his work habits. Throughout his career, Hopps has been famously difficult to pin down. His preferred working hours lie between five in the afternoon and two in the morning, but there is never any assurance that he will appear then. When he was at the Corcoran, the staff had a lapel button made up that said "Walter Hopps Will Be Here in 20 Minutes." It became a coveted item, part of the accumulating strata of legend that Hopps himself has done little to discourage or dispel.

Hopps rather enjoys his reputation for elusiveness and eccentricity, although in saying this I realize that I am guessing on slight evidence. He gives away very little of himself in conversation. A tall, imposing man with flowing hair and with Mephisto eyebrows that form bushy circumflex accents over blue eyes, he dresses more casually now than he did in his Pasadena or his Washington days, when he had a penchant for dark suits and white shirts that seemed at variance with his nonconformist behavior. He speaks slowly, in a calm, resonant voice, and he can talk for hours on a seemingly inexhaustible range of topics, throwing out ideas by the dozen and pursuing any number of interesting digressions without quite losing the thread of his discourse, but in the end he does not reveal much beyond the contents of his extremely well stocked mind. His friends say that he usually has several lives going on at the same time, most of them secret. His detractors—and he has quite a few—argue that his elusiveness and his secret lives have blighted what should have been a much more brilliant career, but the fact is that Hopps has been amazingly productive in the aspect of a museum person's job that is closest to his heart: the conceiving and installing of exhibitions. He estimates that to date he has put on something like two hundred and fifty exhibitions, which is a great deal more than most curators—or museum directors—achieve in a lifetime.

"What I'm going to say now will sound very self-serving," Hopps announced to me one day last fall, over breakfast in a New York hotel. "I think that the closest analogy to installing a museum exhibition is conducting a symphony orchestra. In this country, at the level I'm talking about—the level of a Bruno Walter or a Willem Mengelberg—there have been Alfred Barr, and James Johnson Sweeney, and René d'Harnoncourt, and William Seitz, and the remarkable

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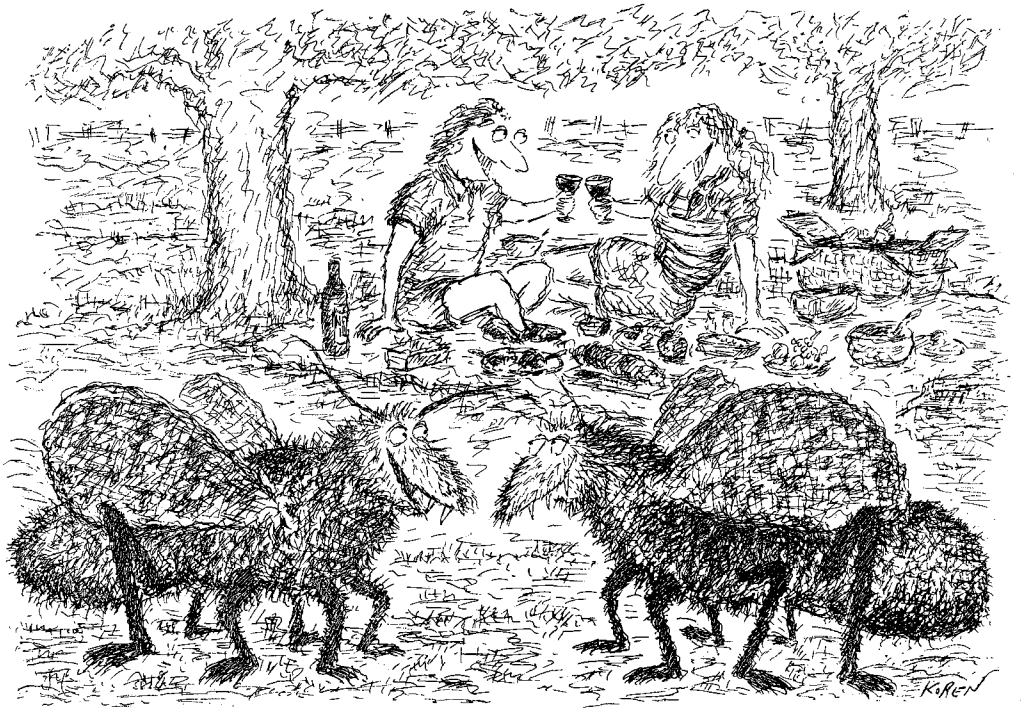
Jermayne MacAgy. And there is me." Even people who claim that they never want to work with Walter Hopps again, in any capacity, will often concede that he has put on some memorable exhibitions. His Marcel Duchamp retrospective at the Pasadena museum in 1963, the first ever accorded that artist, was a milestone in twentieth-century art history. The work of Kurt Schwitters, Joseph Cornell, Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Barnett Newman, Edward Kienholz, Robert Rauschenberg, Yves Klein, and numerous others has revealed new and unexpected dimensions when installed by Hopps, and many lesser-known artists have never looked so good as they have in his exhibitions. The explanation that is most often given for this mastery of the art of installation is that Hopps, more than any other museum person of his time, thinks like an artist. This is not to say that he considers works of art raw materials for exhibitions that are themselves mega-art works—a trap that some free-lance curators on the international museum circuit seem to have fallen into in recent years. Although Hopps can be maddeningly autocratic at times, he is much too modest to take that approach. According to Anne d'Harnoncourt, the Philadelphia Museum of Art's director (and the daughter of René d'Harnoncourt), the key to Hopps's installations is "his sense of the character of works of art, and of how to bring that character out—without getting in the way." The effects of what he does are so subtle that they are not readily apparent to the layman. His sensitivity to works of art takes in not only the works themselves but the dialogue that he believes can and should occur between one work and another, provided that the placement, the lighting, and the sightlines are properly worked out. In a Hopps exhibition, considerations of art history and scholarship are often present, along with ideas about style and influence and social issues, but the primary emphasis is always on how the art looks on the wall, and this, surprisingly, makes Walter Hopps something of a maverick in his profession.

Watching Hopps hang pictures can be nerve-racking. A chain-smoker, he stands absolutely motionless in the center of a gallery, cigarette-with-lengthening-ash and can of diet soda in one hand, forgotten ashtray in the other, contemplating with basilisk intensity a wall on which one or more paintings are in the process of being installed by trained people called preparators. Without warning, he may turn on his heel and walk quickly out to the next gallery or the one beyond it, to see from that vantage point, and then stride back at an even quicker and more menacing pace, right up to the picture on the wall, whose lower right corner he will move upward one-sixteenth of an inch. Like some artists, he has the visual equivalent of a musician's perfect pitch. In his Corcoran days, he used to unnerve preparators by groaning "Wrong, wrong, wrong" whenever he saw something amiss; he doesn't do that anymore, but his displeasure is frequently in evidence nonetheless.

I spent several hours with him one day last fall, when he was reinstalling the Surrealist galleries at the Menil Collection, and even though he made efforts to let me in on his thought processes, I had the impression that I never saw more than a fraction of the details that concerned him. One of the smaller rooms, devoted to Max Ernst, became a problem. The collection is particularly strong in the works of Ernst—he was the first modern artist whose work the de Menils bought. The collection now includes about a hundred and forty of his paintings, sculptures, and works on paper, but a large number of them had recently gone out on loan to the Tate Gallery, in London, for a major retrospective on the hundredth anniversary of the artist's birth, and Hopps was having to think about relationships between pictures that had not been on exhibition for some time. He decided that a painting called "Laocoön Père et Fils," a medium-sized canvas that he considered a very fine, "Class One" Ernst, would have to go. It "vibrated badly" against the much larger "Loplop Presents W. C. Fields" on the adjoining wall, which was the climactic picture in that room: it muffled the climax, and it also bullied the very delicate "Two Sisters," hanging near it. He sent one of the preparators to the storeroom for an Ernst painting called "Feuilleton," which, like "Two Sisters," contained a double image, and had it hung where "Laocoön" had been. This seemed to work fine, but Hopps was not satisfied. He had his people try switching two other pictures to different places in the room, then decided to leave "Feuilleton," which he described as a "Class Two" Ernst, on the wall next to "Two Sisters." Sometimes the better picture is not the best choice.



"You grab the food—I'll grab the wine."

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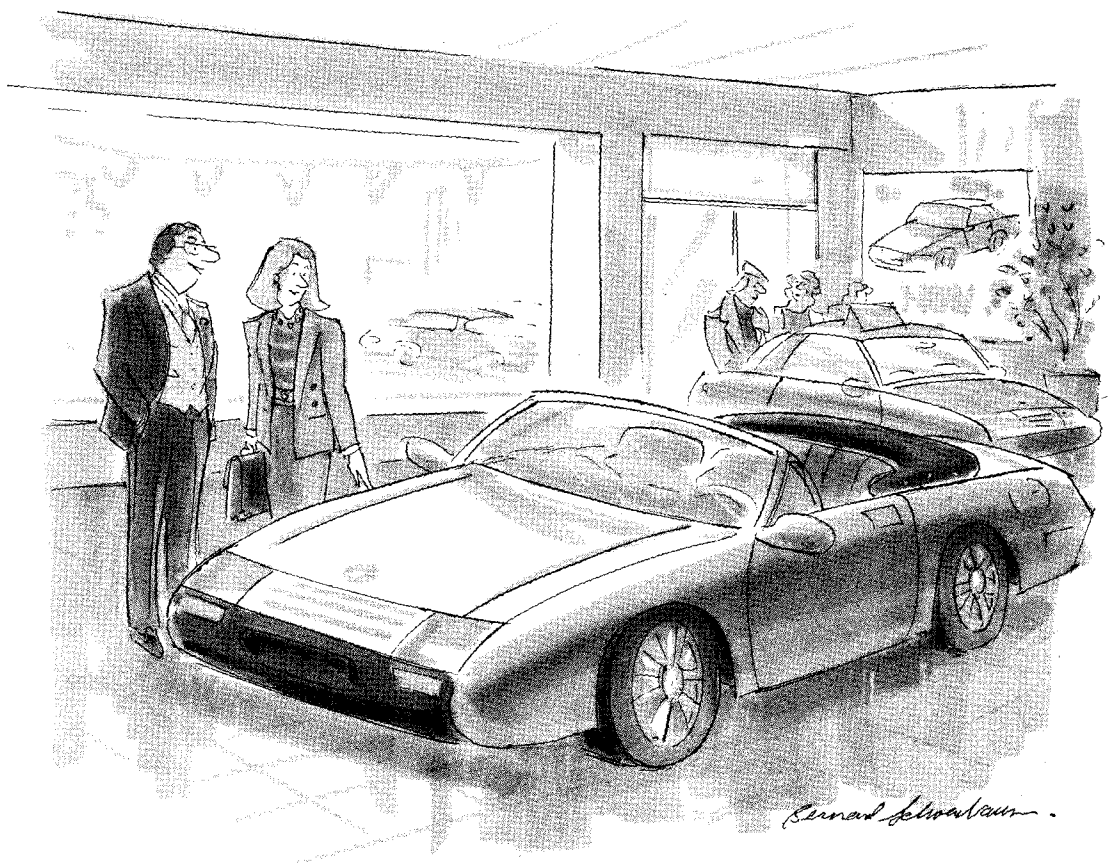

"You'll just love the way he handles."

All this switching around was unusual, Hopps wanted me to know. In his installations at the Menil, most of the decisions about placement and grouping are made well ahead of time, as a result of countless hours of thought and countless more hours of experimentation with scale models of the galleries. Hopps has had the models built to his specifications, and he showed them to me later on, in one of the large workrooms of the museum. They are mounted on wheeled platforms, so that you can move them around and look at them from various angles. A tiny exact replica of every work of art in every exhibition is fabricated to the same scale as the models (one inch equals one foot) and hung or placed on the wall or on the floor; one of Hopps's preparators has fashioned a periscope viewing device, so that you can look at the model rooms from the right, eye-level perspective. "If I don't know where every single thing is going, within three inches, I'm not happy," Hopps told me. "The whole operation lies somewhere between conducting a symphony orchestra and putting on a play. But eighty per cent of it is subliminal. Whatever didactic concerns one might have should just be there, not spelled out."

ONE of Hopps's best-known characteristics is an imperial disregard for time. "I have never met anyone else who has so little sense of time," Shirley Neilsen, his first wife, told me recently. "That's why Walter has had so many troubles with the jobs he's taken. He could never keep a schedule. It is not a myth that he would work two days and three nights without stopping, and then sleep for the same amount of time. When we were getting married, he simply couldn't set a date. So, one Saturday when he felt like it, we picked up a preacher, picked up his brother, and went to the Simon Rodia Towers, in Watts—we'd always said that's where we wanted to be married." The date was 1955, the preacher was a professor of sociology at Occidental College named George Day, and the setting was an architectural fantasy, built single-handed over a period of many years, in a run-down section of Los Angeles, by a self-taught genius. At the time, it seemed like the right place for a young couple who were out to colonize California in the name of modern art.

Both of them were native Californians. Hopps's family had been there for four generations, since the days of the gold rush. His father was an orthopedic surgeon in Los Angeles. His mother had been trained in Jungian psychology, but poor health prevented her from practicing; both her parents had been doctors, though, and Walter was expected to become a doctor or a research scientist, which is what his younger brother, Harvey, became. Throughout his school years, he excelled at math, physics, and biology. In his eleventh-grade year at Eagle Rock High School, he enrolled in a Saturday-morning program of "enrichment training" in the humanities that had been designed specially for gifted math and science students. After a few Saturday mornings spent in a makeshift classroom in the basement of the old Los Angeles County Museum, the group was taken on a field trip to the Huntington Library, in Pasadena, which was a real eyeopener for Hopps. "It wasn't just the art," he recalls, "but the library itself, and the garden, and the whole notion of one's life being devoted to culture on that level." The next field trip was a visit to the Hollywood house of Walter and Louise Arensberg. The Arensbergs had one of the great pioneer collections of twentieth-century art, which they had started buying soon after Walter Arensberg's visit to the Armory Show in 1913. Arensberg himself led the tour, identifying the vintage Brancusis and Mondrians and Mirós and the many works by Duchamp, Picabia, and the European Surrealists, none of which he offered to explain to the eleventh graders. For Hopps, it was a turning point. He was particularly struck by a Magritte painting called "The Six Elements," which showed six separate

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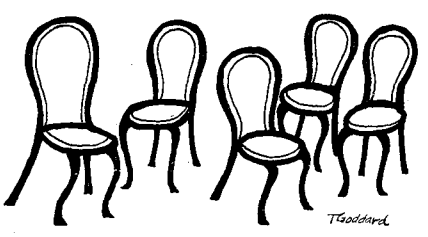
and apparently unrelated images—fire, a woman's nude torso, a forest, part of the façade of an apartment building, clouds, and some peculiar-looking bells. At the end of the tour, he went up to Arensberg and asked for a little help in understanding the Magritte. Arensberg eyed him closely. "Are you really that interested?" he inquired. Hopps said, "Yes, sir." Arensberg wrote his telephone number on a piece of paper, gave it to Hopps, and told him to call and make an appointment to come back sometime.

He came back the following Saturday, skipping his special class to do so. Arensberg took him upstairs to the library, gave him several books to read, and told him to think about the picture and its possible meaning for a couple of hours. He did that. "Then came the great moment," Hopps recalls. " 'All right,' Arensberg announced. 'I'm now going to tell you what it means. It means *absolutely nothing*.' " What followed was Hopps's introduction to some of the key concepts of modern art, which from then on would occupy an increasingly large share of his attention. Arensberg was a willing guide. Very few people in Southern California thought at that point that modern art was anything more than a joke or a Communist plot, and Arensberg probably enjoyed talking with a bright sixteen-year-old who was so clearly eager to learn about it. Hopps was fascinated by Arensberg—"especially the fact that he didn't work, that he devoted himself to his library and his art collection and his research right there in the house," he says. "It was like Huntington brought up to date." He went back to the house ten or twelve times during the next two years, and one of his lingering regrets is that when he went away to college he stopped. Once, when he was reading in the Arensbergs' library, the door opened quietly and a man he didn't know looked in, said hello, and left. Later, he learned that it had been Marcel Duchamp, who was staying at the house on a visit to California. The Arensbergs, who were childless, treated Hopps like a son, and in his mind he adopted them as foster parents. When Louise came into the library one day and saw him touching the small Brancusi sculpture "Newborn," she overcame his embarrassment by suggesting that he bring it to the lunch table, and he did. After his first visit to the Arensbergs', he had gone home and asked his father what he thought of Mondrian. His father said, "Who is Mondrian?" Hopps avoided the subject of modern art at home from then on; it became the most important of his secret worlds.

His parents wanted him to go to Yale, but he talked them into sending him to Stanford. This was partly because his current girlfriend was going to the nearby University of California at Berkeley, and partly because he was so excited by the art scene in San Francisco. Unlike Los Angeles, the Bay Area had a very lively modern-art scene, at the center of which was a group of artists who made up a sort of Western analogue of the first generation of Abstract Expressionist painters in New York. Some of them had already moved away—Mark Rothko to New York, Sam Francis to Paris—but Clyfford Still, Richard Diebenkorn, David Park, and Elmer Bischoff were still there, and a younger generation of artists had emerged, forming close connections with the Beat poets and writers and musicians for whom San Francisco had become a congenial nexus. There was also the San Francisco Museum of Art, which was really a museum of modern art, although the trustees did not permit the word "modern" to be used until 1975; and there was the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, which, in spite of its odd name, concerned itself to some extent with modern art. The Legion of Honor's curator was Jermayne MacAgy, a brilliant young scholar, who eventually became the acting director. Her husband, Douglas MacAgy, was the director of the California School of Fine Arts. "Jerry and Douglas MacAgy were a magical couple out there in the forties," according to Hopps. "Douglas had turned the California School of Fine Arts into one of the best art schools in the country. He had Clyfford Still, Hassel Smith, David Park, and others on his faculty, and he was doing great things. And Jermayne was putting on exhibits that pioneered a whole new theatrical, thematic presentation of art objects. Nobody could have done better with fewer resources. She did a show on the theme of time, I remember, that went from hourglasses and



PROOFREADING MY FATHER'S RETINA

I want to mark your eyes "Clean"
in the margin, let the printer
reset

your broken type, to focus your blurred
sight sharp as a clear, cold-colored
night.

No rip, no spot in the center or
off to the side, no damned
macula

in every scene. Your bad eyes
would stop their fearful
interference.

Let me try to help you mark them
for the lazy printer
"Clean."

Won't you try to examine daydreams
like night dreams, to see their
grammar

as if it were the glamour of
geysers contained in
geology,

as if you saw your self as your
daughter, you and non-you,
a language

foreign but spoken,
a joke shared and
gone?

Even in braille you could read
then as crazy saints read
scripture,

see as nursery birds see—straight
to the heart. Your more perfect,
or more

nearly perfect, knowledge, a
lesser sight, could still
start.

—Elizabeth Macklin

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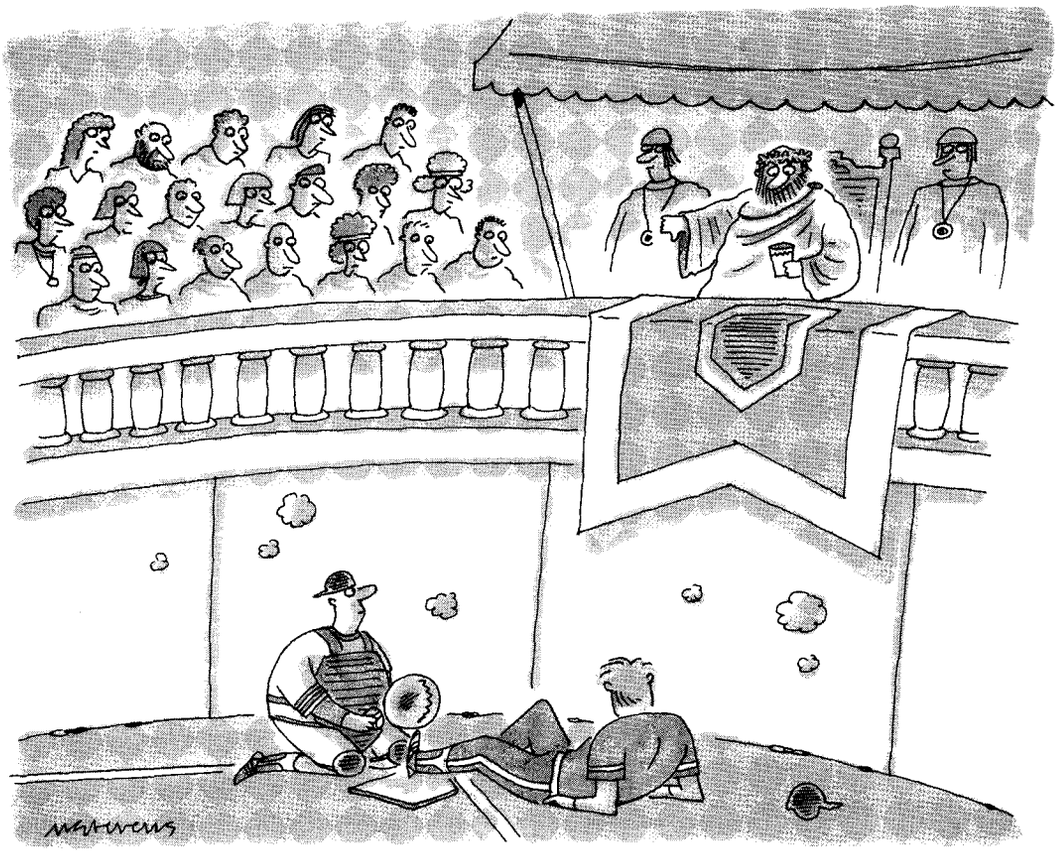

antique clocks up to Dali's limp watches. I remember a show of arms and armor, which she had set up in a big atrium space that was marked off like a giant chessboard, with the arms and armor as chess pieces. She had a way of weaving past themes and issues together with contemporary material in fascinating ways."

The theatrical aspect of MacAgy's shows never interfered with their primary focus on the individual works of art. "I've known a lot of design and installation people since who do not put the art first," Hopps told me. "I can give you a horrible example. At U.C.L.A."—where he transferred after his freshman year at Stanford—"I had an art-history professor named Frederick Wight. Very good man. He also ran the university art gallery, and the time came for him to put on a show of Hans Hofmann. Now, Wight was a painter himself, and he knew Hofmann. Presumably, he knew how Hofmann would have installed his own work—in a white space that looked like an expansion of the artist's studio. But Wight deferred to the design person at the gallery, and that person came in with a lot of freestanding latticework walls. And, Jesus, some of the sections were filled in with primary colors, solid yellow or solid blue, in a goddam bogus designer's version of Mondrianesque space dividers, and he hung Hofmann's paintings on those, at three different levels. I went nuts. How could my professor be such a fool? It was a violation of the artist that enrages me to this day. Jerry MacAgy never worked from any design concept. She knew the art. And she was also someone who could think about the rhythms of programming—what are the quiet occasions, what are the climaxes, and how within a show you can come up with a kind of visual narrative. Early on, around 1950, she did a show called 'Big Drawings.' She had a large gallery, and a gap in her schedule, and she got on the phone and made a pitch to about eight artists. 'How would you feel,' she asked, 'if I just covered the walls with some kind of paper, maybe even butcher paper, and you came in and did drawings right here on the walls?' And so some of the best West Coast Abstract Expressionists came in there and worked on a scale that neither Newman nor Pollock nor anyone else had attacked. The artists loved it, and the show was a real gee-whizzer for the public. The drawings just got thrown out afterward—nothing was saved. But it was damn important to me to realize that someone in a museum could work that closely with artists."

The day I watched Hopps reinstall the Surrealist galleries at the Menil Collection, Jermayne MacAgy was very much on his mind. She had left San Francisco in 1955 to come and work for the de Menils in Houston, he said, and her thinking about exhibitions and how to install them had deeply influenced both John and Dominique de Menil. The height at which pictures are usually hung in the Menil Collection, for example, follows the MacAgy rule: fifty-six inches from the floor to the center of the painting, for works of moderate size. "Jerry used to say she wanted the center of the painting to 'hit the tits,' " Hopps informed me. "Anyway, that's what we work with here. It's a somewhat lower hanging point than you'll see at the National Gallery or the Metropolitan. With those museums, you get heavier traffic, acoustiguides, and so forth, and you tend to hang higher, so that people can see over other people's heads. Here we can create a greater feeling of intimacy with the work by hanging lower."

HOPPS's explanation for leaving Stanford is that he had contributed to a pornographic issue of *Chaparral*, the campus humor magazine, and he didn't feel like making the requisite apology to the dean. In the summer of 1951, he entered the University of California at Los Angeles, and continued to take the hard-science courses that would prepare him for medical school, while also taking as many art-history and humanities courses as he could. "I was doggedly going through the motions of doing what my parents wanted me to do, and adding on the other, rather than making a choice," he said. "But the private world that had opened up for me just kept growing larger and larger."

In his private world then, music—jazz—was nearly as important as art. He had been going to jazz bars and

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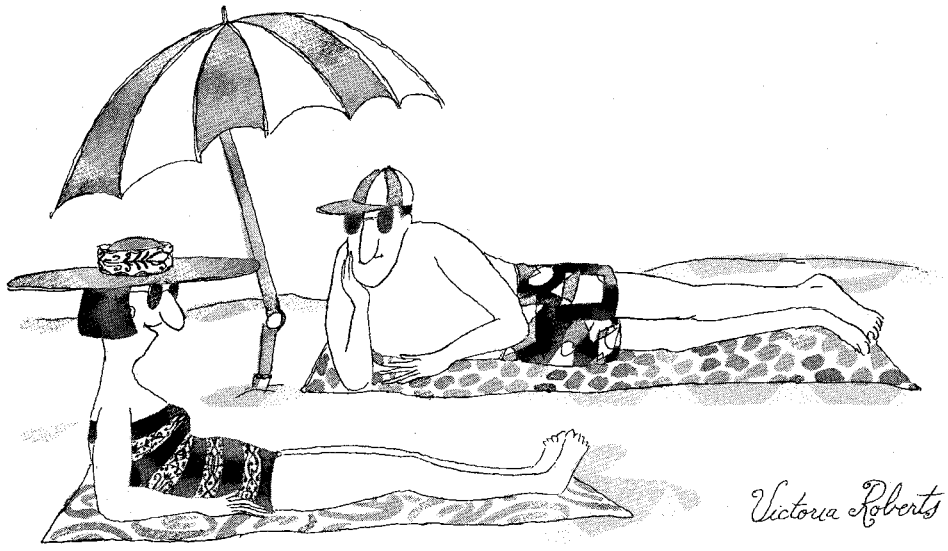

"Just waiting for Icarus to fall. And you?"

• •

clubs since he was sixteen, using forged ID cards. Charlie Parker was his hero, and he had discovered Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, and other vanguard musicians early in their careers. At Stanford, Hopps and a classmate named James Newman had conceived the idea of booking jazz groups to play at colleges. They tried to organize a jazz concert at Stanford's Memorial Hall, but the university turned them down cold. A year later, though, when Hopps was at U.C.L.A. and Newman had transferred to Oberlin, their combined efforts were more successful. They started an agency called Concert Hall Workshop, and began to arrange jazz bookings at colleges throughout the country. "I thought there was real money to be made in this wonderful music," Hopps recalls, "and I guess if it had been twenty years later, and the music had been rock and roll, there would have been. My perception in the early fifties was that artists—Pollock and Rothko and the rest—were going to need serious subsidies, but that jazz was an enterprise that would do well on its own. I was just stupefyingly wrong."

In addition to his course load and his concert bureau, Hopps decided to open an art gallery. He knew some young Los Angeles artists by then—one of them, Craig Kauffman, had been in grammar school with him—and it distressed him that virtually none of them were able to show their work. Los Angeles had a few galleries that dealt in European modern art, but nothing like the network of informal spaces that enlivened the scene in San Francisco. After considerable looking, Hopps found a space he could afford in Brentwood, in a seedy neighborhood next to the Veterans Hospital. "A wonderful old guy named W. Brier Schorr, who had helped dig the Panama Canal and had later become a multimillionaire in land, had built himself an eccentric commercial building there out of pier pilings," Hopps said. "It was near U.C.L.A., and the rent was sixty-five dollars a month. We painted the interior white, and christened it Syndell Studio, after a man that Jim Newman had run over in the Midwest. Inexplicable incident. Newman was working out there on some concert stuff, and was driving through the middle of Nebraska very early one morning, not another car in sight, and at the last second a man who'd been standing by a pickup truck threw himself in front of the car. A farmer named Maurice Syndell. How to commit suicide in Nebraska." Hopps and Newman decided that the victim would live on as an artist, through their new venture. They even signed his name to several works that they later exhibited in group shows. Syndell Studio was a free-form operation, in keeping with its pier-piling origins. Hopps and two associates, a young artist couple named Ben and Betty Bartosh, ran it more like a salon than like a commercial gallery, and the art on the walls changed from day to day. They showed lyrical abstractions by Craig Kauffman and other young and unknown Los Angeles painters—lyrical abstraction was a going thing in L.A. then—and they imported a lot of Bay Area work, which was less lyrical and a lot grittier.

Hopps sensed great energies yawning and stretching under the crust of Los Angeles's somnolent art life. "It's hard today to make somebody understand what the cultural milieu there was like in the early fifties," he told me. "People don't remember the degree to which the new art was not shown, was not sold, was not written about, was not taught. Around 1952, the Los Angeles County Museum had to take down a painting by Picasso and one by Magritte because the city council said they were Communist artists. There was no museum in the area that would take the great Matisse retrospective then. A group got together and brought it to the lobby of a department store." On the other hand, there was a very sophisticated audience for new music. All sorts of people used to go to the Monday Evening Concerts in West Hollywood—concerts of serious contemporary music that had been started by Peter Yates, the music critic for the magazine *Art & Architecture*. Hopps wanted to do for new art what Yates had done for new music, and he thought he could best further this cause by putting on a really big exhibition along the lines of the "Independents" shows in Paris: one that would focus on the two major directions he had observed in West Coast art—the Western version of Abstract Expressionism and the highly disturbing found-object assemblages of Wallace Berman, Ed Kienholz, George Herms, and others. Syndell Studio wasn't big enough for the show he had in mind, which he had been thinking about since 1951. In 1953, however, he found an affordable location—the merry-go-round building at the foot of Newcomb Pier, in Santa Monica. Hopps and his friends stretched a circular fabric drum around the wooden horses, and hung work by about twenty-four artists from Northern and Southern California, including some of the bigger names from the Bay Area. The exhibition, called "Action 1," revolved slowly, and it was accompanied by a montage of sounds whose main elements, all going at the same time, were the carrousel calliope, recordings of Dave Brubeck and other jazz musicians, and John Cage's ran-

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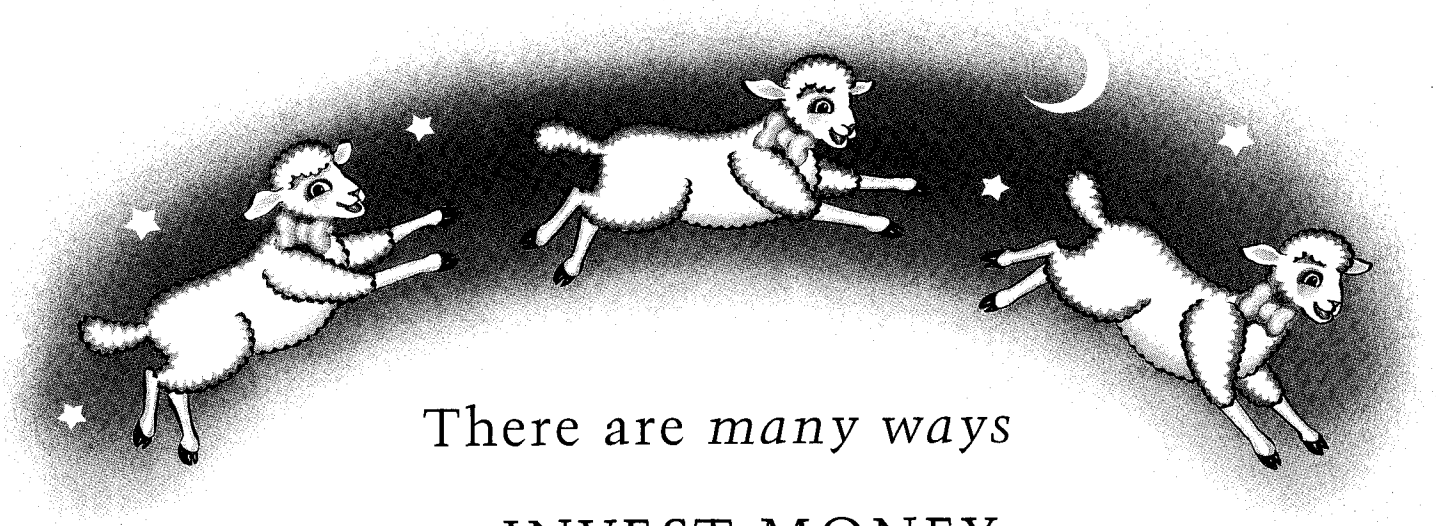

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dom score for twelve radios. The news media ignored the show, but it was heavily attended by art students and teachers and representatives of the Beat crowd.

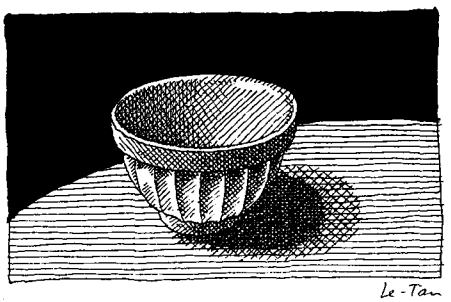
Hopps somehow managed to stage "Action 1" while he was serving in the Army. Called up in February of 1953, he spent six miserable months at Fort Ord, where he was obliged to repeat the two-week basic-training ordeal over and over in retaliation for telling the authorities that there was no way he was ever going to shoot at another human being. A near-breakdown brought about his release. At that point, he made a visit to the University of Chicago, where his new girlfriend, Shirley Neilsen, was a graduate student in art history. Things get a little cloudy here, as they sometimes do in discussions of Hopps's early career. According to Hopps, the art historian Joshua Taylor, who was directing Shirley's studies, arranged for him to audit lectures and seminars without matriculating, and this turned out to be the best academic experience he ever had. Shirley's memory is that he visited her a few times during the next two school years, and that he may have attended four or five of Taylor's lectures. His interest in her, at any rate, was profound and persistent, and it was not long after she got her master's degree and came back to Los Angeles that they were married.

Hopps never got a degree of any kind, graduate or undergraduate, from six years of college. At U.C.L.A., he continued to take a peculiar mixture of art-history and hard-science courses, but he was also running the jazz-concert bureau and Syndell Studio, and his academic work suffered accordingly. Then, there was Stone Brothers Printing, a storefront on Sawtelle Boulevard that Hopps had rented for his friends Wallace Berman, the artist, and Robert Alexander, known as Bazza, who was, among other things, a printer and a poet; what they printed was mostly small editions of vanguard poetry and prose by them and their friends. Poetry readings, jazz, and impromptu performances of various kinds took place there in the evenings—there was even a legendary Chinese gentleman known as Mr. Chang who did one-man Shakespeare acts with wind-up toys—and people from all over town began coming to them. The actor James Dean came once, with his friend Dennis Hopper; Hopper came back many times, and became one of Hopps's closest friends. "Walter was the intellectual godfather of the underworld," Hopper told me. "He could always spot the talent. He knew the difference between a real artist and one who was posing. Very often he could spot artists before they were even doing presentable work—he could see it in the personality, and in the direction their life was taking."

Shirley finds it strange that Hopps should see himself today as mainly an installer of exhibitions. "Walter always had a touch for the now," she told me. "That was his real talent. And it cut across all the arts—at seventeen, he had no difficulties with the most advanced music or the most advanced visual things. There was no explanation for that in his upbringing; he just kind of came with it."

I asked Hopps about this one day last spring. He was in New York for a few days, putting together a show of early work by Robert Rauschenberg, and we had arranged to meet at the big house on Lafayette Street (it was formerly an orphanage) that is Rauschenberg's New York studio and living quarters. (Rauschenberg himself was out of town.) Hopps never appears more at home than when he is in an artist's studio, and his mood was relaxed and expansive. My question had to do with whether or not Hopps missed the opportunity to exercise what Shirley had called his "touch for the now," and his extended reply came in at an angle and was then refracted several times.

"There is always the problem of artists who feel betrayed by your interest in new work," he said, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Frank Stella, for example, couldn't understand my love for Joe Cornell. Couldn't see how I could like Cornell's work and also like something as different as his own. Or take the case of Robert Irwin. I went way out on a limb in my California days championing Irwin's work. Irwin was a late bloomer. A lot of the California artists thought he was a second-rater who was not going anywhere. But then, a few years later, in some artist's studio in Venice, California, I was extolling the achievements of Richard Diebenkorn, and Irwin suddenly grabbed me by the shirt, like this"—Hopps grasped the front of my shirt—"and yelled, 'If you really feel that, everything you've said about my work is a lie!' He very nearly beat me up. What's involved here is the desperate grip all artists have on something that's very tenuous. You're so out there, it's so unsupportable, and so much of your psychic being goes into holding it together against all odds, that when extraordinary new developments coalesce there is bound to be great pain.



"Anyway, I did become very excited by the new work that started to appear about 1979," he said, veering nearer to the question. "I hadn't been so excited and so anxious—that funny mixture—since 1962. But by the time I got to know people like Robert Longo, David Salle, and Julian Schnabel, all of whom were doing work that interested me very much, I was also trying to get focussed on the Menil museum, and I knew that Dominique de Menil did not have an inclination to get involved with this work. I took Dominique down to SoHo, and without much enthusiasm she said, 'Well, O.K.,' and so I did a small show of Salle and one of Longo, side by side, in 1988. But I realized that we just couldn't pursue this new work.

"Of course, the media only zeroed in on a small part of the post-1979 changes, as usual. There are always so many more good artists around than the critics and the dealers choose to recognize—it's more like six hundred than like six. In order to know what's really going on, you have to see much more broadly than art historians do. For me, the New York School includes, at the highest level, not only Pollock and de Kooning but also Richard Poussette-Dart and James Brooks. It includes de Kooning's friend Aristodimos Kaldis. And John Koch, the hard-core realist, born five years after de Kooning. And Ralston Crawford, who is forever thought of as an American Precisionist, back in the thirties somewhere, although he was born two years after de Kooning. It includes George McNeil, and it absolutely

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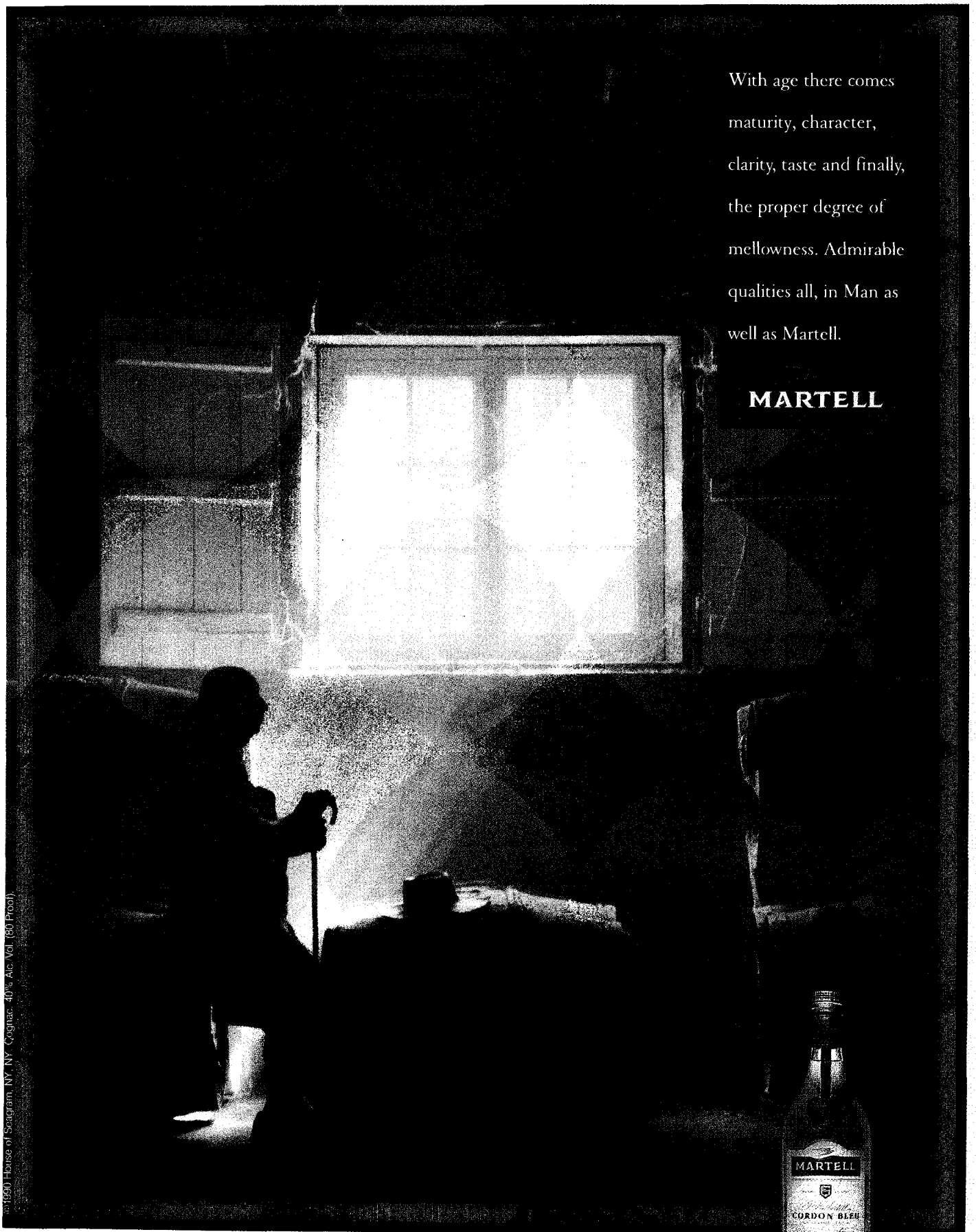
THE [redacted] OF AGEING GRACEFULLY.


With age there comes maturity, character, clarity, taste and finally, the proper degree of mellowness. Admirable qualities all, in Man as well as Martell.
MARTELL
MARTELL
CORDON BLEU
©1990 House of Seagram, NY, NY. Cognac. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof)

COGNAC. L'ART DE M[redacted]ELL.

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"No, I don't think I have a book in me. I think I have a chicken in me."

• •

includes Joseph Cornell. This isn't even the broad six hundred I'm talking about, this is the working core—thirty, forty people, of whom only about half a dozen seem to concern most of us at the moment. When Lawrence Alloway was a curator at the Guggenheim Museum, he and I talked about doing a show of a large number of the good artists working in a given year, such as 1951. Alloway wanted fifty artists; I wanted a hundred. It would have looked wonderful there, I thought, a hundred fine paintings, the whole context of what I saw as a sociological shift in thinking about what an artist could be. There was such an amazingly high level of work in that key decade, 1945 to 1955, with a sort of zenith in 1951. You would not see the same level of painting at the high point of Impressionism, with that broad a range."

The show never got done, Hopps said. Nor did a show of a hundred thousand photographs that he proposed, more recently, for P.S.1, the former public school in Queens that is now a nonprofit art gallery. "Give me two and a half months' installation time," Hopps says he told Alana Heiss, P.S.1's director, "and the better part of the building—rooms, corridors, everything. I want the scale of the thing to go beyond what anyone can remember. It has to be photography. I want it to go from snapshot to Polaroid, with every good photographer in the world who's alive and working, and part of the logistics is that each one will have to contribute a print. We'll staple them to the walls—no frames. Well, Alana just laughed. 'You're not serious,' she said. I told her I was absolutely serious. She said, 'Can't you cut it down to ten thousand?' I said, 'You're missing the whole point.' "

"Could anybody look at that many photographs?" I asked.

"Yes. You wouldn't see them all. You'd just walk through this cultural environment, looking, and picking out your favorites, the way you do in nature."

TO pay the rent for Syndell Studio and Stone Brothers Printing, Hopps worked as a janitor for U.C.L.A. and moonlighted as an orderly in the psychiatric ward of the university hospital. His energy level was phenomenal. In 1956, He did another big group show, which he called "Action^2."(As with "Action 1," the title referred to Harold Rosenberg's famous essay "Action Painting," as it applied to West Coast art.) This one took place at the Now Gallery, one of two spaces that the artist Ed Kienholz maintained. Kienholz, a farm boy from Idaho who had hit Los Angeles a couple of years earlier, and who had had his first show at Syndell Studio, was as resourceful an entrepreneur as Hopps. Toward the end of 1956, the two of them began to talk about combining their efforts. They met for lunch one day at a hot-dog stand on La Cienega Boulevard and agreed to open a gallery together. They wrote out a contract on a hot-dog wrapper saying, "We will be partners in art for five years." That was the start of the Ferus Gallery.

It was named, like Syndell Studio, after a recent suicide, a nineteen-year-old named James Farris, whose art work Hopps had seen and admired, but whom he had never met. Robert Alexander, the poet-printer, said that the name would look better if it was spelled Ferus, and this struck a chord in Hopps, who had read in an anthropology course at U.C.L.A. about some aborigines in Australia whom the anthropologists called *Ferus humanus*, or wild man. "They were described as being very hardy, irascible, dangerous beings," Hopps told me, "and I thought that was an apt description of the artists I was involved with." The Ferus Gallery opened in March, 1957, in space at the back of an antique shop on La Cienega Boulevard. Quite a few people wandered in thinking that it was an extension of the antique shop, and this led to some rude surprises.

In its first year, the Ferus showed work by about twenty Los Angeles artists and an equal number from the Bay Area. Sales were virtually nonexistent, and neither partner had much inclination to promote them. Kienholz kept his eye on the gallery while he worked on his own stuff in the back room. Hopps dealt with the artists, visited studios, chose works to show, and raised money to pay the rent. Kienholz tells a story about the day before the opening of the Ferus, when a bunch of their friends had come in to paint the premises but Hopps didn't show up. "I was furious at him until I found that Walter had been out borrowing a Clyfford Still from an artist friend for the opening show," Kienholz recalls. "Nobody remembers the paint job, but a lot of people will remember that we had a Still."

Hopps was also working to create a larger audience and a market for con-

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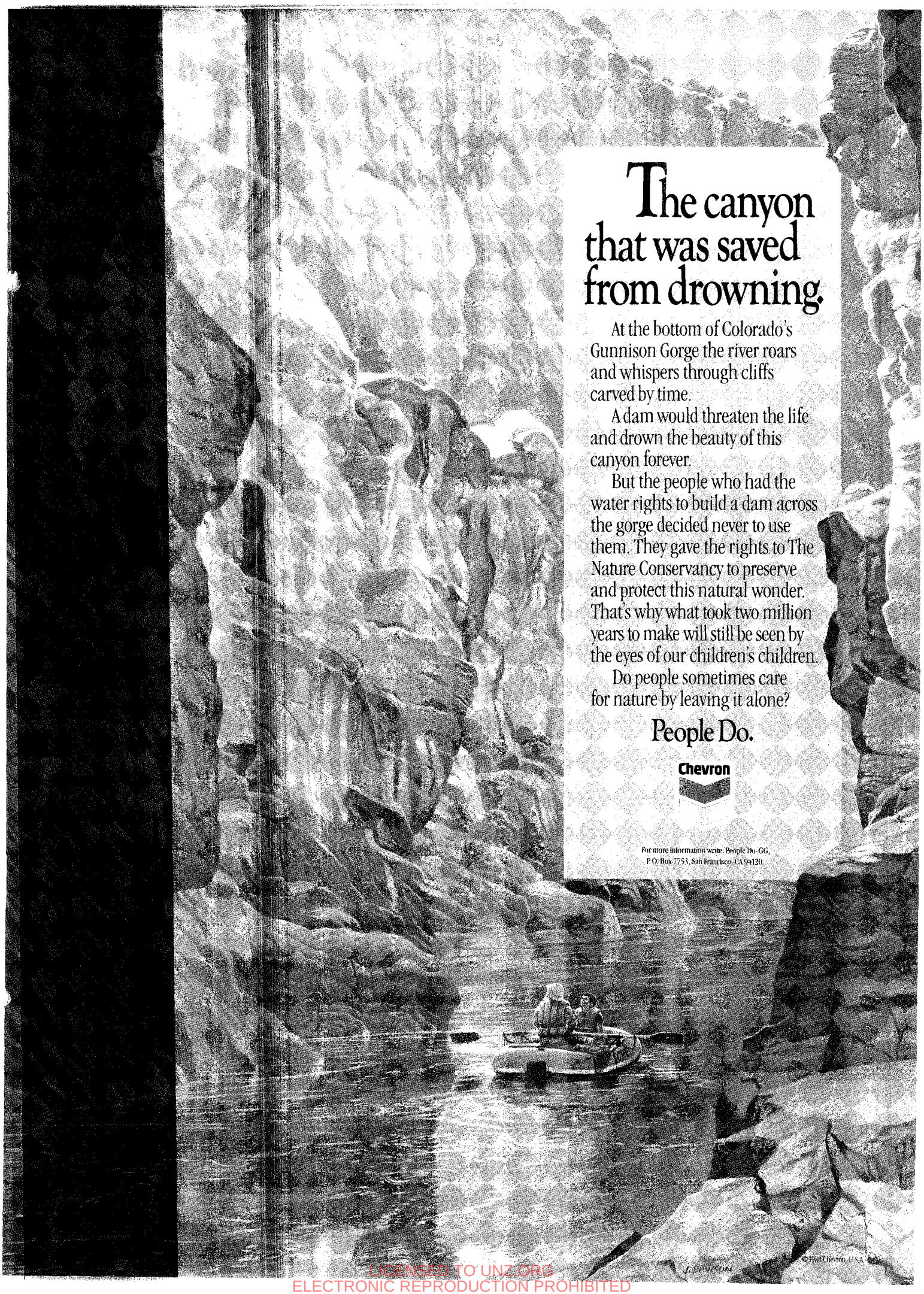

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temporary art, starting more or less from scratch. Fred Wight, his art-history professor, had arranged for Walter and Shirley Hopps to teach an adult extension course in contemporary art, at night, under U.C.L.A.'s auspices. After a few months, several of their more interested students persuaded them to teach an advanced course to a special group. Its members included Frederick and Marcia Weisman, Betty Asher, Sterling Holloway, and Donald and Monte Factor, all of whom would soon become serious collectors of contemporary art. No such group had existed in Los Angeles before. A handful of Hollywood people had art collections, but they collected European art, not American.

For a city to function as a contemporary-art center, five specific elements are required: artists, galleries, collectors, critics, and at least one active museum. Los Angeles had the artists. The gallery situation was improving, thanks to Hopps and Kienholz, and there were one or two critics willing to look without rancor at new art. Hopps had his string of potential collectors in tow, heading for the corral. But the museum situation was awful. The Los Angeles County Museum, the biggest in the area, had very little interest in modern art. About the only place to see twentieth-century art in any depth was the Pasadena Art Museum, which in 1951 had received the Galka Scheyer bequest, of six hundred works by Klee, Kandinsky, and others of the European Blue Rider group. Although the Pasedena museum had always been a fairly amateur operation, run by volunteers and showing mainly local artists, it became a good deal more professional when Thomas Leavitt, the assistant director of the Fogg Art Museum, at Harvard, took over as director there, in 1957. Leavitt visited galleries, met artists, and took an interest in what was going on. He also decided, he told me, that "of all the people in museums or galleries at that time Walter Hopps seemed to be the one in closest touch with the new movements, not only in California but internationally." Before long, he was getting Hopps to curate exhibitions at the museum—drawings by Richard Diebenkorn and Frank Lobdell, Kienholz's first museum exhibition, abstract paintings by Robert Irwin. Hopps, who had been thinking about going into museum work, now began to think about it more seriously.

Neither Hopps nor Kienholz really wanted to run a commercial gallery. Kienholz, chafing under the distractions that interrupted his work, decided to sell his interest in the Ferus toward the end of the first year. Hopps paid him fifteen hundred dollars for it, and began looking around for somebody else to run the place. He didn't have to look far. One Saturday when he was in the gallery (Saturday being the only day he didn't have classes to attend or odd jobs to perform), he saw Adolph Gottlieb come in with his wife. Gottlieb, one of the first-generation New York Abstract Expressionist painters, was teaching that semester at U.C.L.A. "I was ready to go up and say hello to them, but I held back, because they were really looking at the show," Hopps recalls. "All of a sudden, this guy comes in whom I'd seen several times before but never met. He had a booming, bogus Cary Grant accent, a very special style. Anyway, he walks in, flings his arms wide, and says, 'Adolph! Esther! It's Irving Blum. How *are* you?' At this point, he throws me a wink. 'Isn't this an extraordinary place?' he says. 'Best gallery in Los Angeles! Let me introduce you to the proprietor.' And he walks over and says, 'Walter, I'd like you to meet Adolph and Esther Gottlieb.' 'Well,' I say to myself, 'this guy is something else.' The Gottliebs leave eventually, and I say, 'Irving Blum, I think you and I should go across the street and have a drink. We may have business to discuss.' And Irving, in that accent, says, 'I think we do have business to discuss. I hear you're looking for someone.' And that's the way it happened."

Blum's memory of these events is somewhat different. He claims that he was the one who bought out Kienholz. Kienholz remembers selling out to Hopps. What everyone agrees on is that Blum changed the focus of the Ferus Gallery. Born in New York City, Blum had grown up in Phoenix, Arizona. He had returned to New York in the mid-fifties, planning to become an actor; when that career failed to materialize, he had drifted into the art world, through a job that involved buying art works for the corporate clients of Knoll Associates, the furniture designers. In 1958, he had come out to Los Angeles with the idea of opening a gallery of his own. "I missed the West, and I hated the weather in New York" is how he explains it. He started by making a circuit of the existing galleries, and it took him no time at all to decide that the Ferus Gallery was where the action was. In their initial talk, Blum told Hopps that the gallery was trying to show too many artists. If he came aboard, he said, he would insist on cutting the list down to about a dozen California artists and adding about a dozen from New York. Hopps reluctantly agreed. "I knew how the system worked," Hopps told me. "Much as I hated it, I knew you had to seem exclusive, and get behind a small number."

Blum and Hopps also agreed that they needed financial backing. Blum had no funds to contribute. His main asset at that point was a small share in a soft-core pornographic film called "The Immoral Mr. Teas," for which he had provided the story line and the voice-over narration. This film, about a meek fellow whose eyeglasses miraculously enable him (and the audience) to see through people's clothes (Blum says the story idea was inspired by James Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"), launched the directorial career of Russ Meyer; it became the first porno flick to break out of the men's-smoker circuit and play in real movie houses, and if Blum had held on to his share he would have made a lot of money. He sold it too early, to Meyer, for fifteen hundred dollars. This didn't really matter, though, because Hopps and Blum soon found the perfect silent partner, in Mrs. Oscar Moss, whose late husband had put up most of the money for the Monday Evening Concerts. Sadye Moss bought a one-third interest in the Ferus Gallery, for $33,333, and then, far from demanding dividends or works of art in return for her investment, was content to sit back and make up the annual deficit at the end of each fiscal year.

In the fall of 1958, the Ferus moved across La Cienega Boulevard, into a more presentable space that Blum had found. The new gallery opened with a show of the California core group. It was not until January, 1960, that the

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New York School was represented there, in an exhibition that included Pollock, de Kooning, Gorky, Rothko, Motherwell, Newman, and other leading Abstract Expressionists, but from then on New York art figured prominently in the schedule. Joseph Cornell, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella had shows there, and in 1962 the Ferus gave the first show of Andy Warhol's Pop art anywhere. It consisted entirely of his paintings of Campbell's-soup cans, and it was received with great derision; a nearby gallery piled up pyramids of real soup cans in its window and urged customers to buy those instead.

Some of the California artists were not happy about the gallery's new direction. They resented the New York intrusion and the fact that no New York galleries were offering to show *their* work. Kienholz quit the Ferus for a while; he complained that Blum's "decorator taste" was rounding off the rough edges and confrontational grittiness that had made the old Ferus what it was. In Kienholz's larger-than-life-size cutout wood-and-metal "portrait" of Hopps, done in 1959, the subject is shown pulling open his suit jacket to disclose three abstract paintings, all by New York artists: a Pollock, a de Kooning, and a Kline. (The title of this sculpture, which was made from a filling-station display ad for Bardahl oil, is "Walter Hopps Hopps Hopps"; it reflects Kienholz's amusement on learning his friend's full name, Walter Wain Hopps III.) Blum was really running the gallery now, with Hopps's help and sometimes without it. "The artists used to say that Walter should be the next director of the Museum of Modern Art, after Alfred Barr," Blum recalls, "but that the trustees would have to treat him in a special way—they would have to keep him in a cage. Walter was enormously sympathetic and enormously farseeing. He was completely intuitive about the significance of works of art—I've never heard the equal of it when he got wound up. He had amazing insights, and an artist's sensibility about installing a show. At the same time, he had these lapses. We'd be having a discussion, Walter would get a little heated, he'd say he needed a cup of coffee, he'd walk out of the gallery, and I'd see him ten days later. This happened fairly frequently."

Disappearing was a Hopps specialty. "Walter has always disappeared," according to Shirley, who ascribes the trait, in part, at least, to the somewhat oppressive atmosphere of his parents' household when he was growing up. One rumor had it that he used to go down to Mexico with Dennis Hopper or with Ken Price, an artist who joined the Ferus stable in 1959. (Hopps's family had connections in Mexico, and Walter had spent some time there as a child; his nickname, used only by his family and close friends, was Chico.) Hopper himself thinks that Hopps used to disappear to an unused attic room in his own house—a small bungalow in West Hollywood that he and Shirley rented. Lots of stories are told about the attic room, but Shirley casts doubt on them. "He disappeared in town, and I think he usually went to stay with an artist," she told me. "Walter had the mentality of an artist. There is no more difficult life, nor are there people who have a harder time living within a regular social scheme. I think

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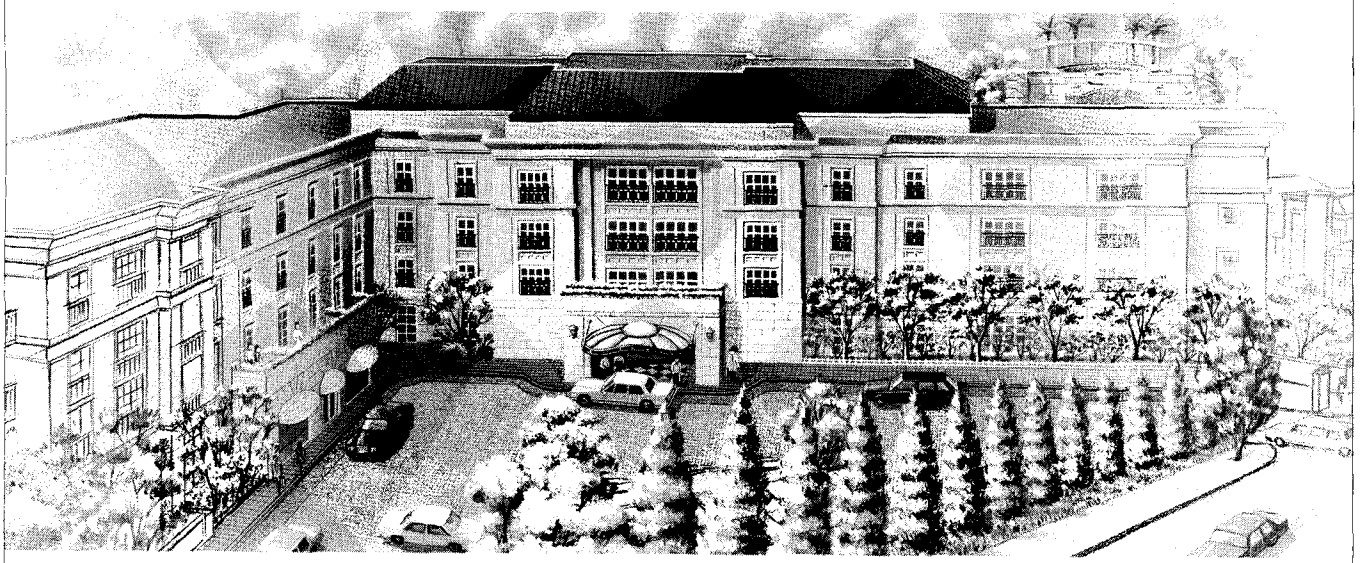

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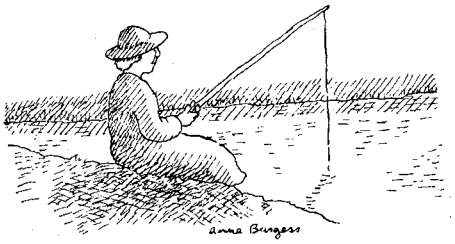
Walter had a lot of that inability and unwillingness to cope with the real world, and he found solace with artists." The truth was that she didn't know where he went when he disappeared, or when he was likely to turn up again.

Shirley was his anchor. She had a regular job, teaching art history at the University of California at Riverside. She came from the same upper-middle-class background as Walter (their parents were friends), and her presence in Walter's life did a lot to reassure collectors and clients. "What I realized later is that, after his parents, I was the first in a long line of people who took care of Walter," she told me. "He's always had people who will look after him, no matter what. All of us have a certain amount of time we can do it, and then we can't do it anymore."

IN 1962, Tom Leavitt hired Hopps as the Pasadena museum's first full-time curator. The budget was still too low to allow for any other staff—there was not even a registrar—and Leavitt agreed to let Hopps supplement his meagre salary by continuing to teach the extension course at U.C.L.A. Hopps cut his ties with the Ferus Gallery, making Blum a gift of his one-third interest, but he remained in close touch with the Ferus artists. Nicholas Wilder, who had established a gallery on La Cienega that vied with the Ferus in showing new art, used to call up Hopps in those days and urge him to come over for lunch or a drink, so that he could look at the work of some new talent, and Hopps, too busy with what he was doing at the museum, used to put him off by saying he would be there in twenty minutes. He rarely got there at all, and it was Wilder who dreamed up the button that said "Walter Hopps Will Be Here in 20 Minutes"—the button that was later re-created by Hopps's staff at the Corcoran. "The irony is that I didn't appear because I was taking care of business at the museum," Hopps told me. "It was the opposite of that thing's later implication." Another impediment was that Wilder's invitations often came at around three in the afternoon, which was always a bad time for Hopps. It still is. "Scott Fitzgerald wrote that 3 A.M. was the dark night of the soul," Hopps told me, "but for me it's three in the afternoon. That's such a terrifying hour for me that I've got to have some momentum just to get through it."

The Pasadena museum was then in a very odd building, an imitation Chinese pavilion that had been bequeathed to the city, in lieu of back taxes, by a wealthy woman. Hopps loved the place. He found it evocative and flexible, and highly appropriate not only for modern art but for Southern California, the home of Grauman's Chinese Theatre and other wondrous anomalies. His first major show as curator there was a retrospective of Kurt Schwitters, which he paired with a survey show of contemporary collage work by more than a hundred California artists. The Marcel Duchamp retrospective came a year later, in 1963. Duchamp had emerged in the late fifties as the spiritual godfather of a whole new generation, the generation of Rauschenberg, Johns, and the Pop, minimal, and conceptual artists who came after them. Aside from a small exhibition at the Chicago Arts Club in 1937, though, he had never had a one-man show anywhere, much less a retrospective. It was actually Leavitt who suggested the show. Duchamp himself not only agreed to it but collaborated with Hopps in getting together examples of his early work and securing loans from the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where the paintings and objects from the Arensberg Collection were housed. He came out to Pasadena for the opening, gave his blessing to Hopps's imaginative installation, and posed for what became a famous publicity photograph: it showed Duchamp—who supposedly had given up art long before in favor of chess—playing chess with a nude woman in one of the museum galleries. The exhibition signalled the start of a meteoric rise in Duchamp's reputation, and also established him as one of the reigning artist deities in Hopps's personal pantheon.

Soon after the Duchamp retrospective, Hopps put on the first American museum show of what had not yet even been identified as Pop art. The show's



title was "New Paintings of Common Objects," and it included vernacular images by artists on both the East and West Coasts. He also gave Frank Stella his first museum show. Tom Leavitt had resigned by that time, and Hopps had been named acting director and then director. He was putting on between twelve and fourteen shows a year, some of them important enough to draw crowds of interested and rather glamorous visitors to staid old Pasadena. John Coplans, a transplanted English artist who had settled in San Francisco and started a rigorously vanguard magazine called *Artforum*, had met Hopps in 1962 and been fascinated by him. "He had a cultural overview that was much broader than that of most critics or curators," Coplans recalls. "Walter had this instinctive program—he was out to create a climate in which a California art civilization could exist on its own terms. He was also the most intellectually generous man I've ever met. I needed information to write about California art, being a newcomer there, and Walter just gave me the material to write article after article." Coplans moved to Los Angeles in 1963 and joined the small but dedicated circle of Hopps's friends.

At first, Hopps got along splendidly with the Pasadena museum's important trustees. The president of the board was Harold Jurgensen, a self-made man who ran a chain of gourmet-grocery stores. Jurgensen's first act after Leavitt resigned, as Hopps remembers it, was to take Hopps aside and say, "Look, my boy, I don't think you know anything about business, and that's going to be my domain. As far as art's concerned, I don't know the difference between a Ming tea bowl and a Bangkok whorehouse, so if you tell me something's art, it's art." That promise received its first test during preparations for the Duchamp exhibition. Several of the museum's female volunteers raised questions about "Fountain," a replica of the famous urinal that Duchamp had submitted, as a sculpture, to the 1917 "Independents" exhibition in New York. "That afternoon, Jurgensen came stalking into the museum and said there was an object he needed to look at," Hopps told me. "We went to the room where 'Fountain' was. He pointed at it, and said, 'Now, tell me, Walter, is that art, yes or no?' I said, 'Mr. Jurgensen, sir,

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that is art.' He said, 'Good enough for me,' and walked out. Wonderful, straightforward man."

Hopps persuaded the trustees to let him hire a professional registrar, a preparator, an all-purpose secretary, and a guard, none of which the museum had had before. He got the guard by arranging for a major Klee painting from the Galka Scheyer bequest to be stolen. Hopps had one of his friends (not a museum employee) remove the picture from the wall and the museum in broad daylight. Previously, he had written a letter explaining just what was going to happen, sealed it, and put it in the comptroller's office, so that when the disappearance was noticed (this took some time), and reported to him, he could direct that the letter be opened and the painting's safe whereabouts disclosed. The trustees were not amused, but they got the message about lax security and let him hire a guard. A year later, in 1964, he hired a full-time curator, James Demetrion, who had been at U.C.L.A. with him. Demetrion had been planning to become an art-history teacher, but Hopps convinced him that he was a born museum man. (He is now the director of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, in Washington.) He admired Hopps sufficiently to put up with the problems of working for him. "One problem was that when he took off for a while he would never authorize anyone to do anything in his place," Demetrion told me. "And when you did do something he was troubled by it. But the staff was very loyal to him. When Walter brought the Jasper Johns show to Pasadena, which was a big coup—it had been organized by the Whitechapel Gallery in London—he gathered us all together the day before the opening. The show hadn't been installed yet, and he said, 'Let's meet here at nine o'clock tonight and install it.' We all showed up at nine, and Walter appeared a little after midnight. I think it was indicative of our loyalty and our high regard for him that we stuck around."

The Pasadena museum began to look more and more like the vital center of a California art scene. The grand design that Hopps envisaged was not by any means limited to California art and artists. He wanted their work to be recognized, but he also wanted to bring the West Coast artists into the international scheme of things,

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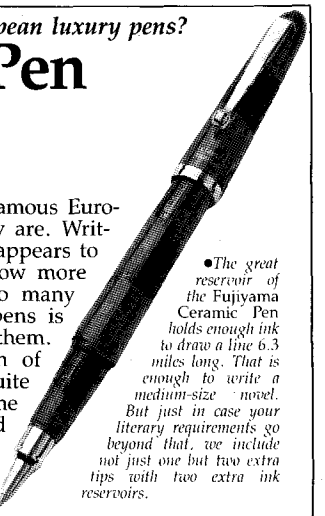

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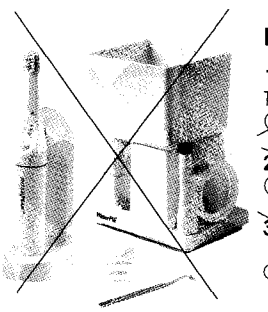

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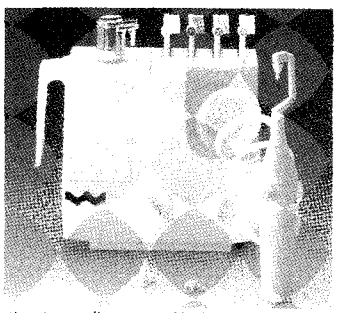

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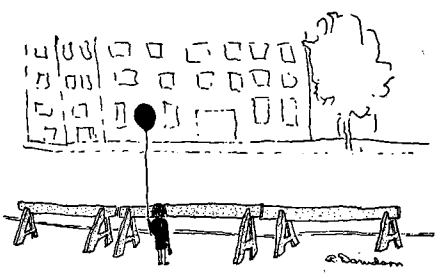
and he wanted West Coast collectors to think internationally. Invited by the United States Information Agency to choose and install the United States exhibit at the São Paulo Bienal in 1965, he built his show around Barnett Newman, with a supporting cast of three young California artists (Robert Irwin, Larry Bell, and Billy Al Bengston) and three young New York artists (Frank Stella, Larry Poons, and Donald Judd). Hopps was now a rising star in the international museum world. His support system was a lot flimsier than he realized, though; his trustees, in fact, were forging ahead with decisions that would eventually destroy the Pasadena museum.

A majority of the trustees wanted to move the museum out of the Chinese pavilion, and into a new building of its own. Hopps had argued vigorously against the plans. He had developed a proposal to expand the current building and to take over a couple of adjacent buildings for gallery and storage space, but the board had grander ideas. A team of Los Angeles architects named Ladd & Kelsey came up with a design that in Hopps's estimation was "a travesty of dysfunction." He and his staff fought the plan as hard as they could, but the trustees decided to go ahead with it.

In the late summer of 1966, Hopps was in New York, getting together the material for a major Joseph Cornell retrospective. He was not in great shape emotionally. His marriage to Shirley had broken up. (Some months after their divorce, she married Irving Blum; they were separated in 1974.) Hopps planned to get back to Pasadena for the annual meeting of the board of trustees, at which the model for the new museum building would be unveiled by him and the new president of the board, Robert A. Rowan, but the prospect filled him with dread. "I stayed in New York until the last minute," he recalls. "I was going to go straight from the airport to the meeting. But when I got to the airport in Los Angeles something strange happened. From the plane it would normally take me ten or fifteen minutes to get to my car. I got off the plane at about five o'clock. Walking through the lobby, I looked up at the clock, and it said six-thirty. I checked my watch, I checked other clocks—six-thirty. I got worried and sat down. The next time I looked at my watch, it was a quarter past seven. It was just no exit—I could not leave that airport, and get in my car, and go to the museum, and stand on the stage with Bob Rowan and reveal the new building." He got to a telephone and called his friend Ken Price, who lived near the airport, but was unable to ask him for help. Then he called a psychiatrist named Judd Marmor, whom he had come to know while working in the psychiatric ward of the U.C.L.A. hospital. Marmor had Hopps picked up and checked into the psychiatric ward of Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

He stayed in the hospital for several weeks, more or less. The doctors let him out for art-history classes he was teaching at the University of California at Irvine, and Harold Jurgensen, whose support never wavered, sent the museum's secretary to Cedars-Sinai, so that Hopps could work on the annual budget. Hopps was able to acknowledge by this time that his troubles were compounded by a drug problem. "From the late fifties until 1966, I was quite thoroughly addicted to speed," he told me. "I've never been an alcoholic. But I'm a night person, and there were all those times I'd have to start early in the morning, going out to earn money, and I began using amphetamines." When Hopps got out of the hospital, Rowan called him in and asked for his resignation. Someone with his problems, Rowan said, could not be the director of a museum. Hopps was stunned. He was in the middle of organizing the Cornell show, and he felt entirely capable of carrying on as director. He went to see Jurgensen, and Jurgensen said he would try to find out whether there was enough support for him among the other board members. There was not. Hopps resigned, and James Demetrion became acting director. Demetrion's first act was to ask Hopps to stay on and install the Cornell show. Shortly before the show opened, Demetrion was severely injured in a taxicab accident in Chicago, so Hopps served for a period as the acting director. He left the Pasadena museum for good early in 1967.



To some people his downfall signalled the end of California's bid to become a major art center. The museum struggled on, but the trustees could never raise enough money to support the new building. Reduced to selling art from the collection to meet operating costs, they succumbed in 1974 to a takeover by the financier Norton Simon. He dismissed the board, banished the contemporary-art works to the basement, and turned the museum into a showcase for his collection of Impressionists and Old Masters.

ONE Sunday afternoon last March, I arranged to meet Hopps at the Museum of Modern Art. Although he has never lived or worked in New York, he comes here a lot—about once a month, in fact—and he keeps up with what is going on in the New York galleries and museums. We both wanted to walk through the Modern's third-floor galleries, where the most recent, post-Abstract Expressionist part of the permanent collection had been reinstalled by Robert Storr, MOMA's newest curator. Hopps was right on time, as he often is these days. He was wearing a fine-looking dark tweed jacket, and he seemed to be in unusually buoyant spirits. Since neither of us had seen the "Art of the Forties" show on the lower level, we decided to tour that first—none too diligently, because it was very crowded. Hopps discovered all sorts of interesting juxtapositions, though, and commented on them in tones that occasionally captured the attention of other viewers. Jackson Pollock's 1943 painting "The She-Wolf" reminded him that he intended someday to do an exhibition of early works by Pollock, before the breakthrough of the poured-and-dripped paintings. "I'm becoming more and more convinced that if Pollock's career had ended in 1945 he would still have a place comparable to Seurat's," he said. He liked the commingling of paintings, sculptures, prints and drawings, posters, furniture and industrially designed objects, and other forties artifacts in the exhibition. He was visibly troubled, though, when I suggested that another famous Pollock, the poured-and-dripped "Number 1, 1948," had lost a lot of the chromatic intensity it must have had when it was painted. "I don't want to believe that,"

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he said. "I mean, I can quite easily shift into another frame of mind and agree with Marcel Duchamp, who said that a painting only lives for about thirty years, but when I'm confronted with a Pollock, or maybe a Piero della Francesca, I don't want to think that way. What was really sad for me was visiting the 1987 Paul Klee survey that Carolyn Lanchner organized for this museum. I was with some of my younger artist friends, and it was like I was taking them through the morgue. It was in exactly the sense that Marcel meant, to have not one damn Klee come to life for them. I asked if one in particular didn't sing a little song, and my friend Howard Halle, who is a postmodern conceptualist, said, 'Yeah, that's O.K.,' and my heart sank, because I could tell he was saying it just for my sake, that the work was doing nothing for him, it was dead. The same group, may I say, danced and pranced like ponies going through the Kurt Schwitters show here two years earlier. Not in the way you might think, either—Dada was the last thing in their minds. They were saying, in effect, 'Finally we're seeing some Cubist work that really looks good.' "

"Curiosity."

• •

Hopps did a little dancing and prancing himself when we left the "Forties" show and ascended to the third floor. In the large gallery where the most recent works in the collection were on view, Hopps was clearly delighted to detect an artist's hand at work in the reinstallation. (Storr, the new curator, is also an abstract painter.) "There's some air and grace to it," he said. "The pictures are doing the arguing, rather than the hand that put them up." Although Hopps has great respect for William Rubin, the director emeritus of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, he believes that Rubin's installations used to "run out of space," because of the pressure to develop art-historical arguments and establish connections. Kirk Varnedoe, Rubin's successor as head of the department, strikes Hopps as being more at home (so far) in the lecture hall than "on the walls," but it was Varnedoe who appointed Robert Storr as curator, and that seems to Hopps a very good sign indeed.

His level of approval went down a few notches in some of the other third-floor galleries. The placement of Matisse's great "Memory of Oceania" occluded his view of two other important paintings, by Mark Rothko and Ellsworth Kelly, and he thought this was unnecessary. Several walls struck him as having at least one too many pictures, and in a few areas the conversation between works of art seemed not to flow as fluently as it might have. Storr, however, had done "a first-rate job" in his section, "better than I might have done." Hopps was particularly interested in the prominence of work by women in the galleries devoted to the most recent art. He has been widely criticized for not paying enough attention to female artists, and the lesson here was not lost on him.

As we headed downstairs for coffee in the museum cafeteria, I asked whether he had ever felt the urge to work in New York. "Only once," he said. "That was when Tom Hess got appointed curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan, in the late nineteen-seventies. I would like to have thrown myself to the winds and seen what it was like being an associate of Tom Hess. I knew he had a vision of what could be done at the Met, but Tom had never really worked the walls, and I had." Thomas B. Hess had been the editor of *ARTnews* and a highly influential writer on art, but until then he had never worked in a museum. "We talked about it. He had three shows he wanted to do—one on Clyfford Still, one on Joseph Cornell, and one on Georgia O'Keeffe. I was hoping to work with him on those shows, but then he died, of a heart attack, almost before he'd settled into the job."

"And you never thought about being here after that?"

"To be here doesn't mean a thing to me," Hopps said. "Of course, one knows what can be accomplished here—but accomplishing something worthwhile elsewhere has an extra edge to it, somehow."

Hopps came East after he resigned from the Pasadena museum, but not to New York. He had been offered a fellowship at the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington, a liberal think tank whose founders, Marcus Raskin and Richard Barnet, were interested in having a resident fellow who could think (and write) about issues of art and public policy. "The whole idea of going back to school and rethinking some of these issues appealed to me a lot," Hopps said. "I had a fascinating

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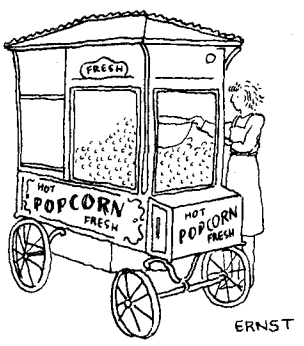
time, participating in seminars with people like Herbert Marcuse and Stokely Carmichael, and meeting Paul Goodman, one of my intellectual heroes, who was a trustee of I.P.S. But I didn't get a book out, and then I got drawn back into the art world." What drew him back was the imminent demise of the Washington Gallery of Modern Art; this adventurous young institution had put on some prescient exhibitions over the previous six years, but it was closing for lack of funds. Raskin asked Hopps why this had happened, and what could be done about it. Hopps produced a five-page paper whose recommendations caught the attention of the beleaguered gallery's board of trustees. They asked him to take over as director, and he accepted.

Hopps had proposed three possible courses for the gallery. The first was that it merge with the Corcoran Gallery, becoming the contemporary-art wing of that venerable institution. The second was that it take the lead in establishing a confederation of at least three modern-art *Kunsthallen*, or exhibition spaces, in different cities (Washington, Boston, and Chicago, for instance), with trustees and financial support in each city. His third idea was that it form an alliance with a well-endowed university, on the model of the Fogg Museum's connection with Harvard. The board chose the first plan. The Corcoran took over what was left of the W.G.M.A., which by then consisted mainly of Walter Hopps and his ideas; the gallery's modest art collection had been sold to the Oklahoma Art Center to pay off debts. Hopps was named director of special projects, and the old W.G.M.A. exhibition space, near Dupont Circle, became the Corcoran's Dupont Center, an experimental outlet where Hopps could try novel exhibition ideas and show work by Washington artists. He got on well with James Harithas, the Corcoran's young and volatile director. They worked together on several exhibitions at the main museum, among them a huge extravaganza called "The Architectural Vision of Paolo Soleri," which was the biggest exhibition seen at the Corcoran in years. The Corcoran itself was in deep trouble, though, financially and in every other way. "It was a bankrupt institution," according to Hopps. "Great building, great piece of our cultural history, but it had no sense anymore of its time and its place, and it had to beg for every dollar it got. It was the most underendowed museum in the country." As several other troubled museum boards have done since, the Corcoran trustees sought financial stability by hiring a chief executive officer, whose main function would be fund-raising, and whose authority would be superior to the director's. Harithas resented this arrangement. He clashed regularly with the chief executive, Aldus Chapin, and one day, in Hopps's presence, the argument between them became so heated that Harithas resigned on the spot. Once again, after less than a year in the No. 2 position Hopps found himself the acting director of a museum. He was confirmed as the director a few months later.



The staff adjusted as best it could to his working hours, which usually began about 5 P.M. and ended after midnight. "Some people couldn't put up with it, but a lot of us just did, because he was so mesmerizing," Frances Fralin, his secretary at the Corcoran, told me. The trustees had to put up with Hopps's occasional disappearances and his unorthodox tactics. Along with the other curatorial people there, Hopps deplored the Corcoran's lack of air-conditioning. "The conservator used to agonize that his work was being cooked off the canvas every summer," he recalls. One consequence of the lack of air-conditioning was that the windows were kept wide open in warm weather, and that created a security problem. Hopps knew what to do about security problems: he enlisted two local artist friends to stage a heist. Sam Gilliam, wearing a trenchcoat and looking as sinister as possible, had no trouble removing a magnificent Winslow Homer watercolor from a wall and passing it out the nearby open window to Rockne Krebs, and Krebs wrapped it up carefully, brought it back into the museum building, and deposited it where Hopps had specified. The loss was not noticed until the following day. The success of this ploy was only partial—no air-conditioning, but screens installed in all the windows.

Among Hopps's proudest memories of his Corcoran sojourn are his Barnett Newman show and a series of sculpture exhibitions by Tony Smith, Ronald Bladen, David Smith, Robert Morris, and Alexander Liberman. The David Smith retrospective was so big that it spilled outside; nine or ten large pieces were installed in a small park just across the street from the museum—a site that was actually part of the White House grounds. These were subsequently removed, while the show was still on, at the request of the Nixon White House. Raymond Price, a Nixon aide, who was very friendly toward the Corcoran, telephoned one day, according to Hopps, and said, "I hate to tell you, but the David Smiths on our lawn have got to be gone within twenty-four hours. Bob Haldeman says that stuff is history."

Hopps said, "Who is Bob Haldeman?"

Price said, "You'll find out." A few months later, during the Liberman show, two huge welded-metal sculptures, called "Adam" and "Eve," were placed on a side lawn of the Corcoran—but within sight of the White House. Again the call came: "Mr. Haldeman can't stand looking at them." Several newspapers reported that they had incurred the particular ire of President Nixon, but Hopps doesn't believe this.

"It was Haldeman who didn't like that stuff," he says. "I don't think Nixon gave a damn one way or the other."

It was a wonder to Hopps that the Johnson White House had not objected to Barnett Newman's "Broken Obelisk," a monumental sculpture in the form of a classical obelisk broken off and inverted on its pedestal, which he and Harithas had installed on the Corcoran lawn in 1967, at the height of the Vietnam War. Hopps considered "Broken Obelisk" one of the greatest sculptures of the twentieth century. He wanted to buy the work (which was on long-term loan from the artist), so that it could stay there permanently, as a symbol of imperial conceit—the antithesis of the Washington Monument. Newman liked the idea, but the Corcoran and its supporters had trouble raising the money. Unknown to Hopps, moreover, John de Menil had his eye on this particular version of the work and planned to

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give it to the city of Houston in memory of Martin Luther King, Jr. Houston's city fathers refused to accept the gift under that condition, but de Menil bought it anyway and had it shipped to Houston, where he placed it in its present position, adjacent to the de Menils' Rothko Chapel.

In spite of the Corcoran's problems, Hopps was riding high again. He was close to a number of artists who lived in or near the capital, and who loved everything he was doing. He had started a workshop program at the Corcoran, with grants for local artists to teach there. He sponsored jazz concerts there and at the Dupont Center, and mounted a hugely popular show at the Dupont Center of underground comic-strip artists—R. Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, S. Clay Wilson, Gilbert Shelton, Trina, and other talents. "He was open to anything," Frances Fralin recalls. "He had the courage to show whatever he thought was good, and he went out on a limb on so many things. His allegiances were always to the artists; he would always fight for them, against the bureaucracy. Of course, he never liked to court the people who could do him good. He shirked that. And he had a lot of trouble getting things down on paper. I can remember sitting with him for hours on end when he couldn't get a sentence written. But he could always talk like a song, and you could listen to him by the hour." People were often infuriated with Hopps, but quite a few Corcoran employees remember working with him as the high point in their professional lives.

His tendency to align himself with the artists and the museum staff, against the bureaucracy, eventually did him in. A movement to unionize museum staff workers had sprung up in the late sixties. The Museum of Modern Art went through a lot of turmoil on that account, and so did a number of other museums, including the Corcoran. Hopps knew that union organizers were talking to his people. "Some staff people would come to me for advice," he concedes, "and I'd say they mustn't talk to me about it, but inevitably we would." Vincent Melzac, who had replaced Aldus Chapin as the museum's chief executive officer, was totally opposed to unionization, and so were the trustees. Melzac had ordered Hopps to fire Hal Glicksman, his associate director, who was suspected of collaborating with the organizers. (Glicksman had worked for Hopps as a preparator at the Pasadena museum, and Hopps had brought him to the Corcoran.) As it happened, Carl Bernstein, of the Washington *Post*, who was a friend of Hopps's had been looking into some of Melzac's business connections, and Bernstein's subsequent articles on the subject became a factor in Melzac's resigning as the Corcoran's chief executive. Melzac's departure, however, did not resolve the problem. Hopps came under increasing suspicion, and when a Corcoran employee whom he had hired denounced him to the trustees, saying that he had been fully aware of the unionizing efforts, he was summarily dismissed.

THE news of Hopps's dismissal reached him in Italy, where he was serving as the American commissioner for the 1972 Venice Biennale. The Smithsonian Institution has a say in choosing the Biennale commissioners; Hopps owed his appointment to Joshua Taylor, Shirley's old teacher, who had left the University of Chicago to become the director of the National Collection of Fine Arts, a branch of the Smithsonian in Washington. (It is now called the National Museum of American Art.) Hopps was installing his show in Venice when he got a telephone call saying that he was out of a job. Taylor, who was also in Venice, came to the rescue. He took Hopps out to lunch and urged him to come and work at the N.C.F.A.—something he had proposed several times in the past. Hopps accepted the offer. But first, he said, he wanted to take some time off and travel around Europe with Helen Goldberg, the young woman he had recently married. This was Hopps's first extended exposure to Europe's aesthetic traditions. He and Helen travelled in Italy, Spain, and Portugal for about six weeks. In addition to seeing all the works of Piero della Francesca and a great deal of Giotto, he spent long mornings alone in cafés, writing notes and thinking about the high state of European culture—something he had never done in daylight before and has never done since. "There were moments of bliss and moments of total anxiety," he remembers. "When we got home, I went straight down to Thomas Jefferson's house at Monticello, to reassure myself that something that beautiful and willful could be built in

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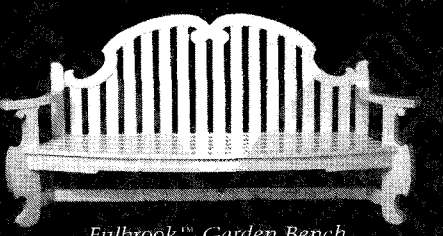

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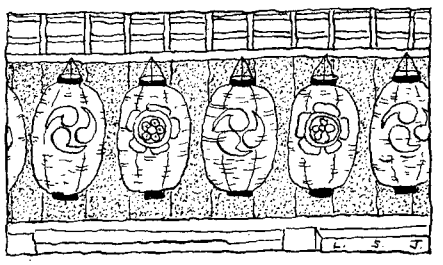
America. Then I got back to work."

This time, his bureaucratic adversary was even larger and less malleable. As senior curator for twentieth-century art at the National Collection of Fine Arts, Hopps was an employee of the Smithsonian and, through the Smithsonian, of the federal government. "It was like moving through an atmosphere of Seconal," he remembers. "Nobody could move fast enough or think fast enough." Hopps's personal problems didn't make things any easier. His second marriage was disintegrating. Psychiatric help enabled him finally to win his battle with amphetamines at about this time—he has had no drug problems since 1972—but his tendency to retreat into private worlds was much in evidence. Deborah Brauer, who had joined the National Collection of Fine Arts as assistant registrar a few months before Hopps's arrival, reports that at first he made a serious effort to conform to bureaucratic hours and regulations, but that "as his office began to fill up with paperwork he began staying away from it more and more."

Exhibitions were his primary interest, of course, and he managed to put on some good ones. The most important of these was the Robert Rauschenberg retrospective, which he conceived as the museum's 1976 Bicentennial Exhibition. He had started to think about a Rauschenberg show soon after he came to the N.C.F.A. Rauschenberg, whose protean career embraced so many different phases and so many aspects of American life, struck him as the ideal Bicentennial choice, "the living American artist who is the most Jeffersonian in breadth of culture and engagement." Although neither Taylor nor the N.C.F.A. had shown much of a commitment to contemporary art, Hopps's arguments were persuasive, and Taylor gave him the go-ahead.

"That was one show I got right," Hopps told me. Everything he had learned or thought about installing works of art went into it. He began by committing to memory each of a hundred and ninety works he had decided to exhibit. "You've got to try and know the works as real physical entities," he said, "and be able to call them up the way a conductor calls up the notes of a Beethoven symphony." Hopps decided that, because Rauschenberg's work seemed always to be rooted in the present, he would show it in reverse chronology. The exhibition began with the most recent work and moved back in time, so that at the center of the show were the great silk-screen paintings and toward the end of it the early, found-object "combines" that prefigured them. Rauschenberg loved the show. He came with his usual entourage of close friends and assistants to help with the installation, which, naturally, lasted long into the nights, and was made more convivial by a running supply of Jack Daniel's, the artist's beverage of choice. Some of the N.C.F.A. people were quite upset by this. Nobody was prepared, moreover, for the huge crowds or the widespread press coverage that the show attracted in Washington, before it moved on to MOMA; the Albright-Knox Gallery, in Buffalo; the Art Institute of Chicago; and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. "The show was too successful here," Deborah Brauer told me. Bureaucratic jealousies were aroused, and, she said, "the tide began to turn against Walter. Nobody ever congratulated him for the *Time* cover story on Rauschenberg that coincided with the exhibition. Afterward, the administrator began putting through memos showing why Walter should not get per-diem expenses for his trips to New York—stuff like that. Joshua Taylor continued to support Walter, by paying no attention to the complaints, but it was a losing operation."

The N.C.F.A. staff split about fifty-fifty between Hopps loyalists and Hopps haters. "Some people just couldn't stand being yelled at, or made to feel stupid by his asking the one question they hadn't anticipated," Brauer said. "Walter tends to be confrontational. Those who survive are professional enough to realize that his questions, however tactless, are usually the right ones, and that Walter does wonderful work and gets them to do wonderful work." Hopps rarely praised anyone for work well done. He was also, Brauer concedes, a terrible sexist. "Walter really does think women are inferior to men," she told me. "And he shows no sign of being embarrassed by it—if anything, the opposite. But this doesn't apply to work by women artists." (Brauer, a true loyalist, left the N.C.F.A. in 1981, and eventually ended up working for Hopps in Houston.) The feminist issue is a thorny one for Hopps. He has admired and shown the work of women artists—especially in his early California phase, when Sonia Gechtoff and the late Jay DeFeo were part of the Ferus Gallery's inner circle—but, except for DeFeo, he has not yet devoted a major, one-person museum show to a woman, and as long as he stays at the Menil museum, whose benefactress tends not to look with favor on the work of any living female artists, it is unlikely that he will.



As the opposition to Hopps built up within the Smithsonian bureaucracy, he began finding things to do outside the museum. One was a show called "Thirty-six Hours," which took place at a nonprofit alternative-space gallery in Washington called the Museum of Temporary Art. Hopps was on hand there for thirty-six hours straight, and during that time anybody could bring in any kind of work of art and he would hang it. Participants ranged from well-known Washington artists, like Gene Davis, to a passerby who stopped to ask what was going on, tore the cover off his copy of *Hustler*, spat on it, and asked whether Hopps would hang that as a work of art. (Hopps hung it.) The show got a lot of publicity, which did not please Joshua Taylor.

Taylor was one of the guardians in Hopps's life. Although he used to say that he would fire Hopps if he could find him, Taylor did his best to shield his protégé from bureaucratic attrition and to accommodate his restless spirit. It was under pressure from the bureaucrats to do something about Hopps's protracted absences from the museum that Taylor arranged to have him paid only for the hours he actually spent there. Hopps longed to be somewhere else, though, and Taylor knew that he was exploring various options.

What Hopps really wanted was to go back to California. He had vigorously sought the directorship of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art when it became vacant in the early seventies. The leading candidates for the post were Henry Hopkins, James Demetrion, and Hopps, all of whom had been at U.C.L.A. together and

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had remained close friends. The board chose Henry Hopkins. "I was happy for him," Hopps told me, "but terribly disappointed." After that, Hopps had discussions with Hopkins about establishing a modern-art museum in Los Angeles that would be allied with Hopkins' museum in San Francisco. Nothing came of them. But Hopps's former student Marcia Weisman, Norton Simon's sister, who was now one of the leading collectors of contemporary art in Los Angeles, also became interested about this time in starting a modern-art museum there. She talked Tom Bradley, the mayor, into providing crucial political support, and, to everyone's amazement, Bradley got the real-estate interests behind a huge downtown commercial-development project to set aside a percentage of their construction budget for a new museum. When the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles began to seem like a potential reality, in the late seventies, Hopps felt certain that he was the man to direct it.

Unfortunately, no one agreed with him. The Los Angeles businessmen who had lined up in support of the new museum worried about their image as art-world neophytes; they wanted to bring in a director with international credentials—someone famous, who could confer instant recognition on their enterprise, and attract important gifts, loans, and exhibitions. The Los Angeles artists had banded together to make their influence felt in the museum's planning stages. Three of them—Sam Francis, Robert Irwin, and Dewain Valentine—actually got themselves elected to the board of directors. But the artists, most of whom had once looked on Walter Hopps as their leading champion, their Alfred Barr, wanted no part of him now. In a way, he was too much like them—too much an artist, with his eccentric habits, his disappearances, and his intolerance of budgets and institutional frameworks. "There was an inherent defect there, too," according to Hopps's old friend John Coplans. "An artist has to engender his own work, and be his own man. Walter was incapable of doing that. He could not work without patronage, and institutions could not provide him with the right kind of patronage. Only the rich could do that. After that expulsion from his California roots, he became a wanderer, seeking patrons." The board of the Mu-

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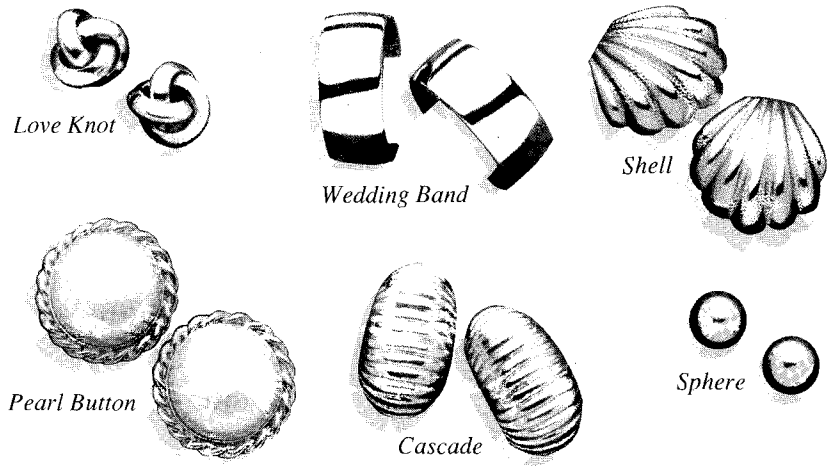

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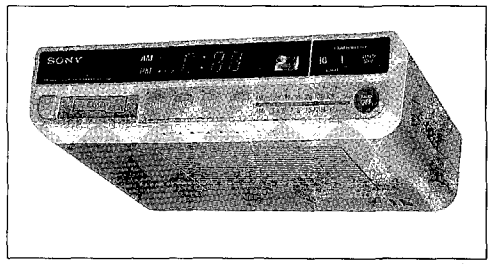

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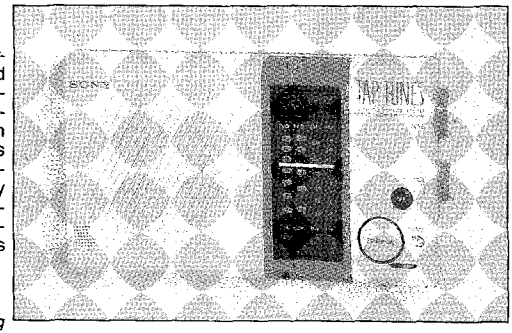

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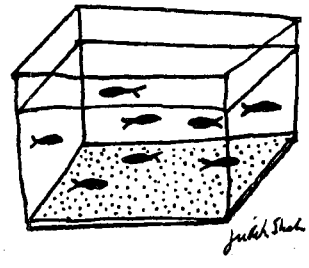
seum of Contemporary Art chose Pontus Hulten for the director's job. The Swedish-born Hulten, who was the founding director of the Moderna Museet in Stockholm and of the Musée de l'Art Moderne at the Pompidou Center, in Paris, had the international clout that the trustees were looking for and the authority in aesthetic matters that the artists considered essential. Even Hopps agreed that he was a smart choice—"the only person more right for the job than I was." Hopps would have liked very much to become the assistant director under Hulten, but he was not even considered for that post; it went to Richard Koshalek, the former director of the Hudson River Museum. When Hulten resigned, two years later, Koshalek succeeded him as MOCA's director. Hopps, meanwhile, had found a new patron and a new post.

DOMINIQUE DE MENIL, née Schlumberger, is a woman of unusual intelligence and strong convictions. She is also somewhat mysterious, in the same way that much of the art she and her husband collected is mysterious. Although she is descended from well-off French and Alsatian Protestants, the family fortune was not really established until early in this century, when her father and her uncle developed and marketed an electronic device that helps locate oil deposits, a device that became essential equipment throughout the oil industry. In 1931, she married Jean de Menil, the son of a career French Army officer; he was Catholic, and Dominique was converted to Catholicism. Jean de Menil joined the Schlumberger family firm in 1936. When the Second World War came, the de Menils, who then had three children, fled Europe and settled eventually in Houston, where Schlumberger had its United States headquarters.



During the nineteen-forties and fifties, Jean de Menil made frequent business trips to New York, and there, guided by a Dominican priest named Marie-Alain Couturier, he began buying modern art. The collection soon became a ruling passion for both de Menils. It grew and expanded in several directions. In addition to twentieth-century art, with an emphasis on Surrealism and other modern developments in France and the United States, they bought tribal art from Africa, Oceania, and the Pacific Northwest; medieval objects; and pre-Christian antiquities. The de Menils acquired more than ten thousand works of art, without relaxing their exceptionally rigorous standards of quality. They also became engaged in the cultural life of Houston, which at the time of their arrival was not very advanced. Elected to the board of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts in 1954, John (he had Anglicized his first name) soon became a dominant force there. He was instrumental in persuading James Johnson Sweeney, the former director of the Guggenheim Museum, to accept the director's post at the Houston museum; the de Menils paid Sweeney's salary, which was said to be higher than that of any other museum director in the country. After Sweeney rejected the gift of a Fragonard from one of Houston's leading millionaire families, though, saying that it was a fake, a majority of the board members turned against him, and he was fired.

The de Menils had also been pouring money and energy into Houston's small Contemporary Arts Museum and into St. Thomas University, a tiny Catholic college in Houston, which, as a result of their attentions, developed a first-class art-history department. They persuaded Jermayne MacAgy to leave her job at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor (where her exhibitions had made such an impression on the young Walter Hopps), and brought her to Houston as director of the Contemporary Arts Museum, paying her salary themselves, as was their custom. MacAgy put on some dazzling shows there, but several board members came to resent what they considered the de Menils' controlling influence. They refused to renew MacAgy's appointment, whereupon the de Menils put her in charge of the art-history department and the exhibition gallery at St. Thomas. When MacAgy, who was diabetic, died suddenly, of insulin shock, in 1964, Dominique de Menil stepped in and began doing exhibitions herself, first at St. Thomas and later, after the de Menils had a falling out with the Catholic fathers there, at Rice University, in Houston, a much bigger institution, which then became the focus of de Menil largesse.

Mrs. de Menil's exhibitions set standards for scholarship and imaginative scope. She became her own curator, with great resources at her disposal and a constantly replenished supply of bright graduate students to assist her. There were always problems in trying to work with existing institutions, though—problems involving people who felt dominated by the de Menils, for one thing—and in the early seventies the de Menils started to think about building their own museum. They talked to the architect Louis Kahn, and he designed a group of pavilions, to be set in a park adjacent to the Rothko Chapel. John de Menil's death, in 1973, ended this plan. (Kahn died in 1974.) For a few years, Dominique de Menil gave no further thought to the idea. In 1979, however, she felt ready to address the museum project again, and one of the people she decided to get in touch with was Walter Hopps.

Although Hopps had met John de Menil several times, he didn't know Dominique. She began by asking him to serve on the board of the Georges Pompidou Art and Culture Foundation, which was a sort of American support group for the Pompidou Center. Next, she invited him (among a number of other experts) to come to Houston to discuss the problems of the Rothko Chapel, whose skylight admitted so much harsh Texas sunshine that it was often difficult to see the paintings. Her impressions of him during this sizing-up process were highly favorable. "I appreciated his intelligence," she told me. "I had been forewarned that he was difficult—impossible, sometimes—but I also knew that he had a very good eye and that he was extremely good at display, and I was sure that we could get along." Early in 1980, having resigned from the National Collection of Fine Arts, Hopps became a paid consultant to the Menil Foundation, working directly with Mrs. de Menil on plans for the new museum.

They worked in the de Menil house on San Felipe Street—the first modern house in Houston, designed by Philip Johnson. Hopps stayed there when he came to Houston, in what had been one of the children's rooms. The foundation office was a card table in an-

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other bedroom. His first job was to help hang a retrospective exhibition of Yves Klein at the Rice University museum. As time went on, he got to know the de Menil collection in all its depth and variety.

When Pontus Hulten urged Mrs. de Menil to put Renzo Piano on the list of architects she was considering for her museum (Piano had been the co-architect, with Richard Rogers, of the hugely controversial Pompidou Center), she and Hopps went to Genoa together to interview Piano, and both of them decided on the spot that he was their man. There was some dismay among the de Menil children over the choice. Georges, Christophe, Adelaide, François, and Philippa (the two youngest were born in America, after their parents moved to Houston) had all grown up to become collectors of one kind or another, all five were deeply interested in art and architecture, and some of them would have preferred an architect more inclined toward important visual statements; Piano's work tended toward understatement and vernacular simplicity. Philip Johnson said that Mrs. de Menil had found someone who would do exactly what she wanted, a remark that did not do justice to Piano's ingenuity. Her principal directive to Piano, which has often been quoted, was that she wanted her museum to look small on the outside but "big inside." Hopps had a primary request, too: he wanted highly flexible interior spaces, "where you can turn daylight on and off." Piano satisfied both requirements. His building compresses five working levels into what looks from the outside like a two-story building, with more than a hundred thousand square feet of exhibition and working space. The principal innovation is the roof, which Piano designed in collaboration with the London-based engineers Peter Rice and Tom Barker; it is constructed of ferro-cement "leaves" that allow changing, controllable patterns of natural light to enter the galleries. The design, both inside and out, has pleased just about everybody. Since the Menil Collection opened, in 1987, it has been the one museum in the Western world about which nothing really unfavorable has been said.

Sitting in the small kitchen of the museum's administrative offices one early evening last fall, Hopps talked to me about the iconography of museums.

"Actually, I'm going up—and I'm going down."

• •

Structure is everything, he said, and the fact that so many museum buildings were designed to look like the palaces in which former royal collections were first made public has conditioned the way we look at art. After the palace came the house museum—"the house preserved, like the Phillips and the Frick Collections, or the house imagined, like the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum," he said. "The next concept in structure that came along in America was the Museum of Modern Art, which is nothing less than the corporate office block. The sign out front could just as well read 'Rockefeller Interests.' And the corporate office block was absolutely central to how they organized the place, how the trustees operated, how they approached everything they did." Gordon Bunshaft's design for the Hirshhorn Museum, Hopps said, was clearly "a department store—'Hirshhorn's.'" Arata Isozaki's Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles was "a club, or maybe a very elegant multiplex cinema." Hopps was warming to the subject, having fun with it. He found it wonderfully ironic that "you can now see a magnificent transportation terminal in Paris, the Gare d'Orsay, turned into a museum that doesn't work, while a few years earlier you had Mr. I. M. Pei building that very expensive transportation terminal the East Wing of the National Gallery—its grand hall and its various escalators should be taking you right to your 747."

And what of Piano's design for Mrs. de Menil? I asked.

The Menil Collection has the form of "a modest research-and-development building in a suburban industrial park," he replied. "It's a research place, and I hope it suggests that to people."

Has Walter Hopps finally fused his aesthetic aspirations and his scientific roots, then, and become a research scientist in the visual arts? Not exactly. About a year after the Menil Collection opened, to be sure, it became clear to Hopps and his colleagues that his continuing as director there might not be in everyone's best interests. "There were definitely problems with Walter as director," according to François de Menil. "All the decisions had to go through him, for one thing, and as a result a lot of things never got decided." Another problem was the

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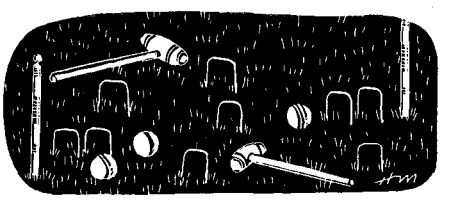
museum's need for money. Hopps had not anticipated becoming a fund-raiser. The museum had launched a thirty-five-million-dollar fund drive in 1987—the year in which a business recession put a serious dent in the value of Schlumberger stock. Gratifyingly, several of Houston's wealthier citizens (wealthier than the de Menils; one of them has said it was amazing how much the de Menils had done in Houston with resources that were really "just peanuts") thought so highly of the de Menils and their enterprise that they contributed half the sum. Mrs. de Menil made up the other half. Still, the realization that outside funds were needed on a continuing basis troubled Hopps. The death of his friend Edwin Janss, who took his own life in 1989, was far more troubling. Janss, a California real-estate man and a collector, had become one of Hopps's principal mentors and guardians. Hopps has been haunted over the years by the suicides of people he has known and admired, and Janss's death gave him serious cause to reëxamine his own life. Soon afterward, Hopps went to Paul Winkler, whom he had brought in as assistant director, and asked how he would feel about taking over as acting director. Whether Hopps was asked to step down or did so on his own remains somewhat unclear; he told me he had reached the conclusion that "I can't do what I want to do and direct this museum," and Mrs. de Menil apparently decided to let him do what he wanted. Paul Winkler, whose keen eye for detail had been an important factor in the museum's construction, took over most of the administrative functions. Hopps breathed a sigh of relief, and kept right on installing shows, looking after and thinking about the permanent collection, and planning future exhibitions. Winkler is still listed as acting director, and Hopps is now identified as "consulting curator," but nobody there pays much attention to titles. The atmosphere is informal and collegial, and the ultimate decision-maker is Dominique de Menil.

The new arrangement seems to work well for everyone. Hopps has put on several shows during the last three years. His 1988 "Fountain" show, done in collaboration with the Rice scholar and art historian William Camfield, was devoted to a single work of art—Duchamp's famous urinal, which had so distressed the Pasadena ladies back in 1963. He has done an exhibition of Andy Warhol's "Disaster" paintings, and the shows of Robert Longo and David Salle. Although he has plans to organize shows of recent art at other museums, Hopps does not think in terms of showing or acquiring much post-1979 work for the Menil Collection. The Menil Collection, he feels, is valuable primarily in the way it reflects the intelligence, the taste, and the imagination of John and Dominique de Menil. "If this building is a success, it's because the installation reflects them," he told me. "Wonderful collectors are cultural artifacts, the way artists are. You should no more mess with that than you should mess with Géricault's 'The Raft of the Medusa.' " He paused, and sank into one of the protracted silences that make you wonder whether or not the subject has been dismissed. "Being Dominique de Menil is an unconscious bit of business for her," he went on after a while. "For me, though, it's conscious. It doesn't encompass everything I want to do, but what does?"

Mrs. de Menil's collecting these days is mainly in the field of Byzantine art. She does the purchasing and the installing for the Byzantine, Gothic, and ancient-art galleries, together with Bertrand Davezac, the curator responsible for those areas. Hopps concentrates on the twentieth-century galleries, where the approximate but by no means inflexible cutoff date is 1973, the year John de Menil died. "By the time this museum opened, in 1987," he says, "there were humongous Julian Schnabels loose in the world, but we just decided that all that would be for others to deal with."

Some of Hopps's close friends feel that his life has become calmer and more balanced in the last few years. He is married again, to an attractive and understanding woman named Caroline Huber, whom he met when he was installing the Rauschenberg retrospective in Washington. She was one of seven artists who were hired to re-create an early Rauschenberg construction called "Minutiae," which had been used as a set for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company in the fifties. (The original was in Washington for the retrospective when Cunningham suddenly decided he needed it for a film about him that was being made in Nashville.) Huber is now the co-director of a nonprofit alternative art gallery in Houston called Diverse Works. The Hoppses live in an unfashionable area of town, in a house that was designed and built by a young architect protégé of John de Menil's. The interior looks like an artist's loft—there are a lot of art works on the walls and the floor, most of them by Houston artists—and the whole place has a vaguely transient feeling. A permanent residence is not really Hopps's style, in any case. He still keeps a small apartment in Washington, and he owns a large house in Pasadena, formerly an inn, which he rents to artist friends for fees that barely cover the maintenance costs. In Houston, the Hopps dog, Krystle, gives every impression of being more at home than Hopps. An intelligent-looking mixed breed, Krystle is named after the Linda Evans character in the "Dynasty" television series, and friends say she is an important stabilizing influence in Hopps's married life.



Hopps still travels a lot. He comes to New York to work on the layout of the literary and artistic quarterly *Grand Street*, which is now owned by his great friend Jean Stein, and of which he is the art editor, and he goes to California and to Europe; as one of his friends says, he seems to have a need to be in transit. But he doesn't disappear the way he used to, and these days he often turns up when and where he is expected. Certain eccentricities persist. Not long ago, a painting by Julian Schnabel vanished from a wall of a room in the Blaffer Gallery, at the University of Houston, and reappeared a few hours later. The Houston *Post* reported a rumor that Hopps was once again demonstrating a museum's inadequate security system, but the matter was hushed up, and Hopps says he has been advised not to talk about it.

The current Menil project is the show of Rauschenberg's early works, made between 1949 and 1953. Many of the objects in this stunningly revelatory exhibition have never been on view before—they were thought to have been lost or destroyed—and the

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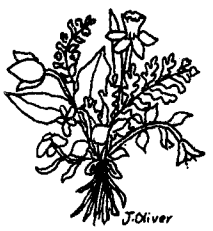
show is going to change a lot of the thinking about Rauschenberg. It opened last month at the Corcoran, its first stop on a four-city American tour. "There are so many things about Rauschenberg that dovetail with what I was thinking and doing and feeling in the early nineteen-fifties," Hopps told me last fall. "As long as I live, there will be things I want to see and learn and present about Rauschenberg. I cannot exhaust him in my lifetime." We were in the Menil Collection's twentieth-century galleries, pausing here and there to observe certain pairings or juxtapositions that were intended to bring out the resonance between particular works of art. The chronological order in these galleries is reversed, as it was in Hopps's 1976 Rauschenberg retrospective; you come in on the most recent works, and move backward in time from room to room. After a longish pause in a small gallery containing very early art by Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and Cy Twombly, we walked on to the main axis of the twentieth-century section, a long gallery bounded at the near end by a room containing large paintings by Rothko, Still, Newman, and Pollock—"the sublimes," Hopps calls them—and at the far end by smaller galleries, with European paintings from the early years of the century: Cubist Picassos and Braques, a Fauve Matisse, a splendid Mondrian. In the gallery that adjoins the sublimes, Hopps drew my attention to two medium-sized abstractions hanging side by side on one wall. One was by de Kooning, the other by Arshile Gorky; they had both been painted in the forties. "Those two men liked and admired each other enormously, and seeing them together this way really helps to explain what they were doing," Hopps said. "The way each man turns corners, for example. De Kooning turns a corner back on itself, which was a big part of his gesture, and that's brought out more clearly by seeing how Gorky does it, right here." He moved closer to the picture and touched it with a long finger. "You see, it's a lighter, more ephemeral touch. Gorky was one of those artists who can just draw a *line* and make you think volume. De Kooning plays it both ways—these shapes are quite flat, but the accents make them float a little. But look at what he's doing, and then set it against what *he's* doing. They talk to each other."



As Hopps was speaking, he moved from one foot to the other, shifting his weight in a nimble yet elephantine way. His installations, it struck me, were really a form of choreography, something that involved the body as well as the eyes and the mind. When I mentioned this, he said that installing sculpture was even more choreographic. "One of the most beautiful things I've ever seen was the way Jim Sweeney presented Brancusi in the old Guggenheim Museum," he said. "To get three-dimensional objects set in open space so that the vantage points all work and they reflect on each other right is a bitch. You put any two objects near each other and they start a discussion—it's either an interesting one or it's trouble. Sweeney was masterly at that. I can't imagine ever seeing any one of those Brancusis any better."

I asked him about his own show of John Chamberlain's sculptures (which are made of welded automobile parts) at the opening of the Menil Collection. Several people had told me that it had revealed Chamberlain's work to them in a completely new way. "To a lot of people one Chamberlain looks like a lot of other Chamberlains," he said, "especially if they're about the same size. The question becomes how to get them choreographed so that they support one another, have their individuality, and really move. They're dancers. That's what I set my mind on."

As we walked slowly through the galleries, I remarked on the number of times I had been told that Hopps had the sensibility and the temperament of an artist. Had he ever thought of being an artist, I inquired, or was what he did close enough to that?

He pondered the question for a moment. "I think of myself as being in a line of work that goes back about twenty-five thousand years," he said then. "My job has been finding the cave and holding the torch. Somebody has to be around to hold the flaming branch, and make sure there are enough pigments. I've been involved in what I consider getting this stuff made. Anyway, to answer your question, yes, I'd say that what I do is quite close enough." —Calvin Tomkins

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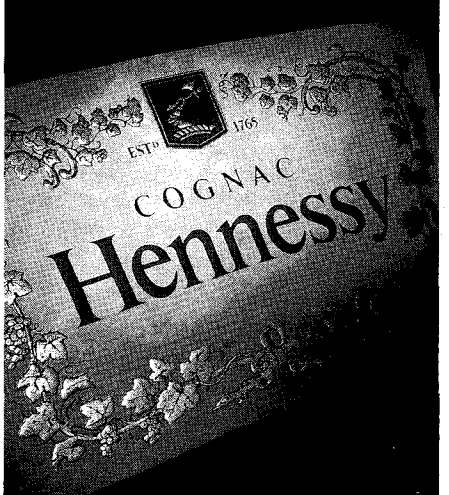

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JAZZ

Rollins Rampant

THE tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins gave another of his Carnegie Hall concerts in April. With him were his regular band—Clifton Anderson on trombone, Mark Soskin on piano, Bob Cranshaw on bass, and Al Foster on drums—and two guests, the guitarist Jim Hall, who was a member of a Rollins quartet in the early sixties, and the sensational twenty-one-year-old trumpeter Roy Hargrove. Rollins, now sixty, has been praised ecstatically for much of his forty-year career. He has been called the greatest living tenor saxophonist, the greatest living improviser, and the greatest of all tenor saxophonists. Almost everything about him attracts attention. A tall, V-shaped, eagle-faced man, he has appeared over the years with a shaved head, a Mohawk, an Afro, and Vandykes of various heft. He wears brilliant-colored caftans, or crisp white double-breasted suits, and an occasional large hat. He moves constantly onstage, and for a time he liked to walk out into the audience and play in the manner of those cabaret singers of the thirties who sat at their patrons' tables and serenaded them. He is prone to moods and heavy self-examination. Sometimes, if he is out of sorts musically, he will wander in and out of the wings during a concert, and play perfunctorily. If he is really upset, he takes a sabbatical. The second, and most famous, of his sabbaticals lasted two years. "People are not doing things as well as they can do them anymore," he said after his return, in 1961. "The par of products is not high enough, and in 1959 I felt that way about my playing. The extraneous things had got in the way of it. . . . When I quit working, I tried to revise the way I played the horn. Completely. But then I amended that. Instead, I have made an exploration of the horn. I practiced at home all day at first, but I was conscious of bothering people. . . . Then I discovered the Williamsburg Bridge, which is near where I live, and I stopped practicing at home. I started walking over the bridge, and I found it's a superb place to practice. Night or day. You're up over the whole world."

During a later sabbatical, in the early seventies, Rollins went to India and played by himself in a cave. But no matter how many leaves he took, he always came back to Max Gordon's Village Vanguard, a kind of pedestal for him. On what may have been his last visit, he arrived with a rhythm section, four other saxophonists, and a white trumpet player he had heard on the Coast and was crazy about. The group played the first set, and Gordon tells what happened next in his funny, acute autobiography, "Live at the Village Vanguard":

> The men were in their places, ready to start the second set, waiting for Sonny. Where was Sonny? I went looking for him, in the kitchen, the men's room, on the sidewalk out front, and in the back—no Sonny. . . .
>
> "What the hell's happened to Sonny?" I whispered to Al Dailey at the piano.
>
> "Probably on his way back to India."
>
> "That's not funny, Al. . . ."
>
> And do you know what? Sonny never showed up for the second set. He vanished. And I haven't seen him since.
>
> I was about to lock up for the night. Al was there. He stayed with me to the end. "What d'you think, Al?" I asked him. "What really happened to Sonny?"
>
> "It's that blond trumpet player," said Al. "Like I told you, he sounded great in California but terrible in New York. Sonny couldn't take him."
>
> "Why didn't Sonny fire him? . . . How can a trumpet player sound great in California and terrible in New York?" I asked Al.
>
> "It's the vibes, man, the vibes!"
>
> "What vibes?"
>
> "Coltrane, Miles, Coleman Hawkins, Bill Evans, Mingus, and Sonny himself, cats who've played here and left their vibes here, man! . . . That blond cat didn't belong in this company. The vibes scared the hell out of him!"

Rollins' style reflects a complex, indefatigable attitude toward life, one which he once summed up for the critic Gary Giddins: "Don't ever shrink from the belief that you have to prove yourself every minute, because you do." His playing coalesced in the early fifties, and by 1956, when he recorded his serene, classic blues "Blue 7," with Tommy Flanagan, Doug Watkins on bass, and Max Roach, it had become magisterial. It was an ingenious mingling of the styles of Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker, overlaid with hints of Dexter Gordon and Don Byas. His tone was big and hard and aggressive, and he used no vibrato. His attack was clipped, even abrupt—more percussive than melodic. He placed his notes just so, between beats, or ahead of the beat. His phrasing suggested a boy crossing a stream on jumping stones.

The avant-gardists

"It's not like the old days, is it?"

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Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane had listened to Rollins in the fifties, and he began listening to them in the sixties. For much of that decade, he set aside his deceptively simple style, and experimented. He used nonmusical sounds, and he fiddled with strange scales and with atonality. When he went into the Village Vanguard in March of 1972, just after his Indian trip, he had changed again. He had become a whirlwind. His runs roared, and there were jarring staccato passages and furious double-time spurts. He seemed to be shouting and gesticulating on his horn, as if he were waving his audience into battle. On opening night, he played just two sets, but each lasted an hour and a half. A couple of the numbers went on for nearly an hour, with fifteen- or twenty-minute-long solos, topped, at the end, with ten-minute codas, complete compositions in themselves. He filled everything with spiky interpolations—Chopin's "Funeral March," "Three Little Words," "Humoresque," and "Moonlight in Vermont." He became encyclopedic: Coleman Hawkins hustled by, followed by Gordon and Parker and even Johnny Hodges. He pumped so much music into the Vanguard that night that it was difficult to breathe.

Rollins has cooled down since, but he has never stopped tinkering. He has used electrified groups and rock rhythms, and he has even crossed over into fusionland. But every so often his passions stir, and the old Rollins reappears, to prove again that he is one of the commanding generals. He is not always charitable about demonstrating his superiority; last year, he invited the tenor saxophonist Branford Marsalis, Wynton's older brother, to join him at Carnegie Hall, and blew him away. Before this year's guests came onstage, Rollins played a medium-tempo "Long Ago and Far Away," in which he gave a classic demonstration of what Gunther Schuller once labelled "thematic improvisation." Rollins played two bars of melody, dropped into a quick inside run, a double-time lunge, and a sotto-voce turnaround, stated the melody for two or three more bars, improvised again, offered more melody, and so forth. This kind of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't melodic improvisation makes the listener, constantly teased, work twice as hard. Rollins was dressed in a knee-length red tunic, black pants, shades, and a medium-sized beard, and all during the number he moved around the stage and plowed his horn up and down, up and down, like a whaler cutting through a heavy chop. He gave us more thematic improvisation in his next number, a merengue, and then rested and let his sidemen solo. (Why do rock-trained sound men do such terrible things to ordinary acoustic instruments? Soskin's piano suggested a twanging Hawaiian guitar, and the sound seemed to be coming from somewhere above his head.) Roy Hargrove then joined Rollins for "Once in a While," an up-tempo Charlie Parker blues called "Big Foot," and a tune Rollins had named after him, "Young Roy." Hargrove is already complete. He has a strong, easy tone and a fluent, logical, swinging attack. He has sidestepped Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis and listened to Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown, while his occasional flashiness and constant forward motion bring to mind early Roy Eldridge.

Jim Hall appeared after the intermission, and he and Rollins did "Without a Song," "With a Song in My Heart," "Where Are You," "The Bridge," and Rollins' great merengue "St. Thomas." Rollins loves Hall's intense, secret harmonic trips, and Hall spent much of his time on the outermost edge. He formed odd, circular single-note melodic lines, and kept interrupting them with stepping, offbeat chords. Hall's solos never hesitate; they always sound as though he had effortlessly translated into music exactly what he has heard in his head. Rollins had become heated by the time "St. Thomas" arrived and, carried away, he forgot to give Hall—Mr. Polite—a solo. Even Hargrove, back onstage, was forced aside as Rollins, alternately pumping up the melody and decorating it, filled the hall with a Village Vanguard frenzy. The roar when he finally finished was oceanic.

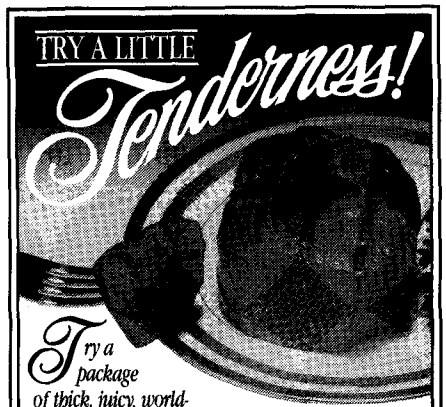
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Charters Academy recently moved from 1st Ave and 5th St. to the newly renovated Ford Center just north of the downtown area. This theatre group and school founded in 1971 is celebrating their 20th Anniversary. Currently being performed at the C.A.S.T. is "Ghosts" by Henry Gibson.

—*Minneapolis (Minn.) Lake Area Press.*

Do they know about this in Oslo?



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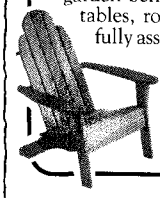
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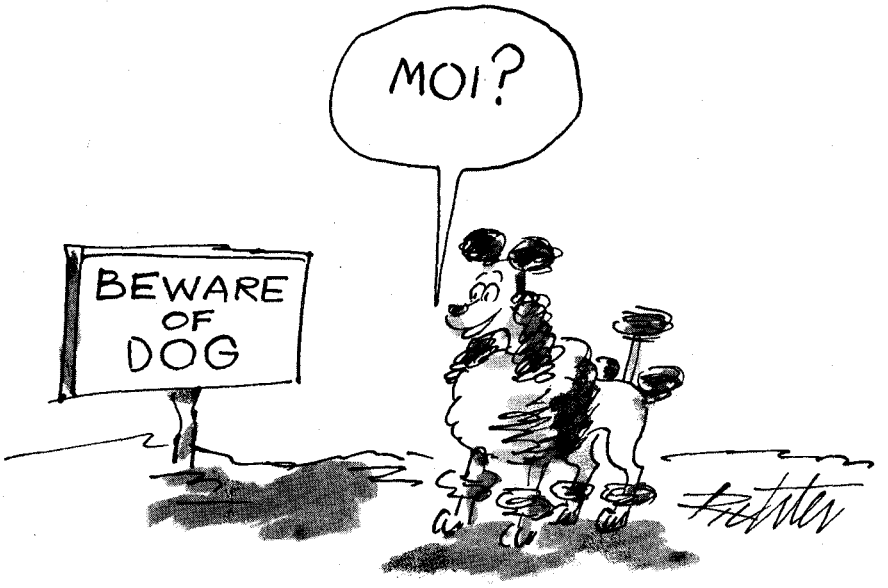
THE CURRENT CINEMA

4½

THE hero of "The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear" is a middle-aged police lieutenant named Frank Drebin (Leslie Nielsen). He's the most dangerous man in American movies. In the picture's opening sequence, this white-haired, blandly handsome cop is a guest at a formal White House dinner: he's being honored for having killed his one-thousandth drug dealer. With becoming modesty, he admits that his last two victims were a couple of pedestrians he ran over while backing out of a parking space. ("Luckily, they turned out to be drug dealers.") Summer after summer, Hollywood moviemakers compete with each other to create ever more implacable, indestructible action-movie icons: enforcers and avengers capable of wiping out legions of evildoers with a stroke of advanced technology. But no one runs up as impressive a body count as Frank Drebin, and he accomplishes his prodigious feats of mayhem without the benefit of either state-of-the-art weaponry or excessive machismo; he works in more mysterious ways. At the White House dinner, Drebin, unawed by the setting or the company (which also includes the Mandelas and several corporate big shots), pays no attention to the President's little speech; all his attention is focussed on cracking open the lobster on his plate. His concentration on the task at hand is absolute, though it lacks a certain finesse, and the woman he's sitting next to—Barbara Bush—is felled by his exertions. She winds up flat on her back, her legs waving helplessly in the air; she's a casualty of Frank Drebin's lethal weapon, which is utter obliviousness. In this manner, he lays waste dozens of baddies in the movie's next eighty minutes or so, and emerges triumphant; in the stirring final scene, he even gets the chance to subject the Bushes to further indignities. He's the most convincing hero figure on American screens this summer, because he really stands for something, embodies the virtues we all know lead to success: blind luck, a total lack of imagination, and brazen, unearned self-confidence.

This great character rose from humble beginnings, as the protagonist of a short-lived 1982 TV series called "Police Squad!"—a half-hour comedy made by the team of David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker, in the freewheeling parodic style of their 1980 hit movie "Airplane!" The series, which was cancelled after only four episodes, had an irresistible dopiness, a loose-cannon approach to comedy, which at its best recalled "The Goon Show," Monty Python, and early Mel Brooks. The show featured some inspired running gags: each episode began with the announcement of a "special guest star," who would invariably be killed off ten seconds later, and ended with a "freeze-frame," a tableau of Drebin and his colleagues laughing and congratulating each other in the station house; this effect was achieved, however, not by holding a frame of film but by the actors' remaining stock-still while the cameras kept rolling. (In the funniest of these endings, a suspect escapes while the cops are playing statues.) When, six years after the series, the "Police Squad!" idea was resurrected as the first "Naked Gun" movie, David Zucker, who directed the film, had the sense not to mess with the defiantly cheesy ethos of the original: even on the big screen, the adventures of Drebin and his cohorts had the look of cheap, hasty TV action drama. And "NG2½," also directed by David Zucker, is, happily, guided by the same low-rent aesthetic. It's oblivious of production values, narrative sense, and all the higher, finer aspects of the human spirit—of everything, that is, except the impulse to spray us with jokes and knock us out of our chairs.



The plot has to do with a conspiracy of energy-industry executives (headed by Robert Goulet) to silence an environmental expert (Richard Griffiths) who is about to deliver to the President a report recommending conservation and the development of alternative energy sources: the villains kidnap the idealistic scientist and substitute a double. There's a hint of a message here, but Zucker and his co-writer, Pat Proft, never allow it to slow down the picture's relentless barrage of slapstick, movie parodies, outrageous double-entendres, and cracked musical production numbers. When Griffiths finally gets to present his enlightened recommendations, at a huge Washington banquet, his speech puts all the assembled dignitaries to sleep; he's able to rouse them only by reading aloud a steamy passage from a paperback porn novel. Zucker's odd mixture of liberal decency and adolescent goofiness is surprisingly winning, and, in a way, the environmental theme is perfectly appropriate to the movie's form. "The Naked Gun 2½" is compact, unassuming, and speedy; it's energy-efficient.

Zucker's approach to humor is that of a committed recycler. For him, nothing's ever too trashy or worn out to be used again; what he practices is, in the truest sense, pulp comedy. The material of this picture is all abject, faded, discarded stuff, which he reclaims with tremendous affection and enthusiasm. The picture wallows in cop-show and action-movie conventions, and scatters pop-culture allusions indiscriminately. (Nielsen plays a parody version of the pottery-wheel

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lovemaking scene from "Ghost," and he also gets to sing a lusty rendition of "Besame Mucho," in full gay-caballero regalia.) And Zucker lifts comic ideas from everywhere, as needed. There's one sequence that's taken directly from Monty Python, and at least a couple of Zucker's jokes are self-plagiarized—re-creations of sight gags from the "Police Squad!" series. The cast consists almost entirely of television and B-movie actors who look as if they had seen better days, or had never seen a good one: in addition to Nielsen and Goulet, the performers include Priscilla Presley (of Elvis and "Dallas"), George Kennedy (of the "Airport" movies), and O. J. Simpson (of car-rental ads and the N.F.L.). The movie uses these junk-culture journeymen expertly and sort of respectfully. They've been selected, clearly, for their experience in maintaining straight faces while speaking ludicrous dialogue, and their game professionalism is very appealing.

Leslie Nielsen is the incarnation of the movie's redemptively silly values. This is an actor who before "Police Squad!" spent better than thirty years of hard labor in television and forgettable movies, usually cast as a smooth villain or an uninteresting second lead. In those roles, he used his soothing deep voice to project either menace or nice-guy sincerity, whichever was required; nothing more exciting was ever asked of him. By the time the role of Frank Drebin came around, Nielsen had become one of those actors who are so familiar that they're virtually invisible: ubiquitous presences in functional, old-fashioned entertainments. His ability to blend in with the middle-aged textures of series TV turns out to be the key to his success in the Zucker style of comedy. The genius of Nielsen's performance is that it evokes a type that just about everyone has run into at one time or another. He's the respectable, conservatively dressed businessman who sits next to you on an airplane, nods politely, makes some innocuous small talk, and then, having broken the ice, begins to ramble disconnectedly about whatever comes into his head—to drop his problems, his fantasies, and his crackpot opinions right in your seat-belted lap. In "Police Squad!" and the "Naked Gun" movies, Leslie Nielsen is—and plays Drebin as—a straight arrow who's finally letting go, giving in to his repressed impulses: he sings, he dances, he loves, he shoots to kill. This avuncular upholder of the public good is profoundly crazy. Nielsen combines B-movie earnestness, exuberant mugging (he has a terrific "uh-oh" expression), and a trouper's slightly desperate cheerfulness: he turns this rather alarming character into a sweet, ebullient lunatic—albeit one who's hell on innocent bystanders. We can feel the actor's joy at getting this opportunity to recycle himself. In one of the picture's most hilarious scenes, Goulet, who has captured the hero, declares, "I want the pleasure of killing him myself," and Nielsen, with inane aplomb, announces, "The pleasure is all mine." What Leslie Nielsen does with lines like that in "Naked Gun 2½" is beyond recycling; it's practically alchemy.

EVEN David Zucker would be hard-pressed to come up with a notion as ridiculous as the premise of "Terminator 2: Judgment Day." The killer cyborg who was played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the original "Terminator" (1984) has returned—only, this time he's the hero. In the first movie, Arnold's "character," the T-800 Terminator model, is sent back in time—from the year 2029 to 1984—with orders to kill a Los Angeles waitress named Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton). The machines of the future, who rule the world, know that she will give birth to a son, John Connor, who will one day lead a guerrilla movement against them. The dominant machines don't want to take any chances: they want to nip this resistance thing in the bud, and the most efficient way is to make sure that John never gets born. Enter the Terminator, a hulking android with sophisticated programming: a smart bomb with muscles. He appears unstoppable—by either strength or cunning or conventional weapons—and he pursues Sarah with terrifying, inhuman doggedness. "The Terminator" is essentially a long chase picture, but the writer and director, James Cameron, varies the action ingeniously, and he manages to make Schwarzenegger both frightening and funny—funny *because* he's so frightening. Made on a relatively modest budget, "The Terminator" is one of the genre-movie classics of the eighties: a lean, witty science-fiction movie without great pretensions to significance.

The sequel, also written (with William Wisher) and directed by Cameron,

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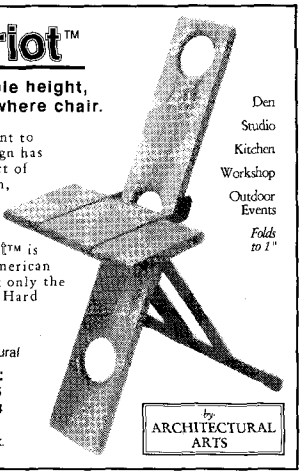

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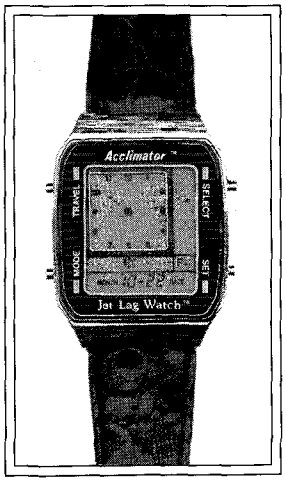

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is far less satisfying. It's an even longer chase than the first "Terminator," and there isn't much tension this time. T-800 has joined the good guys; his mission now is to protect young John Connor (Edward Furlong), who has managed to get born and to become a pint-size juvenile delinquent. Sarah's *in a mental institution, where she* spends her time raving about murderous androids from the future and developing her upper-body strength. A more advanced Terminator model, the T-1000 (Robert Patrick), has just arrived in L.A. to have a go at eliminating John and insuring that the future will continue to belong to the machines. This new Terminator isn't a brute: he's made of some sort of liquid metal, with shape-shifting properties, and he's sleeker and more versatile than the old Arnold model. The movie is full of spectacular action sequences and dazzling special effects, but the narrative doesn't have the snap of the original's; it's lumbering and monotonous, and it carries a heavy-handed anti-nuke message. The effects (by Stan Winston, among many, many others) are used like steroids—to turn an ordinary frame into something that can pass for powerful.

Even if the plotting were defter, "Terminator 2" wouldn't work, because the whole movie is based on the insane conceit that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the *underdog.* T-800 is almost human here: since he's been superseded by the spiffier model, we can see him as a vulnerable guy (or guyoid), and shed a tear when he sacrifices himself to save humanity from nuclear holocaust. (The alteration of history removes the need for John Connor to lead the resistance, and, presumably, leaves him free to become a common criminal.) This mutation of Schwarzenegger's screen persona is, to put it mildly, something of a stretch. It's probably a concession to his superstar status: he can't play a villain anymore, he wants to be a lovable giant. But the old-Terminator-as-martyr motif also seems to reflect James Cameron's sentimental sense of himself. Since the first "Terminator," his movies ("Aliens," "The Abyss," and now this) have become unwieldy, leaden-footed behemoths, and he must be looking over his shoulder—both at the meaner, more agile B-movie self that made "The Terminator" and at the new-model pretenders who might be gaining on him. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, JULY 18

THE year 1992 is a kind of code. Everyone here talks about '92—there are 1992 T-shirts hawked on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and 1992 sections in the newspaper, and 1992 postcards of a runner leaping up steps of years to plant a torch called "Plan" on a pedestal marking the magic moment when Europe will be "Europe" and "Europeans" will be happy and prosperous and more powerful than anybody else on earth. But no one is sure anymore what 1992 really means, or when 1992 will actually happen. The date keeps changing. Right now, it is scheduled for January 1, 1993, by which time the commissioners of the European Community and their clogged computers are supposed to have settled their bewildering arguments about trade barriers and migrant labor and state subsidies and social services and value-added taxes; opened their borders and closed their customs offices; resolved their various inflations, recessions, and depressions; abjured their nationalisms; and arrived at "unity"—which for practical 1992 purposes means economic unity, or the free movement of goods and people within the twelve West European countries that (to the distress of most other European countries) call themselves "Europe" now. The French have a phrase for this sort of situation. They say, "*Ce n'est pas évident.*"

Everyone believes (or disbelieves) in his own 1992. The French think '92 will happen when they can take their dogs to England for the weekend. The English think it will happen when they can find cheap Commonwealth lamb on the supermarket shelves in Tours. The Italians think '92 means having their face-lifts covered by health insurance, the way face-lifts are in Holland. The Irish think it means abortions, and the Germans think it means sharing "the East German recovery"—which is another way of saying the East German payroll. One of my friends remarked the other day that maybe 1992 needs a Jacques Derrida more than a Jacques Delors—Delors is president of the Commission of the European Community—because 1992 is less a problem of construction than of deconstruction. Western Europe is trying to unite at a time when the old unities of East and West have shattered, not to mention the fragile unity of manufactured Eastern states like Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and, of course, the western republics of the Soviet Union, all of which claim, with some justice, to be as "European" as, say, Greece or Spain.

This is not what anybody had in mind in 1957 when Luxembourg, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and West Germany—the original rich relations of the E.C.—signed the Treaty of Rome and, in effect, invented the Common Market, and it is not what anybody had in mind in 1986 when the twelve members of a bigger E.C.—the countries everybody now calls "Europe," or The Twelve—rewrote the treaty as the Single European Act and produced "Europe." Now everybody in Europe wants to be "Europe." "Europe" has been courting the Swedes, who finally applied this month, if for no other reason than to put good French wine, at French prices, on the dinner table, but Václav Havel likes good wine, too, and he is courting "Europe"—and "Europe" does not know what to do about neighbors like Havel, or Lech Walesa, whose "European" life it will have to subsidize. Helmut Kohl's deal for East Germany—money to the Russians, the Ostmark exchanged at parity for Deutsche marks—has already added at least a point to European interest rates, and people do not get rich with high interest rates. Businessmen in the West talk wistfully now about the not so old days when Europe was neatly, if cruelly, divided and no one was put to a public and embarrassing choice between his neighbor's good and his own financial interests. Sometimes the businessmen call it "the choice between enlargement and efficiency," and sometimes "the choice between growth and depth," but what they are really saying is that for the purposes of "Europe" politics follows practice, and that 1992 is simply a way of Europe's acknowledging what they have been doing all along—getting rich by getting together with the right people.

"Europe" as it exists now amounts to about three hundred and forty million people ("the biggest market in the world," the Community handouts say), or about half the people in what the geography books call Europe. But when outsiders say "Europe" they are still usually talking about the rich relations, the countries with the farms that produce and the factories that function and the taxes that pay for services to provide the highest standard of living in the world. They do not mean the Greeks, who are in terrible shape, or the Portuguese and the Spaniards, who are trying hard to accommodate, or even the Italians, with a debt of over a hundred billion dollars and no way to collect the money to pay it, since half the business in Italy is *sottogoverno*, and most of the other half carries its profits across the border to Switzerland. (The fashionable word in Europe for corruption these days is "Italianization.") They mean the countries closest to what they think of as an American way of life. The myth of America is still a golden myth. Ameri-

Erato makes a stupid suggestion.

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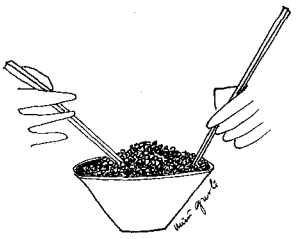
cans have always tended to believe—despite the desperate evidence of their cities, their poverty, their crime—that people live better in America, but the curious thing is how many Europeans believe it, too. Serge Weinberg, who runs a French business called the Compagnie de Distribution de Matériel Électrique, which "entered Europe" and became the second-largest electrical-supply company on the Continent, says that Europe and America have "Oedipal relations, except in this case America is the father."

It is hard, even now, to persuade a French worker that he cuts a better deal than an American worker just like him—a thirteen-month-salary year, five weeks of paid vacation, eleven extra holidays and saints' days, good free schools for his children, health care when he is sick, money when he is out of work, mail that gets delivered and buses that run and subways in which he will not get murdered. The French do not call it a deal—they call it the social contract, or *la civilisation*—but the Dutch, for one, say that the French have a terrible deal. The Dutch think that life in France is punishing, because a Dutchman who loses *his* job can get seventy per cent of his old salary for five years, and a Dutchwoman who has a baby gets paid for four months to stay at home. The Swedes, for their part, think the Dutch have problems. A Swede begins receiving money the month he is born—and if he lives to be a hundred the social-services computer sometimes starts his benefits all over again, and more money arrives. Life is so agreeable for Swedes that when they argue about whether or not to join "Europe" the most serious reservations they have involve having to raise their pigs, which are hand-fed now, the way the Danes raise pigs—stacked three deep in feedlots, with their tails clipped off.



A year ago, no one thought that Sweden would (the Community word) "Europeanize." But now even the Swiss talk about applying, and the Europe that banks in Switzerland—which is everyone who can get away with it—is wondering where to hide its money if Switzerland has to comply with Community disclosure laws. (Luxembourg is the only one of The Twelve with anything like secret banking; it has a year and a half left to invent a more acceptably "European" business than dummy headquarters and discreet fraud.) The Swiss have already, grudgingly, begun to comply—in theory, anyway. They say they are planning to close all numbered Swiss accounts unless the bankers, at least, know the names of their clients. Partly, this has to do with pressures from the Swiss left, but mainly it has to do with a process that has come to be called "getting ready for 'Europe.'" Austria has been getting ready for "Europe" for years, and was promised, so to speak, the next opening. But, compared with Switzerland or Sweden, Austria is still something of a poor relation, not to mention a German relation, and it is really a case of "Europe" getting ready for Austria. The politics of "Europe" are such that right now Switzerland would be in line behind Sweden and Austria—and, obviously, way ahead of Hungary and Czechoslovakia and Poland. When Switzerland talks about "being Europe" instead of about "servicing Europe," you know that there has been a sea change in the way Europeans think about who they are, and what they are, and where they live.

THE French claim, with some justice, that "Europe" was invented by Frenchmen, and it may be that no one but master bureaucrats of the old French school, trained to run the world with a pencil while the politicians talked and the generals fought, and believing they indeed ran it, would have had the appetite and the monstrous aptitude for the codes and codicils, the declarations and interdictions and regulations, the tons of paper and the miles of computer banks that already keep twenty-five thousand people in jobs in Brussels and cost the Community more than two billion dollars a year. It was a Frenchman named Jean Monnet who, in a manner of speaking, invented "Europe" (though purists say it was the poet Saint-John Perse, who wrote speeches for Aristide Briand when Briand was Foreign Minister, in the twenties and thirties, and used the phrase "the United States of Europe" for one of them), and a Frenchman named Robert Schuman who first officially proposed it, and right now it is the Frenchman Jacques Delors—"Mr. Europe," the French call him—who is negotiating the single market known as 1992. Delors is a stubborn, charming, and quixotic man, a Catholic radical out of a generation born to the Depression, brought up to the Occupation, and educated to a punishing recovery, and he is single-minded about his single market. His own life seems to have taught him that, if capital without community made a cruel reality, community without capital made an impoverishing one. His friends are convinced that in another time and place he would have been a worker-priest or a liberation theologian—that is the zealous "community" part. As it happens, he has been an economist and a banker and then a professor at the École Nationale d'Administration and, eventually, François Mitterrand's first Minister of Economics and Finance—that is the "capital" part. He did his job in Paris. He presided dutifully over the nationalizations of thirty-eight banks and a hundred companies—it was during the brief "socialist" phase of Mitterrand's new French Socialism—but he did not much approve of his job, or of Mitterrand's young budget director (and later, for a time, Prime Minister) Laurent Fabius, who had encouraged the nationalizations, and who seems to be the man Mitterrand is grooming now to succeed him as President of France. Many Frenchmen would rather see Delors as their next President. Delors has no constituency, no political base in the Socialist Party—unlike Fabius, or Michel Rocard, the Prime Minister Mitterrand just fired to clear the way for the succession. But his critics (and Delors has a lot of critics, especially in England) say that he is using Brussels, and the bureaucracy at his disposal in Brussels, to build himself a base, and that that has little to do with "Europe"'s community interests—or, for that matter, with "Europe"'s democratic interests.

Delors is immensely popular at home, though the *chrétiens de gauche* have a curious reputation in France. François Furet, the historian, says Delors may be a little too seminarian for cynical French taste—a little too narrow and unworldly to make a proper French Presidential presence. Delors himself says that the French go through poli-

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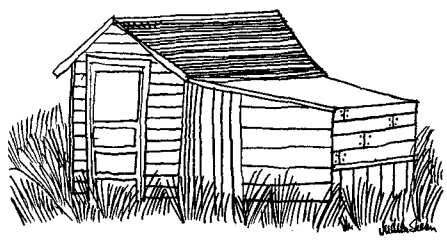
ticians like Kleenex, and that whenever he is doing well in the local polls he knows he has not been doing his job well enough in Brussels. He says that he has become a European first and a Frenchman second (like Monnet, who gave up his French *haut fonctionnaire* salary "to participate, in complete freedom of action and word, in the realization of European unity"), and that he looks at Mitterrand the way he looks at any head of state who can make life difficult for The Twelve with profitable but pointless rhetoric of "nation."

Mitterrand never intended to make Delors Mr. Europe. Mitterrand's choice for the Commission was Claude Cheysson, who had been his Foreign Minister, and is a decent and intelligent man, but too impressionable and *tiers-mondiste* for the British, who apparently vetoed the appointment. When Mitterrand sent Delors to Brussels, in 1985, Delors was still so unfamiliar to people outside the government here that he was not even included in the *Petit Robert*, the desk-top encyclopedia that provides the French with a kind of *Who's Who* of the political canon. It may be that Mitterrand was hoping to lose Delors in the numbing E.C. bureaucracy. More likely, he was prescient, because Delors became the president of the Commission (and was reëlected), and within a year of his arrival Europe began to believe in 1992, and the French believed that they were at the center of 1992, the people who were making '92 happen.

There were a lot of people behind '92, most notably the businessmen who could think practically and concretely about it, and who had the most to gain from a single market, and many of those businessmen say that the turning point for "Europe" was a research report by a Commission economist named Paolo Cecchini, who had calculated the costs and the profits of '92, and who convinced the Presidents and Prime Ministers who make up the Community's Council of Ministers that the profits were going to be enormous. Some businessmen (including American businessmen who were "Europe" watching) think it was probably a report to the European Parliament by two insurance men—Sir James Ball, from the Legal & General Group, in England, and Michel Albert, from Assurances Générales de France, who ignored the more elaborate rhetoric of a united Europe (what Delors calls "the balcony politics") and focussed on the practical, possible project of a single market. Others say it was the hard work of an Italian named Altiero Spinelli, a deputy to the European Parliament, who had made it his mission to persuade the other Strasbourg deputies to "unblock the institutions" of local power. But all anyone can confidently say is that "Europe" was blocked, and that, Margaret Thatcher notwithstanding, "Europe" began to unblock. In 1985, Brussels produced a white paper with two hundred and eighty-two directives for a single market, and the Council of Ministers met and negotiated, and the directives were amended and went to Strasbourg to be negotiated and amended again—and eventually Europe began the long, slow process of ratification that still goes on, and will probably still be going on long after the 1992 T-shirts have shrunk and yellowed and been tossed into the back of the closet. Businessmen today say that '92 is really about money, and politicians say it is really about power, and ordinary people—people on the street—say it is really about "anticipation," but nearly everyone says it is also about the *volonté* of Jacques Delors to make "Europe" happen.

THE process is bewildering. An Irishman at the Commission once said that Brussels is not so much a bureaucracy as a "pre-bureaucracy"—fiefdoms of experts and administrators who have nothing in common besides a jealous interest in secrets—and he was right. The office on equal opportunity, say, has no idea where the office on migration keeps its figures, or even how to get those figures, but, then, the office on migration doesn't know where the office on equal opportunity keeps *its* figures, and neither of them can produce the figures from the office on excise taxes. I have heard it said that half the people you see at the E.C. headquarters are bureaucrats hoarding papers and the other half are reporters running around looking for those papers.



People are hired by country, according to formulas that manage to combine the worst aspects of patronage, mass testing, and what you might call multinational affirmative action. (One young woman I know, who wanted to work on E.C. immigration, and had in fact taken the Commission test and scored well and qualified for one of the British slots, was turned down because another woman, from another country, had the same name.) The bureaucrats—they prefer "technocrat," but the only technology most of them have mastered is turning on a computer—tend to detest the politicians they have to placate and the businessmen they have to accommodate, but, then, the politicians say, reasonably, that 1992 is not much of a bargain if it means a "Europe" run by bureaucrats, and the businessmen say that politicians and bureaucrats are beside the point anyway. Pierre Moussa, who ran the merchant bank and holding company Paribas when Delors was nationalizing banks and companies for Mitterrand (and who was indicted for a brilliant sting, involving the fast transfer of Paribas's capital to its foreign subsidiaries, that left Mitterrand with not much more than a pretty building to claim), now runs an immense holding company, with its own bank, called the Pallas Group, which is wholeheartedly "into Europe," and Moussa says that for him the real problem in handing power to Brussels is that "the power goes to the technocrats, and not the democrats." A lot of his colleagues feel the same way. The Brussels bureaucracy is to some extent sui generis and, as such, unaccountable, and the Commission (including and sometimes especially Delors) tends to resist all efforts to make it "democratic"—to put it directly under the control of the European Parliament, or to hold popular or even parliamentary elections for the commissioners in their home countries.

It may be Delors's genius that he is all three things—a businessman, a politician, and a bureaucrat. He says that his work makes no sense if he is entirely at the service of economics. America shocks him, because people in America slip so easily into poverty, and the government is not accountable, and the politicians talk about market forces instead of about a "social net," or even about a Weltanschauung. He likes to say that the difference, in Europe, is

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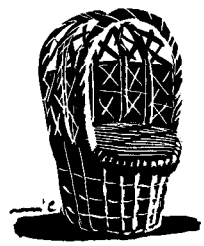
not so much a matter of wealth as a matter of a belief that society could and should be better—and that his "European" is not a *petite personne seule*. Delors is not really a free-market person. He does not believe in the virtue of pure market forces, or that the market regulates anything by itself. He seems to want a market softened by what he calls "public interventions and social negotiations." The British, who dislike him, take this to mean that he is basically just another well-placed French protectionist. It distresses the British that Americans tend to blame "Europe" for the collapse of the GATT talks, over agriculture tariffs. Most "Europeans" would tend to blame France (and to some extent Germany), because France is notoriously stubborn on the subject of farmers, and has sabotaged their own Common Agricultural Policy talks to the degree that agriculture has had to be left out of the 1992 single-market project. Delors, for his part, says that it is wrong for a European to talk about "rationalizing" farms to competitive market standards if that means putting thousands of farmers out of work or taking them off land that is so much a part of their identity and their history. He is, of course, being disingenuous. Europe, and especially France, has always been protectionist about agriculture. Sixty per cent of the Community's income goes to farm subsidies, and most of those subsidies—eighty per cent, people say—go not to Delors's *petites personnes seules*, struggling to get by, but to the twenty per cent of Europe's farmers who are in fact already rationalized and thriving, and whose political weight is enormous. Britain has been the most efficient—or ruthless—of The Twelve about rationalizing its farms to conform to Common Market specifications. In the process it became Europe's model agricultural power. When France claims subsidies now in the interests of *concurrence*—which is another way of saying competition—the British accuse the French of bad faith, and of an old French double standard that has nothing to do with "Europe" at all.



Still, a lot of Europe's problems are its eccentric strength. They have (at least rhetorically) to do with a sense of place and with seemly change and with the difficulty of preserving the texture and quality of ordinary life for people who still tend to think of foreigners as the folks in the next village, let alone the folks, or the cows or the oranges, in the next country. The cost to England, in social disaffection, of its model farms is not a cost the French, or the Germans, are prepared to pay, or perhaps can pay. It is certainly not a price the Hungarians can pay, or the Czechs or the Poles—which is why The Twelve worry about having to support them. The Community made Greece prepare for five years and Portugal and Spain for nine before taking them in—or on—and, even so, Greece was such a disaster "in Europe" that most of the other members regret ever encouraging it to apply. Some of the rich relations say now that "Europe" should have stopped at its six original members. The poor relations still need special banking status, against capital flight—which keeps *their* people from investing in the rest of Europe. They need special terms of trade, and special subsidy arrangements. To some extent, the rich relations support them. Nine years ago, the French were so alarmed at the prospect of cheap Spanish oranges and cheap Spanish wine entering France "free" that farmers here blocked the border roads with pickup trucks and refused to move them. And, if the truth is (as some of the commissioners point out) that the French now sell "mountains of strawberries" to the Spanish, it is also true that the Spanish sometimes cannot afford to buy much from the French except strawberries. There is a good argument to be made that "Europe" was better off as six or seven or eight rich countries. The Twelve have settled a hundred and ninety-eight of their directives for '92, but they still have eighty-four to resolve, and those are some of the hardest—the ones that touch directly on who is rich and who is poor in a united Europe, the ones about parity in taxes and subsidies and about the cost of immigration and services.

The whole Community pays when one country pays a subsidy. A couple of years ago, France began subsidizing Renault, which is a state company, by cancelling Renault's debt of more than two billion dollars to the state banks. Brussels approved the subsidy, with conditions, and changed its mind when Renault ignored the conditions—and the result was that Renault negotiated, and eventually half of the debt was reinstated. (The problem now is that when a state owes money to itself it is unlikely that the money gets paid.) Brussels has the right, by treaty, to veto preferential or disguised subsidies, and six state companies here—including Thomson, Rhône-Poulenc, Elf Aquitaine, and the electric company—are under investigation by Brussels for channelling public money as "loans" to smaller companies that were having trouble competing. But the question gets complicated when the subsidies are indirect—when they have to do with public contracts, or with excise taxes or value-added taxes or interest rates that keep local industries in place by making it too expensive for foreign businesses to enter. In France, for example, the VAT—the value-added tax—accounts for half the tax revenue in the country. It runs from eight per cent on your food to more than eighteen and a half per cent on your telephone bill or your plumber's bill—and it can add a third to the price of your car. The British, on the other hand, pay no food taxes, while the Danes pay twenty-two per cent and the Swedes twenty-five per cent on nearly everything they buy, and the Germans paid only about nine and a half per cent until the cost of East Germany drove up their VAT to fourteen per cent, which is something closer to the Community average. (Jean François-Poncet, who used to be Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's Finance Minister and is, by his own assessment, "a European, though not theological about it," says the best thing about German unification is that Bonn has had to raise its sales taxes, and that "this is good for the 1992 negotiations.") The real 1992 will not take place until there is agreement on interest rates and insurance rates and taxes—including excise taxes, like the Danish and Dutch beer taxes, which are still twice the Community average—because sales taxes and service taxes are a form of tariff. So is what some of the Brussels bureaucrats call "fiscality diversity"—meaning that people put their money where the taxes on capital gains and the laws on holding companies are the most congenial.

It is probably accurate to say that right now most of the important changes

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that are going to take place for '92 have already taken place—quite apart from the erratic pace of ratification. (Italy, for one, and Greece, for another, agree to everything in Brussels but rarely bother to ratify any of the directives at home, and this has held up the "official" 1992 to the point where Brussels now issues monthly bulletins complaining about it.) Right now, "Europeans" from the original rich relations, as well as from Britain and Denmark, can already buy companies in any Community country without asking permission or making a declaration, while people from outside the Community often need permission to buy more than a minority share of a "European" business. "Europeans" can already practice law or medicine or teach in each other's countries. "Europeans" already flash their passports or their *cartes d'identité* at special passport counters (while the rest of the world waits in line), and it is unlikely that they will save much time when they have stopped flashing them at all. "Europeans" who want to avoid risking big drops (or rises) in exchange rates already write their contracts in ecus. By now, their worries are largely symbolic. People worry that "Europe" will never standardize its plugs. They worry about *décalage:* about investing in a market before there is a market—which means changing plugs before their customers have changed their wall sockets. They worry that, perversely, a single market will produce less of a Fortress Europe than a Playground Europe, because the Americans and the Japanese they want to keep out of "Europe" may in fact have an easier time buying Europe when there is only one market to penetrate instead of twelve. They worry about whether they can get from one market to one currency, and from one currency to one government, and from one government to one army—which is not likely when the British talk about everybody keeping his own money but floating a thirteenth currency called a "hard ecu," something on the order of a "golden ruble" in a *beriozka* shop, and the Germans refuse to put their political will behind their Deutsche marks in a Gulf War and then use it to ignore the rest of The Twelve and support the rights of Slovenians and Croatians to secede from Yugoslavia, and neutral countries like Austria and Sweden start applying, and France refuses to endorse a new "rapid-reaction" NATO force with a British commander. But mainly the problem for "Europe" right now is where "Europe" stops, and where being "European" stops. It has to do with the rights of fifteen million immigrant workers who are already "in Europe," and a hundred and ten million East Europeans who want to be "in Europe," and a hundred and twenty-two million Japanese who, according to some of the Brussels commissioners, would like to reinvent "Europe" as a Japanese monopoly.

THE French and the British rarely agree about anything having to do with 1992, but right now they agree about Germany—which really means about East Europe, because opening "Europe" to East Europe will inevitably tilt the balance of power in the E.C. to Germany. The French do not want East Europe in "Europe" because of Germany, and the British *want* East Europe in "Europe" because of Germany (the British think that letting more countries into the E.C. will dilute "Europe," will turn it into a trade association, and put a stop to talk about political federation, and in the end save "British sovereignty"), but they are both saying that Germany must not be allowed to dominate the Continent again. It is not simply that *Mitteleuropa* traditionally "belongs" to Germany. Germany has been the center of East Europe in terms of trade and traffic and influence and markets. German is still the first language in parts of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Slovenia—wherever Germans lived or the Hapsburgs ruled—and, despite the best efforts of the Russians, it is still the second language in some places the Nazis ruled. Once Austria is in "Europe"—and certainly if Slovenia, which borders Austria, and Croatia, which borders Slovenia, succeed in seceding from Yugoslavia—there will indeed be a "Teutonic belt," as the French now call it, a huge swath of culture and trade that, depending on your point of view, Germany inspires or dominates.

Before the Wall came down in Germany (and for some months afterward), France was on Germany's "side" in the Community. France wanted to secure its own influence, and it grabbed Germany's coattails, figuring that the fruits of Germany's astonishing pros-

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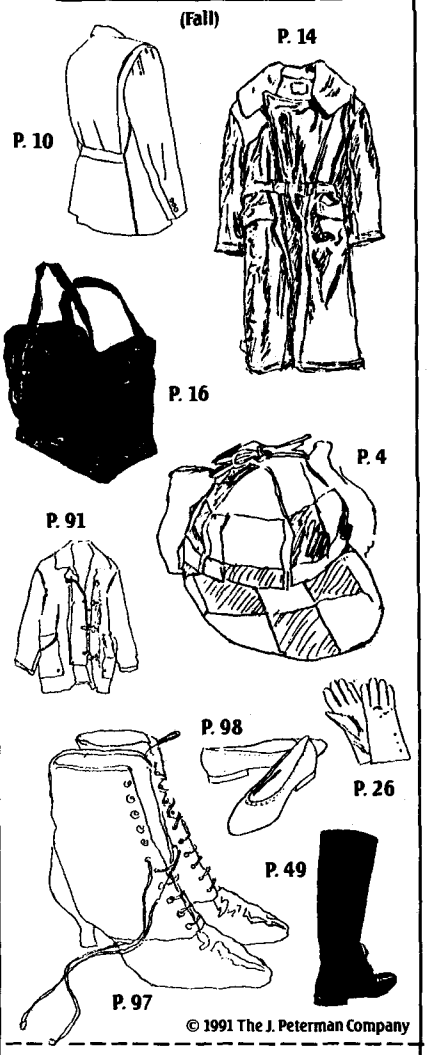

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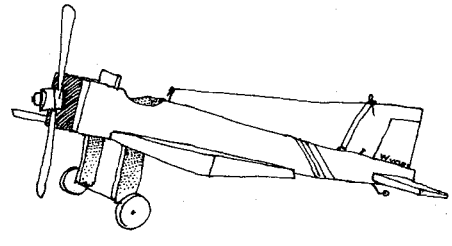
perity would eventually accrue to France—in trade, in investment, in luxury markets, in subcontracts. Margaret Thatcher, for better or worse, was the only one whose trade minister talked about a French poodle on a German leash. France saw Germany as the key to restoring some of the authority France itself had lost, and did not much care what the rest of the Community thought, or whether its own economy would not be better served with better products—there is no one in France who would buy a French refrigerator, say, if a German refrigerator were in the stores and were not much more expensive—or fewer holidays. (In France, when a holiday falls in the middle of the week, everybody makes a *pont*, and the country shuts down until the next Monday; this May, France lost a week of workdays because of people making *ponts*.) The French complain now about Germany taking over Europe, but in their way they are just as avid as the Germans, having had so little real power lately beyond a remarkable power to convince themselves that France is still the center of the world.

The signs from Germany were not that hard to read. The British read them. People in Britain knew, for one thing, that it was often impossible for a "European" (or anybody else) to buy a company in Germany or control a German bank or take over an important German farm. It didn't matter what accords were signed and what directives were ratified; if the Germans didn't want to let you in, their economy was calibrated enough—with the Bundesbank brokering a kind of entente cordiale among the political parties, the industrialists, and the trade unions—and their red tape sticky enough, so that they didn't have to let you in. They were happy to share the problems of East Germany with the rest of Europe, but they would have preferred to keep the business of East Germany almost entirely to themselves—as part of the patrimony. Serge Weinberg's company is one of about seventy French companies to have bought into Germany since the Wall came down (it bought a distribution plant in Hannover, with a turnover of a hundred and seventy million dollars, and then opened three outlets in East Germany), and Weinberg says that Germany may be reinventing its "Bismarck policy," keeping a hat in the West and a hat in the East and pretending to have no hat at all. Delors himself says that Germany has a problem of "political conscience" and is reluctant to "weigh in politically in the world"—by which he means in "Europe."

The argument in France lately has been that France is "Atlantic"—closer to the West, in every way, than Germany, whatever the French may say about NATO. It is Delors's argument, too. He says that the Helmut Kohls and the Helmut Schmidts may be "Atlantic," but ordinary Germans are feeling at least as "German" as "Atlantic," and they are turning eastward, and he is convinced that 1992 has to happen while the Kohls and the Schmidts still have the will and the authority to keep them looking westward. He wants to lock Germany into the sort of commitments that will place it firmly in "Europe" when decisions about trade with the East and about Community applications from the East are made. He does not want "Europe" (or France) to foot a punishing bill for access to markets and investments which turns out to be exclusively Germany's access. This is why he calls Sweden "our next marriage contract," and why François Mitterrand forgets his own rhetoric about France as the conscience of all Europe and turns down Václav Havel when Havel asks for assurances about "Europe," and why John Major wants to slow down loans to Hungary, and why no one but Lech Walesa talks about Poland "in Europe." It is a risky policy. "Europe" may not be able to afford to let East Europe in—Mitterrand went on the radio last month to say it would be "tens and tens of years" before any of East Europe was ready for "Europe"—but it cannot afford to keep East Europe out entirely, either. It is a question of face, and a question of credibility, and a question of stability—and mainly a question nobody knows how to answer. Mitterrand made the mistake of trying to answer it with a scheme for "confederation," and included Russia in the bargain. Havel stopped talking to him. The cynics said that Mitterrand should have offered the East at least a "*vocation pour l'Europe*"—which is the Community euphemism for promising and putting off membership at the same time.



IT is expected that half the people in what was East Germany will be out of work by the end of 1991. A lot of those people will try to go to West Germany, and some, at least, will cross the open borders of 1992 and look for work in "Europe." There is talk in France about an "invasion" of (depending on the level of alarm) ten or twenty, or even forty, million East European workers once the passport barriers are down. I have heard otherwise tolerant Frenchmen complain that those workers will be indistinguishable from "Europeans" travelling freely within the Community, and will end up in places like Paris or Clermont-Ferrand, looking for jobs. They point to what happened in Italy this year when twenty thousand Albanians arrived and it was impossible to feed them, let alone support them or find them jobs—most of the Albanians went home—and say, reasonably, that the burden of immigration will fall on the rich relations. Or they talk about America, where everybody was or is an immigrant, and say it is immigration that explains America's lack of "memory" or "history" or "culture." They forget the extent to which Europe has always crossed its borders. There are towns in the north of France that are almost entirely Polish, towns in the south that are almost entirely Italian. By now, in fact, more than a quarter of the French have at least one grandparent who was born in another country. The alarm here has a curious racist undertone, since it has to do with East Europeans "passing" for "Europeans" at train stations and airports, and never with Asians in England or Arabs in France passing for Europeans. Robert Toulemon, a French *inspecteur générale des finances* who used to be a director general of the Commission, says that where "Europe" is concerned "the fantasies in people's heads become the political realities."

One of the most popular books in France last year was called, after Jean Renoir, "La Grande Illusion"—the illusion this time being that "Europe" could exist at all, after the revolutions in East Europe. The author, Alain

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Minc, was himself the victim of a famous "Europe" illusion—in 1988, he persuaded the Italian financier Carlo De Benedetti to let him try to take over the Société Générale de Belgique for De Benedetti's French holding company, and the Belgians got so angry at the thought of a Frenchman raiding a Belgian bank that they stopped the sale. But Minc's end-of-Europe hypothesis is one that many people share. ("The fall of the Wall is the fall of Delors" is how Jean-Pierre Chevènement, a left-wing nationalist who used to be the Defense Minister here, puts it.) Robert Toulemon, on the other hand, thinks that the cost of East Germany to the Germans—the fact that the mark is vulnerable now—has in fact made Germany "more like the rest of us," and may even have persuaded Germany that, compared with the East, "Europe" is an investors' paradise. No one, of course, really knows. But the panic about immigration is real, because in '92 there will be no formal control over people moving through "Europe," and this means that an East European will be able to stay a "European" until the authorities find him and try to send him home.

There is already a development bank in place for East Europe. Its name is the European Bank for Reconstruction & Development—though everybody here calls it "Attali's bank," because Mitterrand's friend Jacques Attali is the president—and it has subscribed capital from thirty-nine governments, including The Twelve. Attali's only experience in banking is a biography he wrote of the Hamburg banker Siegmund Warburg, but he has put together a very good staff—Ronald Freeman, from Salomon Brothers, is his first vice-president, and Andre Newburg, from the American law firm Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton, is his general counsel—and an investment base of ten billion ecus, which is about twelve billion dollars, and is already being used to finance heating systems in Poland and will probably be used soon in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, too.

Twelve billion dollars is not going to solve very many of East Europe's problems, but it is a start, or a stopgap, because right now there are not many private banks or businesses willing to put their money into what Mitterrand calls "those alarmingly dilapidated countries." A year and a half ago, there was a spurt of investment—people fantasized incredible new markets in the East, and peddled junk bonds and mutual funds, and bought up bankrupt factories before the Communists had even finished clearing out their desks—but now the romance is gone, and there is very little serious investment ("only the thieves," one investment banker said), and bankers like Pierre Moussa say that "Europe" has to create "gimmicks, guarantees, anything" to coax private money into East Europe. Europeans today are like the governments they elect. They are scared to invest, scared of losing their money, scared of buying literally nothing when they buy a factory in Poland or a company in Czechoslovakia, scared of the kind of nationalism that could lead to civil wars—scared, even, that the chaos in East Europe will produce a nostalgia for Communism. Moussa, whose father was an Egyptian immigrant, says that investment in East Europe has to be considered a kind of defense spending. He says that all the old arguments for investing in the East—arguments about opening up markets, and even humanitarian arguments—have been superseded by a new argument, which runs that inasmuch as "Europe" is rich, civilized (meaning not a police state), and, for practical purposes, united, it is open to "invasions of immigrants" unless it can begin to make life bearable for East Europeans at home. Most businessmen and investment bankers would dispute the word "invasions." The etiquette here is to say that the West needs stability in the East, and to leave it at that.

BUSINESS in France tends to worry more about a Japanese invasion, and while few French businessmen have any affection for Édith Cresson, the new Prime Minister, they do say that "she expressed our preoccupations" when, as Minister for European Affairs, she announced that the Japanese were "like ants," eating up everything, and then, as Prime Minister, refused to apologize for the statement, saying, "Well, that's the way they are." Mme. Cresson is notoriously maladroit (last month, she summoned rap groups from the immigrant housing projects to a garden party at the Matignon and had them entertain the guests, who were drinking champagne and sampling fancy hors d'oeuvres), and she has been strident about protect-

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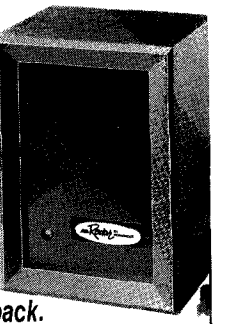

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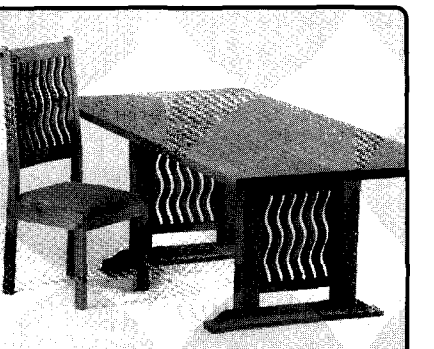

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ing French industry—whatever the Community has to say about protectionism. The French are alarmed by what they call British "collaboration" with Japan—Nissan's coming into England and hiring English workers to produce cars and then sending those cars to the Continent to compete with *their* cars—and are especially alarmed because the British seem delighted with the arrangement. British free-market ideology is, if not their fantasy, their obsession. They want to include the British Nissans in the Community's Japanese-car quota, and when Sweden joins they want to include the cars that Volvo and Mitsubishi are planning to make together in Sweden. They like to say that it is really a question not of cars but of civilization—a question of, say, Sony's controlling communications technology and then communications networks and ultimately communications itself—and they repeat what some of the Brussels commissioners have been saying: that the Japanese play by different rules, that the Japanese have "plans" to take over the world, that the Japanese idea of competition is a Japanese monopoly. (Rosemary Righter, who writes the international and economic editorials for the London *Times* and is herself an entirely free-market person, has pointed out that when the Japanese lifted their own citrus and beef tariffs they simply moved into the citrus- and beef-producing countries and bought the orange groves and the cattle ranches.) The French say they do not want to see French workers wearing uniforms or starting the morning with Soko circles, like the American workers at the Nissan factory in Tennessee. Euan Baird, the Scottish geophysicist who runs Schlumberger, likes to remind his friends that French policemen wear uniforms and French soldiers wear uniforms and French garbage collectors wear uniforms and nobody complains about that, but he says that his friends are not amused. Baird thinks the best way to protect a market is by making better products than the competition—a thought the French, like the Americans, have a hard time accepting, perhaps because it is so obvious.

Mme. Cresson is, by all evidence, what people in Brussels call "bad for Europe." She is narrow and didactic, and she talks all the time about saving France without seeming to be able to find anything in France worth saving. She thinks by making comparisons. She wants France's factories to be just as good as Germany's factories. She wants France's economy to be controlled by a new *grand ministère*, the way Japan's economy is planned. She wants France's farms to be as productive as Britain's farms. People here listened to Mme. Cresson for her first few weeks in office, and were puzzled by the insistent, ingenuous things she said, but the feeling now is that she is around for the rhetoric of "France," and if she expresses people's preoccupations about the economy, she still has nothing, practically speaking, to do with the economy. The person who runs the economy is Mitterrand's Finance Minister, Pierre Bérégovoy—a shrewd and fairly sophisticated man. Bérégovoy is considered "good for Europe."

The Fifth Republic is only thirty-three years old—about the same age as the Common Market—but the French like to talk about Fifth Republic "traditions," and one of those traditions seems to be that the President always replaces his Prime Minister about halfway through his own seven-year term. Mitterrand in fact had three Prime Ministers during his first *septennat*. He had Pierre Mauroy and Laurent Fabius and, finally, Jacques Chirac—though he had very little choice in the matter of Chirac, because Chirac's conservative coalition had just won an election. Mitterrand's firing of Michel Rocard was more on the order of Georges Pompidou's famous firing of Jacques Chaban-Delmas halfway through *his* term. There was something gratuitous and, certainly, cynical about it. One senator put it this way: "Mitterrand hated Rocard, who was sly and gave him no good reason to fire him, so Mitterrand fired him for no good reason." That was pretty much the story of Pompidou and Chaban-Delmas, too. It is hard to see how anyone could really hate Rocard, who is a mild, decent, and surprisingly unworldly man, moderate in his politics and modest about most things, including calling attention to himself, but he was not Mitterrand's sort of man—not grave enough or important enough or authoritative enough. In fact, the only thing he ever did without Mitterrand's permission was to try to be nominated in his place—in 1981 and again in 1988—which from Mitterrand's point of view amounted to treason. Rocard will certainly try again in '95, which is why some people say Mitterrand fired him to clear the way for a succession *he* controls. Some people say he fired Rocard in order to provoke a crisis in the National Assembly and call an early election. Some say he fired Rocard to shatter the old political configuration and convert France to a proportional system—which he did, briefly, in the nineteen-eighties, ruining the Communists, letting Front National reactionaries into the Assembly, and then seeing to it that the new election law was cancelled. Some people say he fired Rocard to get the women's vote, some to get the dogged provincial left-wing vote that people here call the lycée professors' vote. A few people say he wanted to do something nice for one woman: the French are so persuaded of an old romance between François Mitterrand and Édith Cresson that *Libération* announced her appointment with a picture of the new Prime Minister, in deep décolletage, sitting on what looked like a bed (it was probably a living-room couch) and smiling through a bunch of roses. Others say he was simply getting ready for 1992—squirrelling away some French bargaining power by being difficult and making the other eleven nervous.

Mitterrand is often compared with de Gaulle. He admires de Gaulle, and encourages the comparison, but, unlike de Gaulle, he is an almost entirely political character, and maybe the only way to begin to understand him is to accept that, as one skeptical friend of his put it, "François Mitterrand is his own first principle." He seems unscrupulous when he is in fact being scrupulous in his own interest. (Diplomats at the Organization for Economic Coöperation and Development, which is based in Paris, say he is always at his most agreeable in negotiations where the E.C. has "competence," or authority, over its member states—and that's when they know he has instructed his people in Brussels to subvert them.) He is shameless and subtle at the same time, and he is often so obvious that it amounts to a kind of obfuscation. He always drags in "France" when people are starting to neglect him. He wants, as *The Economist* said, "special friend status." He promotes France's tutelage

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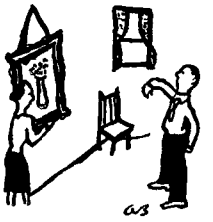
as if it were a German car or a Dutch tulip or an American army. He tried it in Latin America and then in the Middle East, and lately in East Europe. Now he is trying it in "Europe." It is what you could call his personal Bismarck policy, because if Cresson is there for the argument against "Europe" (in other words, for domestic consumption) and Bérégovoy for the argument *for* "Europe" (or "European" consumption), Mitterrand is there for France and for himself—which right now involves making sure that Germany, or, for that matter, America, does not "get" East Europe, even if it means letting East Europe go.



Last month, Mitterrand sponsored a conference in Prague on the future of East Europe; he included the Russians and pointedly excluded the Americans—and shocked East Europeans to the point where Václav Havel nearly told him to stay home. Havel had met with Mitterrand in March, and tried to remind him that East Europe had had an unpleasant experience with Russians, and that the experience had lasted forty years and was barely over, but apparently Mitterrand preferred to talk about how terrible Americans were, and Havel went back to Prague and said he would not be used to promote François Mitterrand or vague rhetoric about confederation that had more to do with making France look good than with making Czechoslovakia and its neighbors "European." Mitterrand had pitched his confederation the way he pitched his peace plans during the Gulf War—he was dismissing his friends, saying, in effect, that France was the country to count on, but not that France was able to deliver, or even wanted to deliver.

A businessman I know here likes to remind me that the French are terrific at talking but not very sophisticated at doing. He says that Mitterrand is "nationalist by anxiety," because Mitterrand knows France well enough to suspect that the French would sell the country to the Germans or the Japanese if it were a question of money—that the French are the closet hyper-liberals of the E.C., and that a French President's job is, as it were, to protect them from themselves. The French complain more—or louder—about immigrants than other Europeans, but it is other Europeans who write the harshest immigration laws. By now, more than ten per cent of the people in France were born outside France, including a million Portuguese, a million Africans, and as many as four million North African Arabs. One of Rocard's last acts as Prime Minister was to shorten the naturalization process for immigrants living legally here and eligible for citizenship. It was a way of settling the status of those immigrants before 1992, because once "Europe" is open to "Europeans" the status of immigrants everywhere in the Community will be, if anything, more precarious than it is now, and the rights of "resident" immigrants (to work, to settle) will be under discussion all the time. A lot of stopgap regulations are being written now. Britain, for example, has ordered the Home Office to start requiring visas for Moroccans, even though there are almost no Moroccans who live in Britain, or visit Britain, or probably even want to visit Britain. The new rule has to do with Moroccans entering Britain and then, once the borders are down, crossing from Britain into France. Britain still refuses to sign the Schengen Accords, which eight of The Twelve have signed, and which have to do with sharing information and authority for visas, border guards, extraditions, and political refugees. But eventually Britain will have to coöperate, and, in its rather sinister way, the rule about Moroccans is a form of coöperation.

The panic about immigrants from East Europe has been mainly a financial panic, but the immigration from North Africa and Asia over the past forty years has fed—and even produced—a deeper panic, which has to do with European identity and with how to preserve identity. The right in France has turned racism into "identity" and "identity" into a mystique—which to an extent it was anyway—and spread an apocalyptic vision of 1992 as a kind of European Babel. Jean-Marie Le Pen went on the air last month to say how shameful it was for a country that had fought to secure Israel's borders to care so little about securing its own. He talked about a "legal invasion" organized by Socialists, and instructed his party, the Front National, to start issuing fake *cartes d'identité* from the

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"République Socialiste Anti-Française." The sad fact is that some immigrants took them for the real thing.

There is a trade in papers among immigrants here. People in the Chinese and Vietnamese neighborhoods sell the papers of relatives who have died. People in the North African neighborhoods buy them from immigrants who have given up on France and are going home. The new Polish immigrants (they began to arrive in numbers when the border between Germany and Poland opened) are terrified of being expelled if they are still without papers in '92, and they buy fake *cartes d'identité* from hustlers they would never have trusted in Poland. A Polish woman on my Paris street gave twelve thousand francs to a man who was going to manufacture a *carte d'identité* for her husband, and the man disappeared, and the money with him, and there was no way she could go to the police and complain without getting in trouble herself—for entering France illegally, for working illegally, for ordering forged documents, for conspiracy to defraud. Women like my neighbor often have an easier time as immigrants—they slip, as she did, into *travail noir* and work as maids or concierges or seamstresses. But the men have trouble, because the jobs they can get involve work contracts and work permits—street-cleaning for the city, garbage-collecting—or are, say, construction jobs or masons' jobs, and hard to come by in hard times.

The unemployment rate in France is high—nine and a half per cent. There are a million more Frenchmen out of work today than there were when Mitterrand took over, ten years ago, and this feeds the xenophobia that people like Le Pen excite. This spring, two young North Africans died within a few weeks of each other in a town called Mantes-la-Jolie, west of Paris—the first died of asthma, in police custody, two days after he was arrested and beaten, and the second was shot in the back of the head, through the rear window of a stolen car, after some friends in another stolen car ran over and killed a policewoman—and by now the uneasy truce between the French and the Arab workers here, which was painfully negotiated (and in some cases paid for) during the Gulf War, is over. There has been rioting in immigrant towns and housing projects all over the country. Mme. Cresson has talked about chartering planes to send the illegal immigrants home. Jacques Chirac, who is the mayor here, made an astonishing speech about sympathizing with the French worker in a project in the Goutte d'Or who sees his Arab neighbor, with "three or four wives and twenty kids," getting a welfare check for fifty thousand francs without working at all, and—"if you add to that the noise and the smell"—goes crazy. None of this makes life easier for the commissioners in Brussels who are trying to define the "free movement of goods and people"—including the movement of an Algerian from Mantes-la-Jolie who is a French resident but not a French citizen and who wants a job in, say, Copenhagen or Amsterdam, or the movement of a Pakistani with a "Commonwealth" passport (which means he is a British national but not quite a British citizen) who takes the train through the new Channel tunnel and tries to open a grocery store on the other side. Immigrants in "Europe" are still considered a little like the Nissans that are produced in Britain by British workers but are in the end "Japanese"; no one can decide whether they are foreign goods, part of a community quota, or a real, homegrown "European" product.

THE place to look for 1992 is Paris. People who say that '92 is about "anticipation" are often Paris people, because, whatever the arguments about '92 in the ministries and the banks and the various party headquarters, the city is changing. It is hard to describe, except to say that Paris feels like Paris again—after years when the city inspired mainly a nostalgia for itself. No one can say exactly how a city comes alive, or what the ingredients of a revival are, or the sources or cycles of vitality that suddenly begin to draw people—only that the revival has happened. Paris was an easy, agreeable, beautiful, and remarkably boring city for the last fifteen or twenty years, and then, a couple of years ago, it was an exciting city, and everybody wanted to be here, and people said that the time to move was now, the time to buy was now, the time to make a place for yourself was now, because by 1992 Paris would be "finished"—meaning there would be no room for anybody else. The restoration of Paris was for practical purposes already finished. The job that André Malraux began—cleaning the old buildings, sandblasting the monuments, putting gardeners in the parks, dusting out the museums—was done, despite the best efforts of the politicians to subvert it (Georges Pompidou letting developers onto the riverbank, and levelling the middle of Montparnasse for an office tower; Giscard turning Les Halles into an underground shopping center; Mitterrand commissioning gigantesque "Presidential projects," like the Finance Ministry that, according to its architect, was designed to "rape the Seine"). To everyone's surprise, Jacques Chirac was a diligent and anxious mayor when he was not talking about Arabs or trying to be President, and Jack Lang was a diligent and anxious Minister of Culture when he was not pinning medals on the movie stars and television intellectuals he wanted to have to dinner. The two of them saw to it that there was more public money available for culture in the city of Paris than there was—or still is—for the whole of the United States. Artists from all over the world started using Paris as a base, and then kids from all over the world started coming. The same people who ten years earlier had announced that Paris was dead, and the only scene was New York, looked for apartments. The prices of apartments quadrupled in those ten years, and people kept coming. They moved the scene into the outlying neighborhoods of Belleville and Ménilmontant, where a lot of the old immigrant workers lived, and fixed up lofts and opened theatres and shops and bars and galleries. They compared it to London in the sixties and New York in the seventies—and, indeed, Paris in the twenties. In a way, the attrition in New York was Paris's gain.

It wasn't so much that Parisians were getting more interesting or more welcoming or more creative; it was that Paris "anticipated" Europe, and began to feel like a capital, and took

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up its old vocation, which was providing the *lieu*—the enchanting space where people came together and a scene "happened." It is hard to say whether the young followed the marketplace to Paris or the marketplace, alerted to the young, followed them. The scene moves easily now from the sleek new art galleries on the Rue de Lappe to the makeshift ateliers of an abandoned hospital complex in Montmartre that a group of Paris kids "borrowed" from the city and turned over to their friends as studio space and renamed the Hôpital de l'Éphémère; from little theatres like the Main d'Or, playing Stanislaw Witkiewicz to an audience of fifty people, to Peter Brook's Bouffes du Nord, with a "Tempest" starring an Ariel from Mali and a Prospero from Burkina Faso; from North African rap at three in the morning at Le Rex to William Christie at the Opéra Comique to Marianne Schroeder and Jay Gottlieb assaulting the twin pianos at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in a concert of avant-garde American music. There has been more—and better—music and dance and theatre in Paris this past season than in most Parisians' memory, and only a small part of it could properly be called "French." There was Deborah Warner's "King Lear" and "Richard III," from the National Theatre; Peter Zadek's "Merchant of Venice," from the Vienna Burgtheater; Robert Wilson's "The Black Rider" (with songs by Tom Waits and a text by William Burroughs), from the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg; Pina Bausch's "Palermo Palermo," from the Wuppertal Tanztheater; and Ariane Mnouchkine's Paris productions of "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the first two tragedies of the Oresteia, which Mnouchkine cast with a Brazilian Clytemnestra, a Lebanese Agamemnon, and an Indian Iphigenia, all of them artists living in Paris. Mnouchkine herself comes from Paris. She had an English mother and a Russian-Jewish father, and she moved to Oxford to go to school and then came home and became a French director, with a company of her own and, in time, an old ammunition factory in the Bois de Vincennes for a theatre. She is, arguably, the most interesting French director working now, but if you asked her fans to describe her they would probably say she is "a European in Paris."

—JANE KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Summer Festival

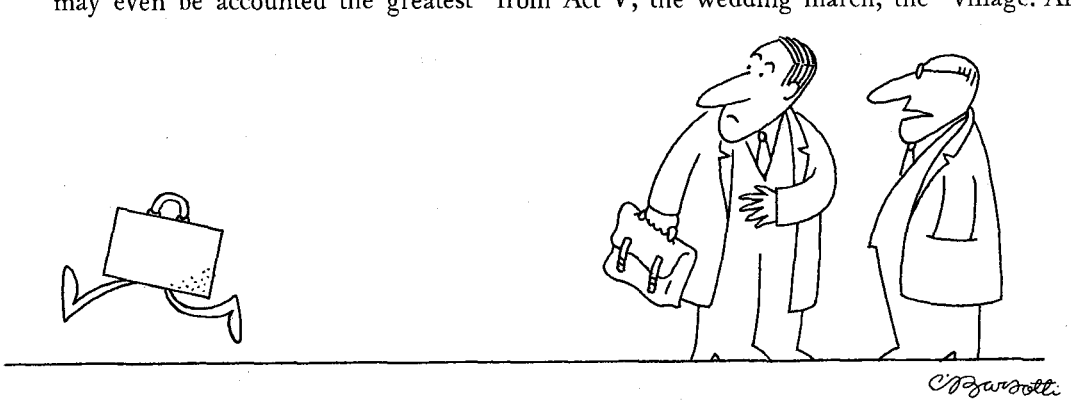
TILLESFEST is a new venture: Saturday and Sunday concerts by the New York Philharmonic at the Tilles Center, on the C. W. Post campus of Long Island University, along with Sunday-afternoon chamber recitals by players of the New York Philharmonic Ensembles. The campus, once Marjorie Merriweather Post's estate, has many fine trees. During the Fest, picnics (and Long Island wines) are on sale in the Center's plaza, to be eaten at shaded tables or on the lawns; there is also a restaurant. The main auditorium, which holds twenty-two hundred people, is probably the best big concert hall in or around New York: spacious, comfortable, well designed (by Mitchell/Giurgola), and welcoming, with warm, clear acoustics. The recital hall beside it, which holds about five hundred people, is visually lively—the concert axis on a diagonal within the square room—and acoustically intimate. There were three festival weekends, devoted to American music, with Christopher Keene conducting the Philharmonic; to Mozart, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting; and to Mendelssohn, with Kurt Masur conducting. I attended Mendelssohn Sunday and had a good time.

The reputation of Mendelssohn's chamber music stands high today—perhaps higher than it deserves, I sometimes think when hearing anything but the A-minor String Quartet, the D-minor Piano Trio, or the C-minor Piano Trio. John Horton suggests in his little 1972 guide that in the string-quartet field Mendelssohn "may even be accounted the greatest master of the medium between Beethoven and Bartók." Hans Keller wrote in a 1976 essay, "So far as Mendelssohn is concerned, my straightforward submission is that his best quartets are the greatest works of their genre between Schubert on the one hand and Bartók and Schoenberg on the other—not forgetting Schumann himself, Smetana, Brahms, Borodin, Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Debussy, Ravel, or anybody else we care to think of." At the Tilles afternoon recital, Jonathan Feldman was a fresh, fluent soloist in the D-minor Piano Trio, nicely personal in his phrasing; Hae-Young Ham, violin, and Alan Stepansky, cello, provided what Mendelssohn called the "accompaniment." Before the Trio, there was a pleasing account of the B-flat String Quintet led by Gary Levinson—graceful in the Andante, rhapsodic in the Adagio, sometimes overurgent, runaway, in the outer movements.

The evening concert began with the "Italian" Symphony. It is years since I heard the Philharmonic play with such joy, poetry, delicacy, and beauty of timbre and balance. No doubt a combination of Tilles acoustics, the orchestra's affection and respect for its new conductor, and a summer-evening spell was at work. In the second half, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" incidental music was played, complete. Overture, scherzo, intermezzo, nocturne were exquisitely voiced, magical, and we heard also what Tovey called "the wonderful music scattered through the dialogues in the forest"—melodramas, fairy song, fairy march—and, from Act V, the wedding march, the tiny funeral march for Pyramus (which, Tovey reminds us, "is in the same key as that in the 'Eroica' Symphony, but . . . is simpler in form, and scored for a smaller band, consisting of a clarinet, a bassoon, and a pair of kettledrums"), the inspired finale in which earlier strains are transfigured. Mr. Masur took the wedding march at a spanking allegro vivace; the brasses gleamed bravely, quite without the blare and glare that make many Philharmonic concerts in Fisher Hall distressing.

To provide a context, B. D. Wong (the protean star of "M. Butterfly") declaimed Shakespeare, abridged. Bottom wanted to play all the parts in "Pyramus and Thisby." Mr. Wong, using a variety of tessituras and tones, played all those of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Oberon, Puck, Bottom, Titania, Thisby, the four lovers—and had a high old time doing so. The result was not altogether successful: there was perhaps not enough text for anyone who did not know the play, too much for anyone who did; and in the large hall Mr. Wong, unamplified, had to sacrifice poetry of timbre to force and distinctness of projection. Still, this was as good a way as any—short of a theatre performance with a full orchestra and a full cast (which would be very costly) or a fine radio production—of presenting the score.

THE night before, I was at Waterloo. The big events of the Waterloo Festival are the Saturday-night concerts in Waterloo Village. Called Andover Forge until 1815, it was a New Jersey iron town in the eighteenth century, a busy port on the Morris Canal in the mid-nineteenth. When waterways yielded to railroads, the place declined, became a deserted village. After the Second World War, two friends acquired it, bit by bit, saving it from real-estate development, and carefully restored the old buildings that remained. Waterloo is now a peaceful, parklike, beautiful place, beside the Musconetcong River and the old canal; festival visitors should allow plenty of time for a pre-concert promenade. There is a tavern on the towpath, a restau-



"Let it go. I was thinking of taking early retirement anyway."

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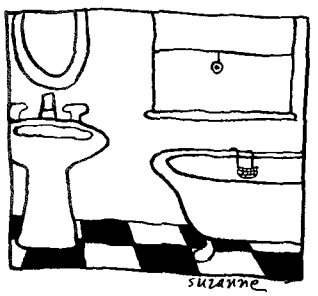
rant, picnic tables beneath the trees. Birds sing. Once darkness has fallen, the meadows and woods glitter with fireflies. Waterloo lies about fifty miles west of New York. It used to be reachable by train, but that was long ago; today there is no public transport, and for a carless New Yorker the excursion proves expensive.

The concerts are given in a tent, on the outskirts of the village, which holds twenty-eight hundred people and opens onto a lawn. Tent acoustics are often feeble, but those of the Waterloo tent—which is pitched over a fan-shaped concrete floor, sloping down to the platform—are strangely fierce and loud. Best to sit at the back, almost in the open. The programs mingle standard fare with festival specials. My visits in earlier years were to "Das Liebesverbot" and the Gluck-Wagner "Iphigenia in Aulis." This year, Carl Nielsen's big Fourth Symphony, the "Inextinguishable," preceded by the Sibelius Violin Concerto, made an attractive bill—works by two great composers who figure too seldom in today's orchestral programs. The large Waterloo orchestra comprises the students and the faculty of the Waterloo Festival School of Music (based in Princeton, where Friday-evening chamber recitals are given). Prepared and conducted by Richard Bradshaw, it gave a thrilling account of the "Inextinguishable." The young players—to many of them Carl Nielsen was surely new—responded with energy and conviction to the ideas forged in that fiery start and developed with such vigor of invention; did not miss the grace and smiling humanity of the Allegretto; felt the emotional intensity of the slow movement; held unbroken the long line of the symphony.



Does Sibelius's concerto need champions now? Ralph Wood's 1947 jest—"the best concerto that Tchaikovsky ever produced"—seems to have stuck, and (in a Sibelius symposium that was long the standard English commentary on the composer) Wood went on to write of tunes with "a not quite palatable vulgarity or obviousness"; of "the deplorable cadenza"; of the second subject as "a specimen of very cheap-tragic material . . . that relapse by the soloist into double-stopped sixths—how effective and how second-rate"; of a "jolly, tearing finale" that "is in some ways the most satisfactory movement of the three, if the emptiest." The concerto did not sound like that when, nearly fifty years ago, I first heard it; in its boldness, its untraditional ways of using the traditional violin-concerto devices, it sounded like "modern music." I thought it heroic, exciting, marvellous. Performances by Ginette Neveu and by David Oistrakh revived that schoolboy excitement. At Waterloo, with Gil Shaham a potent soloist, I felt it again. But the old undervaluation persists. All that Robert Layton has to say in New Grove is "The period of the Violin Concerto (1903, rev. 1905) was one of some turbulence, with mounting debts and bouts of heavy drinking which presented considerable domestic strain." In a Waterloo program note Samuel Lipman, the artistic director of the festival, wrote of "the atmosphere of nostalgia" and said that "Sibelius's music, in all its greatness, looks backward, not forward." Of course, Sibelius went on to compose symphonic works formally more adventurous and far greater, yet even in the concerto a future that composers as diverse as Robert Simpson, Peter Maxwell Davies, Hans Werner Henze, George Benjamin are still exploring is surely implicit.

In its original version, the Violin Concerto was an even bolder, more virtuoso, more dramatic composition. Sibelius withdrew the score after its first performance. It can now be heard again (along with the familiar concerto) on a BIS record, made by Leonidas Kavakos and the Lahti Symphony, conducted by Osmo Vänskä. The revision produced a tauter, more shapely work, but the original is worth discovery.

AT the Connecticut Early Music Festival last month, Handel's "Amadigi"—one of his early London operas, and a score of high distinction—received a happy performance, in the Harkness Chapel of Connecticut College, in New London. Supernatu-

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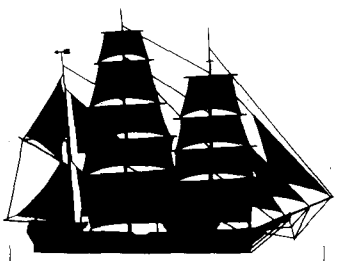

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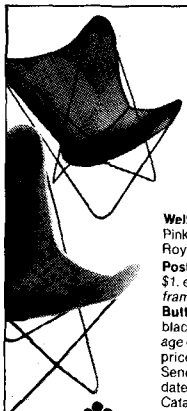

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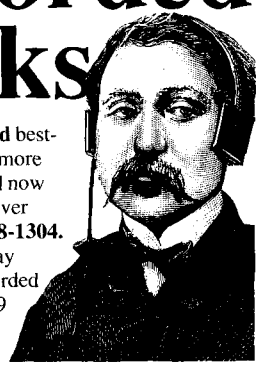

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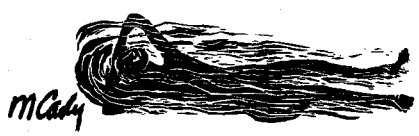

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ral spectacle has a large part in the stage directions, but the music is concerned with the emotions of four characters. Amadis, "a famous Heroe," and his friend Prince Dardanus both love Princess Oriana; she loves Amadis, and so does the enchantress Melissa. It is a situation with which most listeners, though of humbler station, can find some point of identification, and Handel treated it with warmth and directness. In this heightened enactment of emotional strife, Melissa's wiles and strategies propel the action. Amadis kills Dardanus toward the close of Act II. Toward the close of Act III, Melissa, every attempt at winning Amadis's love having failed, kills herself, and Oriana's uncle, the enchanter Orgando, descends in a cloud-covered chariot to bless the surviving couple. The Connecticut presentation was without scenery, but the singers made entrances and exits, and had their roles by heart. The listeners were furnished with facsimiles of the 1715 Italian/English libretto; mind's eye could picture such moments as "The Scene grows Light on a sudden, and there arises confusedly from the Ground, Vasas, Fountains, and Statues. And a Troop of infernal Spirits (sent by *Melissa*) on both sides of the Scene, prevent *Amadis*'s going off the Stage."

Will Crutchfield directed, from one of two harpsichords, and had prepared a confident, stirring performance. Only six strings were used; the players, led by Jörg-Michael Schwarz, were so sure and the acoustics of the chapel are so warm and encouraging that the vigor of Handel's inventions filled the space. "Amadigi," which was given uncut, has no continuo-only airs; one admired the unflagging lips, long breath, and true intonation of the oboes (John Abberger and Sarah Davol), and the eloquence of the bassoon (Thomas Sefcovic) in his telling solos. The recorder (Susan Thompson) warbled prettily with Amadis in his "Sussurrate, onde vezzose." Only the trumpet, called on to echo the hero's final declaration, "Sento la gioia," betrayed the hazards of early-instrument performance. Best of all, the soloists—four well-contrasted young singers with fluent, unpushed voices—revelled in the music and in the sunlit acoustics, declaimed and decorated boldly (Winton Dean's *Music & Letters* article about an adorned "Amadigi" air newly discovered had appeared in time to provide suggestions), rang out to set the chapel sounding with phrases affecting and beautiful. Theodora Hanslowe, the Amadis, already has a German career; one looks forward to hearing again her resolute, glinting mezzo. Natalie Arduino, the Dardanus—the Paris of Mannes's recent "Paride ed Elena"—has a lighter but equally supple, well-formed mezzo. Debra Vanderlinde, the Oriana, used two voices: a light, true, girlish soprano and a fuller, emotional lyric soprano; both were delightful, but some transitions were sudden. Angela Norton, the Melissa, has a more complicated, "richer" soprano, apt enough to the enchantress. Laura Danehower—the Helen of Mannes's "Paride"—was luxury casting in the small role of Orgando.

OPERA AT THE ACADEMY (the Academy of Art, next to the Public Theatre) last month presented what should have been a delectable bill of seventeenth-century music drama: John Blow's little opera "Venus and Adonis," Matthew Locke's little masque "Cupid and Death," and, between them, enactments of the Purcell scenas "Saul and the Witch of Endor" and "The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation." The performing space, the Academy's cast court, was favorable: five bays of the long, columned room, draped in white, were allotted to the stage, in a long perspective, and just two to the audience. Eminent directors—Christopher Alden, Travis Preston, Martha Clarke, and John Kelly—had worked with the performers. In a program note Paul Echols, the musical director, said that "while the dramatic purposes of this production have been to offer a late-twentieth-century insight into the works (rather than a reconstruction of baroque dramatic practice), the musical aims have been to teach the singers in Opera at the Academy's current Training Program the fundamentals of baroque vocal performance practice." The first, fundamental lesson of operatic singing in works of any century, "Bring the words to life," seemed unlearned by anyone except the countertenor Daniel Gundlach—the Saul of the first Purcell scena and a chorister in "Cupid and Death." In a small space where every word should have been audible, few words could be caught, and the dramas, despite the care that had been expended on their enactment, died. —ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

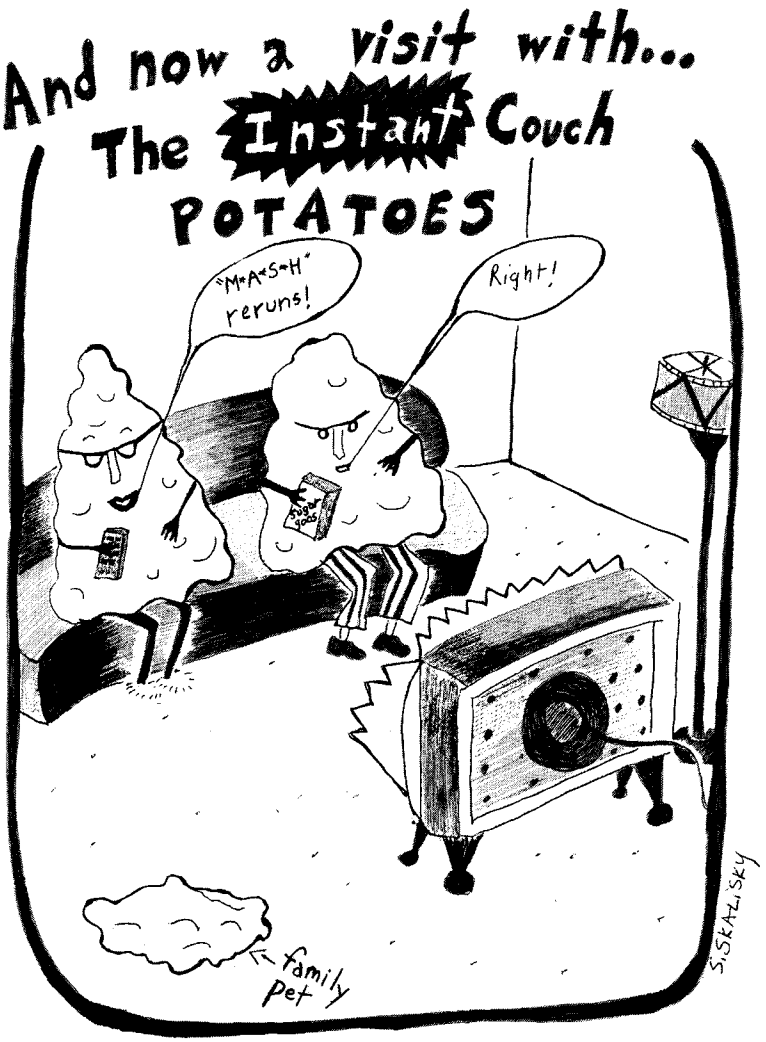
Boosted

IN the main public library of almost any major city in the United States you can find a large collection of outdated civic propaganda—booster literature—gathering dust. It may be called "Bound Pamphlets" or bear a shelf mark indicating that its contents are not individually catalogued. The collection will be full of ephemera: commercial-exchange brochures laid out in display fonts, city annuals printed on glossy paper, chamber-of-commerce booklets running heavily to superlatives. This literature has only one purpose: to sell the city. To boosters, history is a succession of local firsts and foremosts. In their cities, the supply of foresight is practically unlimited. Though labor is abundant, jobs are plentiful. Housing is sound but inexpensive. The women are virtuous, the men bold, the taxes low, the dogs peaceable. Year after year, in pamphlet after pamphlet, mayor after mayor sings his city's apotheosis. Rome wasn't boosted in a day.

But beneath the booster's breathless self-promotion there once lay real amazement. In the early nineteenth century, the western cities of America—cities like Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis—were growing from scratch. Unlike Paris or London, unlike even Boston or Philadelphia or New York, they were not erected around an old central core, where the idea of the city had already been devised, and they were not governed by immemorial custom. To their inhabitants, the past was a prairie or a forest, whose former occupants had been driven well beyond the horizon or had been exterminated. Aesthetic or civic concerns rarely obscured the factories and warehouses and rail yards on which these cities depended for their growth. The cities were vividly pragmatic, all muscle and bone, and they came to maturity just as the human capacity for shaping the ends of nature began to grow exponentially. As a result, some of these cities did not so much expand as explode. The awe their boosters felt was an emotion not wholly inspired by greed.

One peculiarity of booster literature is that in its pages nearly every city, no matter how preposterous its qualifications, aspires to be the first city in the nation, as if it were obvious what being the first city might mean. The sense was this: that as the tide of expansion rolled westward from New England and the Middle Atlantic states, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York would slowly wink out, to be superseded in importance by St. Louis, Chicago, and Denver. That is almost what happened. New York was never shaken from preëminence, but in 1890 Chicago surpassed Philadelphia in population, to become the second city in the nation, and nearly a century later it was itself surpassed by Los Angeles. Secondness has now gone about as far west as it can go.

The most dynamic of the second cities was Chicago, and it was most dynamic in the years immediately before and after the Civil War, when it was still preparing to overtake Philadelphia. It is no small irony that by the time Chicago eclipsed Philadelphia it had entered into relative decline, at least in those industries and markets which first made it great: grain storage, lumber sales, meatpacking. Dynamism brings turbulence. As a young city, Chicago had come to enjoy the regional, if not the national, dominance its boosters had predicted, but the economic formula for dominance changed decade by decade throughout the century, with unsettling effects on the city and on the countryside around it.



Chicago's mid-nineteenth-century rise and its ecological consequences are the subject of William Cronon's new book, "Nature's Metropolis: Chicago and the Great West" (Norton; $27.50). Cronon is an associate professor of history at Yale, and to the immense scholarly apparatus of his book—a hundred and sixteen pages of bibliography and notes, in very small type—he brings a purpose that is resolutely nonacademic. Noting in his preface that he will be discussing topics like commodity flow, and that the reader may at times feel mystification and boredom, Cronon says, "I urge you, reader, to

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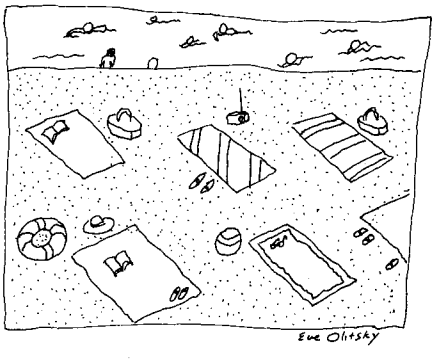
resist them both, as I have resisted the urge to load my text with statistical analyses and tables." This is what every academic writer, even if he does not threaten us with statistics and tables, has secretly wished to say to readers. And it would be coyness if Cronon, whose writing prevents mystification, did not have a subject so likely to repel boredom.

Midwestern cities are usually open cities, where one seems to slip downtown directly from the grid of rural roads. But Chicago is notoriously *not* an open city. To get to the heart of Chicago, especially from the south or the east, you must traverse a buffer zone full of hellish interest. Cronon, who as a boy frequently visited the city with his parents, writes of its outskirts, "The place remains in my memory as a gray landscape with little vegetation, a clouded sky hovering over dark buildings, and an atmosphere that suddenly made breathing a conscious act. I remember especially one smokestack with dense rusty orange vapor rising like a solid column far into the sky before it dissipated. We always saw it there, every year, and it signaled our entrance into The City." Today, someone confronted with such an industrial wasteland, or even with a sublime glimpse of the city from one of the world-beating skyscrapers Chicago has erected in order to give itself a profile and a vista, is hard put to it to remember that Chicago began in nature—that it was once just open land, a river, and a footing on Lake Michigan. Yet every city does begin in nature, and the boosting of every city begins with the natural advantages of its site. When Chicago's boosters originally burst into their froglike chorus, about the time of Chicago's first real-estate boom, in the eighteen-thirties, that was their theme. It persisted in strength for over half a century and no doubt persists still, boosting being a song of perdurable strains. One newspaper editor wrote in 1880, "Nature, or, to speak more reverently, He who is the Author of Nature, selected the site of this great city . . . and hence her future will not be subject to those causes which have paralyzed or destroyed many of the cities of past ages." Even boosters, it seems, no longer speak with quite such confidence.

But had Chicago somehow been permitted the use of only its natural advantages—its harbor on one of the Great Lakes, and its access to the abundant resources of the West—it might have suffered the fate of St. Louis, whose natural advantages were much greater. Situated at the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, and thus at the heart of the largest system of inland waterways in the United States, St. Louis was nonetheless all but knocked out of the running for second-city status as early as the eighteen-fifties. The reason was the railroad, which was more expensive than water transport, but less geographically restricted and faster. To use the word "natural" with regard to the railroad is, on the face of it, absurd. And yet by mid-century Chicago's position—another favorite word with boosters—was deemed "naturally" favorable to rail traffic, and Chicago rapidly became the most important rail center in the nation. As one analyst said, western railroads "were built *from* and eastern ones *to* Chicago." The convergence of so many rail systems in Chicago overcame at least two of the disadvantages of Chicago's natural advantages: the freezing of Lake Michigan every winter and the muddying of prairie roads every spring.

THROUGHOUT "Nature's Metropolis" Cronon distinguishes between first nature, as "original, prehuman nature," and second nature, as "the artificial nature that people erect atop first nature." It is really a distinction between a world shaped purely by ecological relations and a world shaped by capital, in which nearly every ecological relation has been subverted by an economic one. In certain sections of mid-nineteenth-century Chicago, that distinction would have been easy to miss. What other city anywhere had seen on its docks and streets and sidewalks the profusion of "natural" products that Chicago saw? Before the building of railways and grain elevators, sacks of wheat lay in immense piles everywhere on the ground around South Water Street. Before a centralized stockyard opened, in 1865, cattle and hogs were driven from several different railheads directly through city streets to the packing plants. And in the lumber district, where the sawed white pines of Wisconsin and Michigan were dried in immense stacks before being shipped to the treeless prairie, where they would become farmhouses and fences, the scene was still more impressive:



> The smell of sap and sawdust hung in the air, mingled with the less pleasant odors of sewage from the river. Here and there above the square woodpiles, one could glimpse the masts of docked ships as they unloaded the lumber in their holds, as well as the looming shapes and smoking stacks of nearby grain elevators. Otherwise, though, the vista stretching off into the gray middle distance was raw lumber and nothing else. The woodpiles dwarfed the offices of individual lumber merchants, which were barely distinguishable from their surroundings. After dark, it was a lonely and abandoned landscape, the gloom broken only by the wandering lanterns of night watchmen making their rounds to guard against fire and theft.

In Chicago's markets, each of these products—grain, meat, lumber—was in time abstracted from nature: turned into a commodity and so into capital. As long as wheat was still transported in sacks, for example, "the market had . . . few ways of separating grain as a priced commodity from the grain that had so recently clung to yellow stalks on the windy hillsides of former prairies." But with the invention of steam-powered grain elevators, which stored unsacked wheat in immense quantities, and the building of railroads, which shipped unsacked wheat by the carload, grain became a liquid, a river. The farmer no longer owned until final delivery the physical sacks of grain he had harvested from his fields. He owned instead an elevator receipt, an I.O.U. for a particular amount of a particular grade of grain equivalent to that which he had harvested from his fields and delivered to the railroad. His grain was mingled with that of his neighbors; even to the farmer, it became an abstraction. In Chicago, it became an object of speculation at that city's most abstract institution of all, the Chicago Board of Trade, which dealt "not in grain, not even in elevator receipts, but in the prices that *future* elevator receipts would bring when they finally came into

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being several weeks or months later."

The moral of "Nature's Metropolis"—and this is truly a history with a moral—has to do with the abstraction of natural products from natural places, or, at least, from places that once were natural. It is an ancient, romantic habit to call the country "natural," the city "artificial." That distinction has been reinforced in the United States by the idea of the frontier, and especially by Frederick Jackson Turner's formulation of it. In his model of westward expansion, the city comes late, after the frontier has passed through a succession of decreasingly pastoral stages. But in Cronon's reading of Turner things get reversed: "Turner's frontier, far from being an isolated rural society, was in fact the expanding edge of the boosters' urban empire." The countryside did not languish in ecological innocence; it eagerly sought the city's markets and products, and was transformed accordingly. The products of the countryside were not sucked into Chicago against their will; that had been their destination all along. Beyond the Board of Trade lay the former prairies, which had been measured into a grid and fenced, thereby turning "the prairie into a commodity." Beyond the stockyards had been the buffalo herds, and the native short-grasses on which they had once grazed. Beyond the stacks of lumber along the South Branch of the Chicago River lay the great Cutover in the north country, where seemingly inexhaustible white-pine forests had been logged to exhaustion, leaving behind a new kind of wilderness—a desert of stumps and logging debris. But in Chicago these things were not visible. There the natural world had been reordered by the market, remade into second nature: "The cattle that grazed on a Wyoming hillside, the corn that grew in an Iowa field, and the white pine that flourished in a Wisconsin forest would never ordinarily have shared the same landscape. All nonetheless came together in Chicago." What one saw in the city was commodities, not the ecological or moral consequences of producing them, and not seeing those consequences only made the commodities easier to buy.

Consider the most notorious emblem of Chicago in the late nineteenth century, the meat-packing plants. No visitor could help being impressed by their ghastly efficiency. The bravado of the packing business was caught perfectly by an American tourist, a natural booster, who, Cronon writes, stood before some scenic wonder in New Zealand and told his guide, "Well, I guess, stranger, you would reckon it a grander sight to see a man standing to his waist in blood sticking pigs. We do that in my country." When Frederick Law Olmsted visited a hog-packing plant in Cincinnati, he and his party were so struck by the speed with which men butchered hogs that "we took out our watches and counted thirty-five seconds, from the moment when one hog touched the table until the next occupied its place." But other visitors found the packing plants fascinating for a different reason. "They were so excessively alive, these pigs," Rudyard Kipling wrote. "And then they were so excessively dead, and the man in the dripping, clammy, hot passage did not seem to care, and ere the blood of such an one had ceased to foam on the floor, such another, and four friends with him, had shrieked and died."

Olmsted describes the machine, Kipling the victims of the machine. Cronon reminds us that in the world of first nature we are close enough kin to the hog to mourn his passing before we eat him. But in the city, at the end of what came to be called the "disassembly line," the whole hog was less valuable than his parts, every one of which found a commercial use. The result was the utter abstraction of the hog (or steer) from nature, and the utter separation of meat from slaughter. Cronon writes:

> In the packers' world, it was easy not to remember that eating was a moral act inextricably bound to killing. . . .The sheer variety of these new standardized uses [for every part of the animal] testified to the packers' ingenuity in their war on waste, but in them the animal also died a second death. Severed from the form in which it had lived, severed from the act that had killed it, it vanished from human memory as one of nature's creatures. Its ties to the earth receded, and in forgetting the animal's life one also forgot the grasses and the prairie skies and the departed bison herds of a landscape that seemed more and more remote in space and time.

The world of the marketplace, where city and country met, was—and remains—a world of such forgetting. The farther a hog or a white-pine log or a bushel of grain was taken from nature, the more its value seemed to arise from the effort that human beings expended in bringing it to mar-

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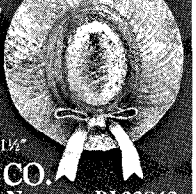

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ket. Cronon discounts this familiar theory of value. Nature is present in so many forms in "Nature's Metropolis" that it finally comes as a shock to realize that for Cronon nature—first nature, the nonhuman world of ecological relations—is already a thing of great inherent value, which belongs, in an important sense, to itself, and of which human beings are merely an inalienable part. This is what many believe but few have read in a scholarly work of history. By the logic of nature—not the logic of capital or the logic of the frontier—the settlement of America and the rise of its great cities look less like an opera of self-reliance than like a colossal burglary. "A sizable share of the new city's wealth," Cronon concludes, "was the wealth of nature stolen, consumed, and converted to human ends."

IT is hard to describe a thing as vast and pervasive as the world of first nature, and harder still to account for its creative force without some appeal to final causes. In "Nature's Metropolis" Cronon never stands back to consider what first nature is and what it must mean to our species; he is a historian, not a philosopher. But in a previous book, "Changes in the Land" (1983), which is a history of ecological transformation in Colonial New England, he examines an early theory of first nature as part of the backdrop for his subject. This theory assumes that nature either is in a state of equilibrium or is moving through a succession of stages toward a climax, when equilibrium will have been reached. The peculiar thing about this theory is that it tends "to remove ecological communities from history," Cronon writes. "If all ecological change was either self-equilibrating . . . or nonexistent . . . then history was more or less absent except in the very long time frame of climatic change or Darwinian evolution."

We think of ourselves in time, but we think of nature out of time: that is one way to measure our separation from the natural world. History is absent from the way we look at nature, and nature is absent from the way we write history. In historical writing, nature is considered the gift of God, granted for human dominion, a premise for conquest; or it does not appear at all; or it is a silent realm, an amphitheatre for the human events of centuries past. "Nature's Metropolis" is that rare historical work which treats nature and the moral force we derive from it seriously without lapsing into tendentiousness and without harming the quality of its historical analyses. The roots of the modern environmental predicament are plainly visible in the economic dynamism that brought about the rise of Chicago in the mid-nineteenth century, which is a captivating story in its own right. Those roots lie deeper than politics, deeper than boosting, and they are Cronon's true concern.

In recent years, academic writing about the history of the American West has undergone substantial, largely political revision meant to correct racist, sexist, and expansionist myths. Cronon is not out of sympathy with the revisionists, but his work tends to depoliticize the character of America's westward growth. Politics, after all, is about the interrelations of power in a single species. In Cronon's view, alienation from nature is mass alienation, affecting nearly all human beings, and not class alienation. "The land," he writes, "might have been taken from Indians, its profits might sometimes have been expropriated by absentee landlords, its small farmers might on occasion have suffocated beneath a burden of accumulating debt, but much of what made the land valuable in the first place had little to do with the exploitation of *people*. The exploitation of *nature* came first." In the final pages of "Nature's Metropolis" Cronon lets no one, urban or rural, rich or poor, disavow responsibility for the mess we're in. "We all live in the city," he writes. "We all live in the country. Both are second nature to us. . . . To do right by nature and people in the country, one has to do right by them in the city as well, for the two seem always to find in each other their own image."

—VERLYN KLINKENBORG

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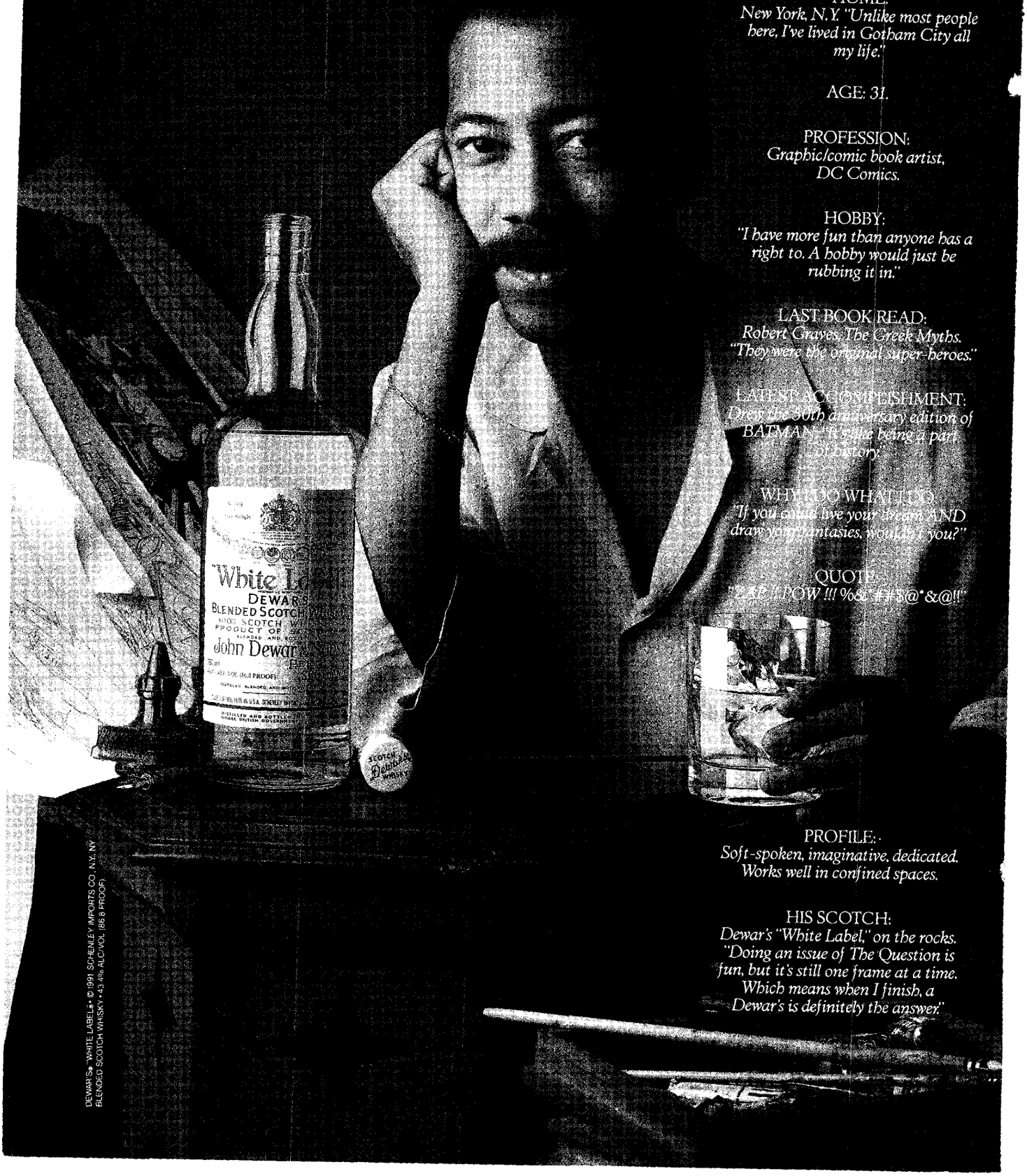

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